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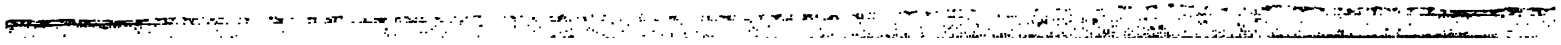
John Gage

Lincoln's Inn



THE

WORKS

OF

ALEXANDER POPE;

WITH

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

AND OTHERS.

A NEW EDITION,

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SAPPHO TO PHAON.

SAPPHO PHAONI*.

ECQUID, ut inspecta est studiosæ litera dextræ,
  Protinus est oculis cognita nostra tuis?
An, nisi legisses auctoris nomina Sapphus,
  Hoc breve nescires unde movetur opus?
Forsitan et quare mea sint alterna requiras
  Carmina, cum lyricis sim magis apta modis.

NOTES.

* Ovid seems to have had the merit of inventing this beautiful species of writing epistles under feigned names. Though indeed Propertius has one composition of this sort, an Epistle of Arethusa to Lycortas, B. iv. Eleg. 3. It is a high improvement on the Greek Elegy, to which its dramatic form renders it much superior. The judgment of the writer must chiefly appear, by opening the complaint of the person introduced, just at such a period of time, as will give occasion for the most tender sentiments, and the most sudden and violent turns of passion to be displayed. Ovid may perhaps be blamed for a sameness of subjects, in these epistles of his heroines; and his epistles are likewise too long; which circumstance has forced him into a repetition and languor in the sentiments. It would be a pleasing task, and conduce to the formation of a good taste, to shew how differently Ovid and the Greek Tragedians have made Medea, Phædra, and Deinaira, speak on the very same occasions. Such a comparison would abundantly manifest the fancy and wit of Ovid, and the judgment and nature of Euripides and Sophocles. If the character of Medea was not better supported in the Tra-

Ver. 2. The force of Protinus is lost in the translation.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

Say, lovely youth, that dost my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers choose,
The Lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;

NOTES.

gedy which Ovid is said to have produced, and of which Quintilian speaks so highly, than it is in her epistle to Jason, one may venture to declare, that the Romans would not yet have been vindicated from their inferiority to the Greeks in tragic Poesy.—It may be added, that some of Drayton's Heroical Epistles deserve praise, particularly that of Lord Surrey to Geraldine, Lady Jane Grey to Lord Guilford Dudley, Jane Shore to Edward the Fourth. Lord Hervey took the subject of Roxana to Usbeck from the incomparable Persian Letters of the President Montesquieu; the beauty of which writer is his expressive brevity; which Lord Hervey has lengthened to an unnatural degree, especially as Roxana is supposed to write just after she has swallowed a deadly poison, and during its violent operations.

The Italians have a writer of Heroical Epistles, Antonio Bruni; some of his subjects are, The Hebrew Mother to Titus Vespasian, Erminia to Tancred, Radamistus to Zenobia, Semiramis to Ninus, Catharine to Henry the Eighth. They were printed at Venice 1636, with prints from designs of Guido and Dominichino.

Flendus amor meus est; elegeïa flebile carmen:
  Non facit ad lacrymas barbitos ulla meas.
Uror, ut, indomitis ignem exercentibus Euris,
  Fertilis accensis messibus ardet ager.
Arva Phaon celebrat diversa Typhoïdos Ætnæ:
  Me calor Ætnæo non minor igne coquit.
Nec mihi, dispositis quæ jungam carmina nervis,
  Proveniunt; vacuæ carmina mentis opus.
Nec me Pyrrhiades Methymniadesve puellæ,
  Nec me Lesbiadum cætera turba juvant.
Vilis Anactorie, vilis mihi candida Cydno:
  Non oculis grata est Atthis, ut ante, meis:
Atque aliæ centum, quas non sine crimine amavi.
  Improbe, multarum quod fuit, unus habes.
Est in te facies, sunt apti lusibus anni.
  O facies oculis insidiosa meis!
Sume fidem et pharetram; fies manifestus Apollo:
  Accedant capiti cornua; Bacchus eris.
Et Phœbus Daphnen, et Gnosida Bacchus amavit;

Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are born!
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds;
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move.
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine.
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprise,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?
The harp and bow would you like Phœbus bear,
A brighter Phœbus Phaon might appear;
Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
Yet Phœbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;

NOTES.

Ver. 12. A childish false thought!

Ver. 17. *No more*] This allusion to her infamous passion is very indelicate indeed!

Ver. 26. *Not Bacchus' self*] These lines were evidently copied in the famous epigram of Lumine Acon dextro, &c. made on Louis de Maguiron, the favourite of Henry the Third of France, and the beautiful Princess of Eboli, who was deprived of the sight of one of her eyes:

Blande puer, lumen quod habes, concede sorori;
Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

Nec norat lyricos illa, vel illa, modos.
At mihi Pegasides blandissima carmina dictant;
Jam canitur toto nomen in orbe meum.
Nec plus Alcæus, consors patriæque lyræque,
Laudis habet, quamvis grandius ille sonet.
Si mihi difficilis formam natura negavit;
Ingenio formæ damna rependo meæ.
Sum brevis; at nomen, quod terras impleat omnes,
Est mihi: mensuram nominis ipsa fero.
Candida si non sum, placuit Cepheïa Perseo
Andromede, patriæ fusca colore suæ:
Et variis albæ junguntur sæpe columbæ,
Et niger a viridi turtur amatur ave.
Si, nisi quæ facie poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est; nulla futura tua est.
At, me cum legeres, etiam formosa videbar;
Unam jurabas usque decere loqui.
Cantabam, memini (meminerunt omnia amantes)
Oscula cantanti tu mihi rapta dabas.
Hæc quoque laudabas; omnique a parte placebam:
Sed tum præcipue, cum fit amoris opus.
Tunc te plus solito lascivia nostra juvabat,
Crebraque mobilitas, aptaque verba joco;
Quique, ubi jam amborum fuerat confusa voluptas,
Plurimus in lasso corpore languor erat.

Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
That ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
The muses teach me all their softest lays,
And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
No less renown attends the moving lyre,
Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
Turtles and doves of different hues unite,
And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
But such as merit, such as equal thine,
By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
Once in her arms you centred all your joy:
No time the dear remembrance can remove,
For oh! how vast a memory has love?
My music, then, you could for ever hear,
And all my words were music to your ear.
You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
Then with each word, each glance, each motion, fir'd,
You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,

Nunc tibi Sicelides veniunt, nova præda, puellæ;
Quid mihi cum Lesbo? Sicelis esse volo.
At vos erronem tellure remittite nostrum,
Nisiades matres, Nisiadesque nurus.
Neu vos decipiant blandæ mendacia linguæ:
Quæ dicit vobis, dixerat ante mihi.
Tu quoque quæ montes celebras, Erycina, Sicanos,
(Nam tua sum) vati consule, diva, tuæ.
An gravis inceptum peragit fortuna tenorem,
Et manet in cursu semper acerba suo?
Sex mihi natales ierant, cum lecta parentis
Ante diem lacrymas ossa bibere meas.
Arsit inops frater, victus meretricis amore;
Mistaque cum turpi damna pudore tulit.
Factus inops agili peragit freta cærula remo:
Quasque male amisit, nunc male quærit opes.
Me quoque, quod monui bene multa fideliter, odit:
Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit.
Et tanquam desint, quæ me sine fine fatigent,
Accumulat curas filia parva meas.
Ultima tu nostris accedis causa querelis:
Non agitur vento nostra carina suo.
Ecce, jacent collo sparsi sine lege capilli;
Nec premit articulos lucida gemma meos.
Veste tegor vili: nullum est in crinibus aurum:
Non Arabo noster rore capillus olet.
Cui colar infelix, aut cui placuisse laborem?
Ille mei cultus unicus auctor abest.
Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis;
Et semper causa est, cur ego semper amem.
Sive ita nascenti legem dixere sorores,
Nec data sunt vitæ fila severa meæ;

Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
And in tumultuous raptures died away.
The fair Sicilians now the soul inflame;
Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian dame?
But ah beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's pains!
Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
And still increase the woes so soon begun?
Inur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
My parent's ashes drank my early tears;
My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
No more my robes in waving purple flow,
Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;
No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
And gave to Venus all my life to come;

Sive abeunt studia in mores, artesque magistræ;
  Ingenium nobis molle Thalia facit.
Quid mirum, primæ si me lanuginis ætas
  Abstulit, atque anni, quos vir amare potest?
Hunc ne pro Cephalo raperes, Aurora, timebam:
  Et faceres; sed te prima rapina tenet.
Hunc si conspiciat, quæ conspicit omnia, Phœbe;
  Jussus erit somnos continuare Phaon.
Hunc Venus in cœlum curru vexisset eburno;
  Sed videt et Marti posse placere suo.
O nec adhuc juvenis, nec jam puer; utilis ætas!
  O decus, atque ævi gloria magna tui!
Huc ades, inque sinus, formose, relabere nostros:
  Non ut ames, oro, verum ut amare sinas.
Scribimus, et lacrymis oculi rorantur obortis:
  Aspice, quam sit in hoc multa litura loco.
Si tam certus eras hinc ire, modestius isses,
  Et modo dixisses: Lesbi puella, vale.
Non tecum lacrymas, non oscula summa tulisti:
  Denique non timui, quod dolitura fui.
Nil de te mecum est, nisi tantum injuria: nec tu,
  Admoneat quod te, pignus amantis habes.
Non mandata dedi; neque enim mandata dedissem
  Ulla, nisi, ut nolles immemor esse mei.

NOTES.

Ver. 120. *esse mei*] Trapp, in his Prelections, severely censures Ovid for his laziness and carelessness in ending so many of his pentameter verses with the words, *mei*, *tui*, and *sui*; a fault which Tibullus and Propertius have avoided. But I cannot be of Trapp's opinion, that it is improper to end pentameter verses with words of three or more syllables; which certainly gives a variety to the numbers, and is frequently done in some of the best Greek epigrams.

Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
O useful time for lovers to employ!
Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace;
The vows you never will return, receive;
And take at least the love you will not give.
See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
The less my sense, the more my love appears.
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu
(At least to feign was never hard to you),
Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
No tear did you, no parting kiss, receive,
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
No lover's gift your Sappho could confer,
And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
That you were fled, and all my joys with you,

Per tibi, qui nunquam longe discedat, Amorem,
  Perque novem juro, numina nostra, Deas;
Cum mihi nescio quis, Fugiunt tua gaudia, dixit:
  Nec me flere diu, nec potuisse loqui;
Et lacrymæ deerant oculis, et lingua palato:
  Astrictum gelido frigore pectus erat.
Postquam se dolor invenit; nec pectora plangi,
  Nec puduit scissis exululare comis.
Non aliter, quam si gnati pia mater ademti
  Portet ad extructos corpus inane rogos.
Gaudet, et e nostro crescit mœrore Charaxus
  Frater; et ante oculos itque reditque meos.
Utque pudenda mei videatur causa doloris;
  Quid dolet hæc? certe filia vivit, ait.
Non veniunt in idem pudor atque amor: omne videbat
  Vulgus; eram lacero pectus aperta sinu.
Tu mihi cura, Phaon; te somnia nostra reducunt,
  Somnia formoso candidiora die.
Illic te invenio, quanquam regionibus absis;
  Sed non longa satis gaudia somnus habet.
Sæpe tuos nostra cervice onerare lacertos,
  Sæpe tuæ videor supposuisse meos.

Like some sad statue, speechless, pale, I stood,
Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
My scornful brother with a smile appears,
Insults my woes and triumphs in my tears,
His hated image ever haunts my eyes,
And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
Such inconsistent things are love and shame!
'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
My daily longing, and my dream by night:
Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
When fancy gives what absence takes away,
And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
Then round your neck in wanton wreath I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
A thousand melting kisses give, and take:

NOTES.

Ver. 139. *Stung with my love*] The ten next verses are much superior to the original.

Blandior interdum, verisque simillima verba
Eloquor; et vigilant sensibus ora meis.
Oscula cognosco, quæ tu committere linguæ,
Aptaque consueras accipere, apta dare.
Ulteriora pudet narrare; sed omnia fiunt.
Et juvat, et sine te non libet esse mihi.
At cum se Titan ostendit, et omnia secum;
Tam cito me somnos destituisse queror.
Antra nemusque peto; tanquam nemus antraque prosint.
Conscia deliciis illa fuere tuis.
Illuc mentis inops, ut quam furialis Erichtho
Impulit, in collo crine jacente, feror.
Antra vident oculi scabro pendentia topho,
Quæ mihi Mygdonii marmoris instar erant.
Invenio sylvam, quæ sæpe cubilia nobis
Præbuit, et multa texit opaca coma:
At non invenio dominum sylvæque meumque.
Vile solum locus est: dos erat ille loci.
Agnovi pressas noti mihi cespitis herbas;
De nostro curvum pondere gramen erat.
Incubui; tetigique locum, qua parte fuisti;
Grata prius lacrymas combibit herba meas.
Quin etiam rami positis lugere videntur
Frondibus; et nullæ dulce queruntur aves.
Sola virum non ulta pie mœstissima mater
Concinit Ismarium Daulias ales Ityn:
Ales Ityn, Sappho desertos cantat amores.
Hactenus, ut media cætera nocte silent.
Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus omni,
Fons sacer; hunc multi numen habere putant.

Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
And all things wake to life, and joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my eyes to dream of you again:
Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
Through lonely plains, and through the silent grove,
As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
I view the grotto, once the scene of love,
The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone,
I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
And all with tears the withering herbs bedew.
For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
And birds defer their songs till thy return:
Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
All but the mournful Philomel and I:
With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I, complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
Clear as a glass, the shining sands below:
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its arms above,
Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
Watch'd by the sylvan Genius of the place.

Quem supra ramos expandit aquatica lotos,
Una nemus; tenero cespite terra viret.
Hic ego cum lassos posuissem fletibus artus,
Constitit ante oculos Naïas una meos.
Constitit, et dixit, "Quoniam non ignibus æquis
"Ureris, Ambracias terra petenda tibi.
Phœbus ab excelso, quantum patet, aspicit æquor:
Actiacum populi Leucadiumque vocant.
Hinc se Deucalion Pyrrhæ succensus amore
Misit, et illæso corpore pressit aquas.
Nec mora: versus Amor tetigit lentissima Pyrrhæ
Pectora; Deucalion igne levatus erat.
Hanc legem locus ille tenet. Pete protinus altam
Leucada; nec saxo desiluisse time."
Ut monuit, cum voce abiit. Ego frigida surgo:
Nec gravidæ lacrymas continuere genæ.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
Before my sight a wat'ry Virgin stood:
She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain!
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main;
There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd:
But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below!"
She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.

NOTES.

Ver. 188. *Leucadian main;*] Addison, with his usual exquisite humour, has given in the 233d Spectator an account of the persons, male and female, who leaped from the promontory of Leucate into the Ionian sea, in order to cure themselves of the passion of love. Their various characters, and effects of this leap, are described with infinite pleasantry. One hundred and twenty-four males, and one hundred and twenty-six females, took the leap in the 250th Olympiad; out of them one hundred and twenty were perfectly cured. Sappho, arrayed like a Spartan virgin, and her harp in her hand, threw herself from the rock with such intrepidity, as was never before observed in any who had attempted that very dangerous leap; from whence she never rose again, but was said to be changed into a swan as she fell, and was seen hovering in the air in that shape. Alcæus arrived at the promontory of Leucate that very evening, in order to take the leap on her account; but hearing that her body could not be found, he very generously lamented her fall, and is said to have written his 125th ode on that occasion.

Ibimus, o Nymphæ, monstrataque saxa petemus.
Sit procul insano victus amore timor.
Quicquid erit, melius quam nunc erit. Aura, subito.
Et mea non magnum corpora pondus habent.
Tu quoque, mollis Amor, pennas suppone cadenti:
Ne sim Leucadiæ mortua crimen aquæ.
Inde chelyn Phœbo communia munera ponam:
Et sub ea versus unus et alter erunt.
" Grata lyram posui tibi, Phœbe, poetria Sappho:
Convenit illa mihi, convenit illa tibi."
Cur tamen Actiacas miseram me mittis ad oras,
Cum profugum possis ipse referre pedem?
Tu mihi Leucadia potes esse salubrior unda:
Et forma et meritis tu mihi Phœbus eris.
An potes, o scopulis undaque ferocior illa,
Si moriar, titulum mortis habere meæ?
At quanto melius jungi mea pectora tecum,
Quam poterant saxis præcipitanda dari!

I go, ye Nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove;
How much I fear, but ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious love inspires;
Let female fears submit to female fires.
To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below!
And thou, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
Nor let a Lover's death the guiltless flood profane!
On Phœbus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below,
" Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
Sappho to Phœbus consecrates her Lyre;
What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with thee;
The gift, the giver, and the God, agree."
But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
To distant Seas must tender Sappho fly?
Thy charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
And Phœbus' self is less a God to me.
Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
Oh far more faithless and more hard than they?
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest?

NOTES.

Ver. 207. *Ye gentle gales*] These two lines have been quoted as the most smooth and mellifluous in our language; and they are supposed to derive their sweetness and harmony from the mixture of so many Iambics. Pope himself preferred the following line to all he had written, with respect to harmony:

Lo, where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows——

Hæc sunt illa, Phaon, quæ tu laudare solebas;
  Visaque sunt toties ingeniosa tibi.
Nunc vellem facunda forent: dolor artibus obstat;
  Ingeniumque meis substitit omne malis.
Non mihi respondent veteres in carmina vires.
  Plectra dolore tacent: muta dolore lyra est.
Lesbides æquoreæ, nupturaque nuptaque proles;
  Lesbides, Æolia nomina dicta lyra;
Lesbides, infamem quæ me fecistis amatæ;
  Desinite ad citharas turba venire meas.
Abstulit omne Phaon, quod vobis ante placebat.
  (Me miseram! dixi quam modo pæne, meus!)
Efficite ut redeat: vates quoque vestra redibit.
  Ingenio vires ille dat, ille rapit.
Ecquid ago precibus? pectusne agreste movetur?
  An riget? et Zephyri verba caduca ferunt?
Qui mea verba ferunt, vellem tua vela referrent.
  Hoc te, si saperes, lente, decebat opus.

NOTES.

Ver. 227.] Little can be added to the character that Addison has so elegantly drawn in the 223d and 229th numbers of the Spectator; in which are inserted the translations which Philips, under Addison's eye, gave of the two only remaining of her exquisite odes; one preserved by Dionysius Halicarnassus, and the other by Longinus. To the remarks that Pearce has made on the latter, I cannot forbear subjoining a remark of Tanaquil Faber on a secret and almost unobserved beauty of this ode: that in the eight last lines, the article δὲ, in the original, is repeated seven times, to represent the short breathings of a person in the act of fainting away, and pronouncing every syllable with difficulty. Two beautiful fragments are preserved; the first consisting only of four lines in Fulvius Ursinus, which Horace has imitated in the twelfth ode of the third book, Tibi qualum, &c. and the other the beginning of an ode addressed to Even-

This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre.
My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,
No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
No more these hands shall touch the trembling string:
My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign
(Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song:
Absent from thee, the Poet's flame expires;
But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's fires!
Gods! can no pray'rs, no sighs, no numbers, move
One savage heart, or teach it how to love?
The winds my pray'rs, my sighs, my numbers, bear,
The flying winds have lost them all in air!

NOTES.

ing, by Demetrius Phalareus, in the Oxford edition, by Gale, p. 104.

In one of Akenside's odes to lyric poetry, which have been too much depreciated, are two fine stanzas; one in the character of Alcæus, and the other on the character of Sappho:

——Spirat adhuc Amor,
Vivuntque commissi calores
Æoliæ fidibus puellæ!

Ver. 236. *My Phaon*] Fenton translated this epistle, but with a manifest inferiority to Pope. He added an original poem of his own, an epistle of Phaon to Sappho; which appears to be one of the feeblest in the collection of his poems, among which some are truly excellent.

Sive redis, puppique tuæ votiva parantur
  Munera; quid laceras pectora nostra mora?
Solve ratem: Venus, orta mari, mare præstet eunti.
  Aura dabit cursum; tu modo solve ratem.
Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido:
  Ipse dabit tenera vela legetque manu.
Sive juvat longe fugisse Pelasgida Sappho;
  (Non tamen invenies, cur ego digna fuga)
[O saltem miseræ, Crudelis, epistola dicat:
  Ut mihi Leucadiæ fata petantur aquæ.]

Or when, alas! shall more auspicious gales
To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails!
If you return—ah why these long delays?
Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
O launch the bark, nor fear the wat'ry plain;
Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales;
Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
If you will fly—(yet ha! what cause can be,
Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me?)
If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging seas:
To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
And either cease to live or cease to love!

On the whole, the epistle before us is translated by Pope with faithfulness and with elegance, and much excels any Dryden translated in the volume he published; several of which were done by some "of the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease;" that is, Sir C. Scroop, Caryl, Pooly, Wright, Tate, Buckingham, Cooper, and other careless rhymers. Lord Somers translated Dido to Æneas, and Ariadne to Theseus. A good translation of these epistles is as much wanted as one of Juvenal; for out of sixteen satires of that poet, Dryden himself translated but six. We can now boast of happy translations in verse of almost all the great poets of antiquity, whilst the French have been poorly contented with only prose translations of Homer and Horace; which, says Cervantes, can no more resemble the original than the wrong side of tapestry can represent the right. The inability of the French tongue to express many Greek or Roman ideas with facility and grace is here visible; but the Italians have Horace translated by Pallavacini, Theocritus by Ricolotti and Salvini, Ovid by Anguillara, the Æneid, admirably well, in blank verse, by Annibal Caro, and the Georgics, in blank verse also, by Daniello, and Lucretius by Marchetti.

One of the most learned commentaries on any classic is that of Mezeriac on the epistles of Ovid. It seems strange he should have employed so much labour on such a writer. The very best life of Æsop is also by Mezeriac; a book so scarce, that neither Bentley nor Bayle had seen it when they first wrote on Æsop. It was reprinted in the Memoires de Literature of M. De Sattengre 1717, t. i. p. 87. This is the author whom Malherbe, with his usual bluntness, asked, when he published his edition of Diophantus, "If it would lessen the price of bread?"

There was a very early translation of the epistles of Ovid ascribed to Shakspeare, which error, like many others, has been rectified by that able and accurate inquirer, Dr. Farmer, who has shewn that they were translated by Thomas Heywood, and inserted in his Britaine's Troy, 1602.

One of the best imitations of Ovid is a Latin epistle of the Count Balthasar Castiglione, author of the celebrated Courtier, addressed to his absent wife.

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which gave so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. P.

A Traveller who visited the Convent about the year 1768 (see *Annual Register*) says, that its situation and prospects by no means resemble Pope's beautiful and romantic description of it. Father St. Romain, the officiating Priest, walked with him round the whole demesne. The Abbess, who was in her eighty-second year, desired to see our Traveller, for she said she was his countrywoman, and allied to the extinct families of Lifford and Stafford. She was aunt to the then Duke de Rochfaulcault; and being fifth in succession, as Abbess of that Convent, hoped it would become a kind of patrimony. We know, alas! what has since happened both to her Family and her Convent! The community seemed to know but little of the afflicting story of their Founder. Little remains of the original building but a few pointed arches. In examining the tombs of these unfortunate lovers, he observed that Eloisa appeared much taller than Abelard.

ELOISA TO ABELARD*.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd;
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:

NOTES.

* However happy and judicious the subject of this epistle may be thought to be, as displaying the various conflicts and tumults between duty and pleasure, between penitence and passion, that agitated the mind of Eloisa; yet, we must candidly own, that the principal circumstance of distress is of so indelicate a nature, that it is with difficulty disguised by the exquisite art and address of the poet. The capital and unrivalled beauties of the poem arise from the striking images and descriptions of the Convent, and from the sentiments drawn from the mystical books of devotion, particularly Madame Guion and the Archbishop of Cambray.

Ver. 1. *In these deep solitudes*] These very beautiful lines appear truly to Lord Kaimes to be faulty and exceptionable, on account of the pause that intervenes between the verb and the consequent substantive.

O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
  Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
  Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *forgot myself to stone.*] This is an expression of Milton; as is also, *caverns shagg'd* with *horrid thorn*, and the epithets, *pale-ey'd, twilight, low-thoughted care*, and others, are first used in the smaller poems of Milton, which Pope seems to have been just reading.

Some of these circumstances, in the scenery view of the monastery, have perhaps a little impropriety when introduced into a place so lately founded as was the Paraclete; but are so well imagined, and so highly painted, that they demand excuse.

Ver. 25.] "Heav'n claims me all in vain, while he"—was the former reading.

Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern Religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe, what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.

NOTES.

Ver. 40. *Love and Fame.*] Fame is not a passion.

Ver. 41. *Yet write,*] This is taken from the Latin letters that passed betwixt Eloisa and Abelard, and which had been a few years before published in London by Rawlinson, and which our poet has copied and translated in many other passages: Per ipsum Christum obsecramus, quatenus ancillulas ipsius et tuas, crebris literis de his, in quibus adhuc fluctuas, naufragiis certificare digneris, ut nos saltem quæ tibi soli remansimus, doloris vel gaudii participes habeas. Epist. Heloissæ, p. 46. From the same also, the use of letters, ver. 51, is taken and amplified; and it is a little remarkable that this use of letters is in the fourth book of Diodorus Siculus.

The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *Those smiling eyes,*] Abelard was reputed the most handsome as well as the most learned man of his time, according to the kind of learning then in vogue. An old chronicle, quoted by Andrew du Chesne, informs us, that scholars flocked to his lectures from all quarters of the Latin world; and his contemporary, St. Bernard, relates, that he numbered many principal ecclesiastics and cardinals at the court of Rome.—Abelard himself boasts, that when he retired into the country, he was followed by such immense crowds of scholars, that they could get neither lodgings nor provisions sufficient for them: "Ut nec locus hospitiis, nec terra sufficeret alimentis." (Abelardi, Opera, p. 19.) He met with the fate of many learned men, to be embroiled in controversy and accused of heresy; for St. Bernard, whose influence and authority were very great, got his opinion of the Trinity condemned, at a council held at Sens 1140. But the talents of Abelard were not confined to theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, and the thorny paths of scholasticism: he gave proofs of a lively genius by many poetical performances, insomuch, that he was reputed to be the author of the famous Romance of the Rose; which however was indisputably written by John of Meun, a little city on the banks of the Loire, about four leagues from Orleans; which gave occasion to Marot to exclaim, De Jean de Meun s'enfle le cours de Loire. It was he who continued and finished the Romance of the Rose, which William de Loris had left imperfect forty years before. If chronology did not absolutely contradict the notion of Abelard's being the author of this very celebrated piece, yet are there inter-

Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung ; 65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.

NOTES.

nal arguments sufficient to confute it. The mistake seems to have flowed from his having given Eloisa the name of Rose, in one of the many sonnets he addressed to her. In this romance there are many severe and satirical strokes on the character of Eloisa, which the pen of Abelard never would have given. In one passage she is introduced speaking with indecency and obscenity; in another, all the vices and bad qualities of women are represented as assembled together in her alone:

Qui les mœurs féminins savoit,
Car tres-tous en soi les avoit.

In a very old epistle dedicatory, addressed to Philip the Fourth of France, by this same John of Meun, and prefixed to a French translation of Boetius, a very popular book at that time, it appears, that he also translated the Epistles of Abelard to Heloisa, which were in high vogue at the court. He mentions also, that he had translated Vegetius on the Art Military, and a book called the Wonders of Ireland. These works shew us the taste of the age. His words are: "T'envoye ores Boece de Consolation, que j'ai translaté en François, jaçoit que bien entendes le Latin.

It is to be regretted that we have no exact picture of the person and beauty of Eloisa. Abelard himself says that she was "facie non infima." Her extraordinary learning many circumstances concur to confirm; particularly one, which is, that the Nuns of the Paraclete are wont to have the office of Whitsunday read to them in Greek, to perpetuate the memory of her understanding that language. The curious may not be displeased to be informed, that the Paraclete was built in the parish of Quincey, upon the little river of Arduzon, near Nogent, upon the Seine. A lady, learned as was Eloisa in that age, who indisputably understood the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, was a kind of prodigy. Her literature, says Abelard, "in toto regno nominatissimam fecerat;" and, we may be sure, more thoroughly attached him to her. Bussy Rabutin speaks in high terms of commendation of the purity of Eloisa's Latinity; a judgment worthy a French Count! There is a force, but not an elegance, in her

From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made?
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,

NOTES.

style, which is blemished, as might be expected, by many phrases unknown to the pure ages of the Roman language, and by many Hebraisms, borrowed from the translation of the Bible.

Ver. 66. *And truths divine, &c.*] He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity. W.

Ver. 73. *How oft,*] These extraordinary sentiments are plainly from the Letters: Nihil unquam, Deus scit, in te, nisi te requisivi; te pure, non tua concupiscens. Non matrimonii fœdera, non dotes aliquas expectavi. Et si uxoris nomen sanctius videtur, dulcius mihi semper extitit amicæ vocabulum, aut, si non indigneris, concubinæ vel scorti. Pope has added an injudicious thought about Cupid; mythology is here much out of its place.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 75. "Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie;
When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone."
Chaucer. P.

And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all;
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, possessing and possest,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand!
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain!
The crime was common, common be the pain,
I can no more, by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes, speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?

NOTES.

Ver. 88. *make me mistress*] A great inaccuracy!—She was his wife.

Ver. 100. *A naked Lover*] One cannot forbear wishing, that, notwithstanding all the dexterity and management our poet has exerted on the occasion, these six lines had been omitted.

Ver. 108. *yon altar's*] The altar of Paraclete, says Mr. Ber-

Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r,
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts, led.

NOTES.

rington, did not then exist; they were not professed at the same time or place; one was at Argentieul, the others at St. Denys.

Ver. 111. *As with cold lips*] This description of the solemnity of her taking the veil, the prognostics that attended it, her passion intruding itself in the midst of her devotion, Ver. 115; the sudden check to her passion, Ver. 125; need not be pointed out to any reader of sensibility, and lover of true poetry.

You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And Paradise was open'd in the Wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,

NOTES.

Ver. 133. *You rais'd these hallow'd walls;*] He founded the Monastery. P.

Ver. 136. *Our shrines irradiate,*] Non magis auro fulgentia atque ebore, simulacra, quam lucos, et in iis silentia ipsa adoramus, says Pliny very finely of places of worship.

Ver. 141. *In these lone*] All the images drawn from the Convent, from this line down to line 170, and particularly the personification of Melancholy expanding her dreadful wings over its whole circuit, cannot be sufficiently applauded. The fine epithet, *browner horror*, is from Dryden. It is amusing to read with this passage Mr. Gray's excellent Account of his Visit to the Grande Chartreuse. Works, 4to. p. 67.

These exquisite lines will be highly relished by all those,

> ——————Who never fail
> To walk the studious cloisters pale,
> And love the high-embowed roof,
> With antic pillars massy-proof;
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light;
> Then let the pealing organ blow
> In the full-voic'd quire below;
> In service high and anthem clear,
> As may with sweetness through mine ear
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.'
>
> Il Penseroso, v. 155.

Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,

Here all its frailties, all its flames, resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, Heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires,
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love;
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost, as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget.

NOTES.

Ver. 177. *Ah wretch!*] From the Letters; as also v. 133; and also v. 251; from the Letters. Epist. ii. p. 67.

Ver. 182. *an altar for forbidden fires,*] Ought we to depreciate and neglect the very interesting and pathetic Tale of Rousseau's Eloise, because many of his other writings are so objectionable?

But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour, and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

NOTES.

Ver. 201. *But let heav'n seize it,*] Here is the true doctrine of the Mystics, in which religion aids poetry. There are many such strains in Crashaw:

Happy soul! she shall discover
What joy, what bliss,
How many heavens at once it is
To have a God become a Lover!

And again, in a poem called The Flaming Heart, and in the Seraphical Saint Teresa in Crashaw, p. 195, all the tender feelings and sensibilities of an amorous virgin are applied to the Deity.

Ver. 212. *Obedient slumbers, &c.*] Taken from Crashaw. P.; whom also Milton honoured by borrowing some lines from his translation of Marino's Slaughter of the Innocents. See Crashaw in the Letters, vol. vii.

Ver. 215. *Grace shines around her*] Here follows some of the maxims and reflections of Fenelon:—"God, in the beginning, disengages our hearts from impure pleasures by the taste he gives

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,

NOTES.

us of a heavenly delectation. Animated by the tender sentiments of a new-born love, we exercise ourselves with a noble and masculine vigour in all the labours of an active virtue. The soul, ravished with the divine amiableness, is no longer to be touched with the seducing charms of a profane sensuality.

"God then proceeds to another operation in us, in order to destroy the mistaken love of ourselves; and this not by pleasures, but by sufferings. After having weaned us from earthly objects, he shuts us up within the solitary prison of our own being, to the end that we may experience the darkness, the weakness, and the emptiness, of it. He sets before our eyes all the secret abominations of our self-love, the impurity of those virtues that flow from it, and its usurpations upon the rights of the Divinity. What a source of torments must this be to a creature idolatrous of itself and of its own virtue! The soul finds nothing in itself that is worthy of its love; and being no longer able to endure its own society, flies away and forsakes itself to plunge and be swallowed up in the love of that object who alone is lovely.

"Then it is that the importunate noise of the senses and the imagination becomes hushed, the tumultuous hurry of our thoughts and passions ceases, and the whole soul being brought into a profound silence, adores him in spirit and in truth, whose perfections are beyond all expression, and above all conception. But this silence is such as excludes only useless reflections, superfluous reasonings, and barren speculations, which interrupt the action of the heart. In loving God purely, we believe every thing he teaches, we observe every thing he commands, we hope for every thing he promises. For this predominant charity produces, animates, and perfects, in us all the virtues, human and divine."—For such opinions as these was the mild, and amiable Fenelon condemned, at the instigation and by the intrigues of Bossuet, a violent and artful high-churchman, by the court of Rome; and, with an unexampled tone of modesty and submission, publicly confessed his errors in his own Cathedral Church. Read some delicate strokes of satire on the Mystics and Quietists in the 12th Epistle of Boileau Sur l'Amour de Dieu, and in his 10th Satire.

For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymeneals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
  Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
Oh curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you,
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise;

NOTES.

Ver. 218. *wings of Seraphs*] A late poet, speaking of a Hermit at his evening prayers, says beautifully:

Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant ere I sleep my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold,
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

Ver. 219. *For her*] Copied exactly from the opinions and ideas of the Mystics and Quietists. There were but six Vestal Virgins at Rome; and it was with great difficulty the number was kept up, from the dread of the punishment for violating the vow, which was to be interred alive.

Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe.
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose:
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n,
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames; like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.

NOTES.

Ver. 241. *methinks me wand'ring*] I have been sometimes inclined to think, that some vision more appropriated, and drawn from her peculiar distress, would have been more striking. Virgil adds to Dido's dream a circumstance beautifully drawn from her own story:

And seeks her Tyrians o'er the waste in vain.

I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart;
Come with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies:
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode:
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not, once of me,
Nor share no pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.

NOTES.

Ver. 274. *Priests, tapers, temples,*] Equal to any part of Sappho's Ode, so celebrated by Longinus for an assemblage of striking circumstances.

Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
Oh Grace serene! oh Virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted Care!
Fresh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me, in eternal rest!
  See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
" Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister, come away;
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid;
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Ev'n superstition loses every fear:
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.

NOTES.

Ver. 298. *Low-thoughted Care!*] An epithet from Milton's Comus.

Ver. 303. *See in her cell*] It certainly should be *near*, not *in* her cell. The doors of all cells open into the common cloister, where are often many tombs.

Ver. 308. *a hollow sound.*] Though Virgil evidently gave the hint: Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis visa viri, l. 4. p. 460; yet this call of some sister, that had been involved in a similar distress, appears more solemn and interesting.

Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
'Till every motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
Oh Death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!

NOTES.

Ver. 339.] These circumstances are conformable to the notions of mystic devotions. The death of St. Jerome is finely and forcibly painted by Dominichino, with such attendant particulars.

Ver. 343. *May one kind grave*] This wish was fulfilled. The body of Abelard, who died twenty years before Eloïsa, was sent

Then ages hence, when all my woes are o'er.
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more:
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,

NOTES.

to Eloïsa, who interred it in the monastery of the Paraclete; and it was accompanied with a very extraordinary form of absolution, from the famous Peter de Clugny: "Ego Petrus Cluniacensis abbas, qui Petrum Abelardum in monachum Cluniacensem recepi, et corpus ejus furtim delatum Heloissæ Abbatissæ et monialibus Paracleti concessi, auctoritate omnipotentis Dei, et omnium sanctorum, absolvo eum, pro officio, ab omnibus peccatis suis." (Epist. Abæl. et Heloiss. p. 238.) "Eloïsa herself (says Vigneul Marville, Melanges, t. ii. p. 55) solicited for this absolution; and Peter de Clugny willingly granted it. On what it could be founded, I leave to our learned theologists to determine. In certain ages opinions have prevailed for which no solid reason can be given." When Eloïsa died in 1163, she was interred by the side of her beloved husband. I must not forget to mention, for the sake of those who are fond of modern miracles, that when she was put into the grave, Abelard stretched out his arms to receive her, and closely embraced her.

Madam de Rochefaucault, the late abbess of Paraclete, requested an inscription from the Parisian Academy of Belles Lettres in the year 1766 for the tomb of these celebrated lovers, which has been since put up by Madame de Roucy, her successor:

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monasterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et Abbatissa prima Heloissa.
Olim studiis, amore, infaustis nuptiis,
Et penitentia;
Nunc æterna, ut speramus, felicitate conjuncti.
Petrus Abelardus ob. 21 Aprilis
Anno 1142.
Heloïssa 17 Maiæ 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Rouci
Paracleti Abbatissæ
1779.

O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
" Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n.

NOTES.

Ver. 358. *and be forgiv'n.*] With this line it appears, at first sight, that the poem should have ended; for the eight additional verses, concerning some poet that might arise to sing their misfortunes, are rather languid and flat, and might stand, it should seem, for the conclusion of almost any story, were we not informed, as I have credibly been, that they were added by the poet in allusion to his own case, and the state of his own mind. For what determined him in the choice of the subject of this epistle, was the retreat of that lady into a nunnery, whose death he had so pathetically lamented in the foregoing elegy.

Dr. Johnson's assertion does not seem to be true, that Eloïsa and Abelard found quiet and consolation in retirement and piety.

I will just add, that many lines in this epistle are taken from various parts of Dryden, particularly the following ones:

" A day for ever sad, for ever dear—
Now warm in love, now withering in the grave—
And own no laws but those which love ordains—
And Paradise was open'd in his face—
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace—
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence—
I come without delay; I come"—

And the two fine verses, 323 and 324, are certainly taken from Oldham on the death of Adonis:

Kiss, while I watch thy swimming eye-balls roll,
Watch thy last gasp, and catch thy springing soul!

And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint 'em who shall feel 'em most.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

IMITATIONS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Translations were selected from many others done by the Author in his Youth; for the most part indeed but a sort of *Exercises*, while he was improving himself in the Languages, and carried by his early bent to *Poetry* to perform them rather in Verse than Prose. Mr. *Dryden's Fables* came out about that time, which occasioned the Translations from *Chaucer*. They were first separately printed in Miscellanies by J. Tonson and B. Lintot, and afterward collected in the Quarto Edition of 1717. The *Imitations of English Authors*, which are added at the end, were done as early, some of them at fourteen or fifteen years old: but having also got into Miscellanies, we have put them here together to complete this Juvenile Volume. P.

THE

TEMPLE OF FAME.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCXI.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE hint of the following piece was taken from Chaucer's *House of Fame*. The design is in a manner entirely altered, the descriptions and most of the particular thoughts my own; yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this acknowledgment. The reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his third Book of *Fame*, there being nothing in the two first books that answers to their title; wherever any hint is taken from him, the passage itself is set down in the marginal notes.

P.

It was thought proper to preserve the following note, which was prefixed to the first edition of this poem:

Some modern critics, from a pretended refinement of taste, have declared themselves unable to relish allegorical poems. It is not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this criticism; for if fable be allowed one of the chief beauties, or, as Aristotle calls it, the very soul of poetry, it is hard to comprehend how that fable should be the less valuable for having a moral. The ancients constantly made use of allegories. My Lord Bacon has composed an express treatise in proof of this, entitled, The Wisdom of the Ancients: where the reader may see several particular fictions exemplified and explained, with great clearness, judgment, and learning. The incidents indeed, by which the allegory is conveyed, must be varied according to the different genius or manners of different times; and they should never be spun too long, or too much clogged with trivial circumstances or little particularities. We find an uncommon charm in truth, when it is conveyed by this sideway to our understanding; and it is observable, that even in the most ignorant ages this way of writing has found reception. Almost all the poems in the old Provençal had this turn; and from these it was that Petrarch took the idea of his poetry. We have his Trionsi in this kind; and Boccace pursued in the same track. Soon after Chaucer

introduced it here, whose Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf, House of Fame, and some others of his writings, are masterpieces of this sort. In epic poetry, it is true, too nice and exact a pursuit of the allegory is justly esteemed a fault; and Chaucer had the discernment to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an attempt towards an epic poem. Ariosto, with less judgment, gave entirely into it in his Orlando; which, though carried to an excess, had yet so much reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduced heroic poetry to the juster standard of the ancients) was forced to prefix to his work a scrupulous explanation of the allegory of it, to which the fable itself could scarce have directed his readers. Our countryman, Spenser, followed, whose poem is almost entirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso. Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of writing (however discontinued of late) was in all times so far from being rejected by the best poets, that some of them have rather erred by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far; and that to infer from thence that the allegory itself is vicious, is a presumptuous contradiction to the judgment and practice of the greatest geniuses, both ancient and modern.

THE

TEMPLE OF FAME*.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;

NOTES.

* It was to the Italians we owed any thing that could be called poetry; from whom Chaucer, imitated by Pope in this vision, copied largely, as they are said to have done from the bards of Provence, and to which Italians he is perpetually owning his obligations, particularly to Boccace and Petrarch. But Petrarch had greater advantages, which Chaucer wanted, not only in the friendship and advices of Boccace, but still more in having found such a predecessor as Dante. In the year 1359, Boccace sent to Petrarch, who, it seems, was jealous of Dante, and in the answer speaks coldly of his merits. This circumstance, unobserved by the generality of writers, and even by Fontanini, Crescembini, and Muratori, is brought forward, and related at large in the third volume (p. 507) of the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Petrarch. In the year 1363, Boccace, driven from Florence by the plague, visited Petrarch at Venice, and carried with him Leontius Pilatus, of Thessalonica, a man of genius, but of haughty, rough, and brutal manners. From this singular man, who perished in a voyage from Constantinople to Venice 1365, Petrarch received a Latin translation of the Iliad and Odyssey. Muratori, in his first book, Della Perfetta Poesia, p. 18, relates, that a very few years after the death of Dante, 1321, a most curious work on the Italian poetry was written by a M. A. di Tempo, of which he had seen a manuscript in the great library at Milan, of the year 1332, and of which this is the

As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings),

NOTES.

title: Incipit Summa Artis Ritmici vulgaris dictaminis. The chapters are thus divided: Ritmorum vulgarium Septem sunt genera; 1. Est Sonetus; 2. Ballata; 3. Cantio extensa; 4. Rotundellus; 5. Mandrialis; 6. Serventesius; 7. Molus Confectus. But whatever Chaucer might copy from the Italians, yet the artful and entertaining plan of his Canterbury Tales was purely original and his own. This admirable piece, even exclusive of its poetry, is highly valuable, as it preserves to us the liveliest and exactest picture of the manners, customs, characters, and habits, of our forefathers, whom he has brought before our eyes acting as on a stage, suitably to their different orders and employments. With these portraits the driest antiquary must be delighted. By this plan, he has more judiciously connected these stories which the guests relate, than Boccace has done his novels; whom he has imitated, if not excelled, in the variety of the subjects of his tales. It is a common mistake, that Chaucer's excellence lay in his manner of treating light and ridiculous subjects; for who ever will attentively consider the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, will be convinced that he equally excels in the pathetic and the sublime. It has been but lately proved, that the Palamon and Arcite of Chaucer, is taken from the Teseide of Boccace, a poem which has been, till within a few years past, strangely neglected and unknown, and of which Mr. Tyrwhitt has given a curious and exact summary, in his Dissertation on the Canterbury Tales, vol. iv. p. 135. I cannot forbear expressing my surprise, that the circumstance of Chaucer's borrowing this tale, should have remained so long unobserved, when it is so plainly and positively mentioned in a book so very common as the Memoirs of Niceron; who says, t. 33. p. 44, after giving an abstract of the story of Palamon and Arcite, G. Chaucer, l'Homere de son pays, a mis l'ouvrage de Boccace en vers Anglois. This book was published by Niceron 1736. He also mentions a French translation of the Teseide, published at Paris, M. D. CC. 1597, in 12mo. The late Mr. Hans Stanley, who was as accurately skilled in modern as in ancient

A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies,
The whole creation open to my eyes:

NOTES.

Greek, for a long time was of opinion, that this poem, in modern political Greek verses, was the original; in which opinion he was confirmed by the Abbé Barthelmy, at Paris, whose learned correspondence with Mr. Stanley on this subject I have read. At last Mr. Stanley gave up this opinion, and was convinced that Boccace invented the tale. Crescembini and Muratori have mentioned the Teseide more than once. That very laborious and learned antiquary, Apostolo Zeno, speaks thus of it in his notes to the Bibliotheca of Fontanini, p. 450. t. i. Questa opera pastorale (that is, the Ameto) che prende il nome dal pastore Ameto, ha data l'origine all egloga Italiana, non senza lode del Boccacio, a cui pure la nostra lingua deve il ritrovamento della ottava rima (which was first used in the Teseide), e del poema eroico. Gravina does not mention this poem. Crescembini gives this opinion of it, p. 118. t. i. Nel medesimo secolo del Petrarca, il Boccacio diede principio all' Epica, colla sua Teseide, e col Filostrato; ma nello stile non accede la mediocrita, anzi sovente cadde nell' umile. The fashion that has lately obtained, in all the nations of Europe, of republishing and illustrating their old Poets, does honour to the good taste and liberal curiosity of the present age. It is always pleasing, and indeed useful, to look back to the rude beginnings of any art brought to a greater degree of elegance and grace.

Aurea nunc, olim sylvestribus horrida dumis. Virg.

Ver. 1. *In that soft season*, &c.] This Poem is introduced in the manner of the Provencial Poets, whose works were for the most part Visions, or pieces of imagination, and constantly descriptive. From these Petrarch and Chaucer frequently borrow the idea of their poems. See the Trionsi of the former, and the Dream, Flower and the Leaf, &c. of the latter. The author of this therefore chose the same sort of exordium. P.

Ver. 11. *I stood*,] This poem was elegantly translated into French by Madame du Boccage, who also wrote three poems of the epic kind; The Paradise, from Milton; the Death of Abel, from Gesner; and the Exploits of Columbus, in ten cantos.

In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen,
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green,
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slipp'ry was the way;

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock*] Milton, in his poem on the Fifth of November, (Works, vol. ii. p. 506. v. 170.) has introduced a description of the Temple or Tower of Fame, copied from the 12th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, v. 39, and from this vision of Chaucer, with the addition of many circumstances and images.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 11. &c.] These verses are hinted from the following of Chaucer, book ii.

" Tho' beheld I fields and plains,
Now hills, and now mountains,
Now valeis, and now forestes,
And now unneth great bestes,
Now rivers, now citees,
Now towns, now great trees,
Now shippes sayling in the sees." P.

The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdu'd;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And Poets once had promis'd they should last,
Some fresh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 27. *High on a rock of ice*, &c.] Chaucer's third book of *Fame*.

"It stood upon so high a rock,
Higher standeth none in Spayne—
What manner stone this rock was,
For it was like a lymed glass,
But that it shone full more clere;
But of what congeled matere
It was, I niste redily;
But at the last espied I,
And found that it was every dele,
A rock of ise and not of stele."

Ver. 31. *Inscriptions here*, &c.]

"Tho' saw I all the hilly-grave
With famous folkes names fele,
That had been in much wele
And her fames wide y-blow;
But well unneth might I know
Any letters for to rede
Their names by, for out of drede
They weren almost off-thawen so,
That of the letters one or two
Were molte away of every name,
So unfamous was woxe her fame;
But men said, what may ever last." P.

Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by Envy than excess of Praise.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd*] Does not this use of the heat of the sun appear to be puerile and far-fetched conceit? What connexion is there betwixt the two sorts of excesses here mentioned? My purpose in animadverting so frequently as I have done on this species of false thoughts, is to guard the reader, especially of the younger sort, from being betrayed by the authority of so correct a writer as Pope into such specious and false refinements of style. For the same reason the oppo-

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 41. *Nor was the work impair'd*, &c.]

" Tho' gan I in myne harte cast,
That they were molte away for heate,
And not away with storms beate."

Ver. 45. *Yet part no injuries*, &c.]

" For on that other side I sey
Of that hill which northward ley,
How it was written full of names
Of folke, that had afore great fames,
Of old time, and yet they were
As fresh as men had written hem there
The self day, or that houre
That I on hem gan to poure:
But well I wiste what it made;
It was conserved with the shade
(All the writing that I sye)
Of the castle that stoode on high,
And stood eke in so cold a place,
That heate might it not deface." P.

The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last;
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky:
As Atlas fix'd each hoary pile appears.
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:

NOTES.

sition of ideas, in the three last words of the following line, may be condemned:

"And legislators seem to think in stone."

Ver. 53. *So Zembla's rocks*] A real lover of painting will not be contented with a single view and examination of this beautiful winter-piece; but will return to it again and again with fresh delight. The images are distinct, and the epithets lively and appropriated, especially the words, *pale*, *unfelt*, *impassive*, *incumbent*, *gather'd*. The reader may consult Thomson's Winter, v. 905.

Ver. 65. *Four faces had the dome*, &c.] The temple is described to be square, the four fronts with open gates facing the different quarters of the world, as an intimation that all nations of the

Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace.
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil.

NOTES.

earth may alike be received into it. The western front is of Grecian architecture: the Doric order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies. Those whose statues are after mentioned, were the first names of old Greece in arms and arts. P.

Ver. 81. *There great Alcides*, &c.] This figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the position of the famous statue of Farnese. P.

It were to be wished, that our author, whose knowledge and taste of the fine arts were unquestionable, had taken more pains in describing so famous a statue as that of the Farnesian Hercules, to which he plainly refers, for he has omitted the characteristical excellences of this famous piece of Grecian workmanship; namely, the uncommon breadth of the shoulders, the knottiness and spaciousness of the chest[1], the firmness and protuberance of the muscles in each limb, particularly the legs, and the majestic vastness of the whole figure, undoubtedly designed

[1] Luxuriatque toris animosum pectus.—
Virg. Georg. lib. iii. v. 81.

Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound
Start from their roots, and form a shade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire!

NOTES.

by the artist to give a full idea of strength, as the Venus de Medicis of Beauty. These were the "invicti membra Glyconis," which, it is probable, Horace proverbially alluded to in his first epistle, v. 30. The name of Glycon is to this day preserved on the base of the figure as the maker of it; and as the virtuosi, customarily in speaking of a picture or statue, call it their Raphael or Bernini, why should not Horace, in common speech, use the name of the workman instead of the work? To mention the Hesperian apples, which the artist flung backwards, and almost concealed as an inconsiderable object, and which therefore scarcely appear in the statue, was below the notice of Pope.

Ver. 85. *Amphion there the loud*] It may be imagined that these expressions are too bold; and a phlegmatic critic might ask, how it was possible to see, in sculpture, arches bending and towers growing? But the best writers, in speaking of pieces of painting and sculpture, use the present or imperfect tense, and talk of the things as really doing, to give a force to the description.

Thus Virgil:

——"Gallos in limine adesse canebat."

——"Incedunt victæ longo ordine gentes,
Quam variæ linguis, habitu tam vestis et armis."

As Pliny says that Clesilochus painted "Jovem muliebriter ingemiscentum." And Homer, in his beautiful and lively description of the shield,

——— ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
Αὐλοὶ, φόρμιγγές τε βοὴν ἔχον.

And again,

Μυκηθμῷ δ' ἀπὸ κόπρου ἐπισσεύοντο νομόνδε,
Πὰρ ποταμὸν κελάδοντα.—

In another place,

—— Λίνον ὑπὸ καλὸν ἄειδε.

Cithæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:

NOTES.

Upon which Clarke has made an observation that surprises me: "Sed quomodo in scuto Depingi potuit, quem caneret citharista?"

This passage must not be parted with, till we have observed the artful rest upon the first syllable of the second verse:

"Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes."

There are many instances of such judicious pauses in Homer:

Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτ' αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἐχέπευκὲς ἐφιεὶς
Βάλλ'.

And in Milton,

"As over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook."

——"Others on the grass
Couch'd."

And of his blindness,

——"But not to me returns
Day."

In the spirited speech of Satan,

——"All good to me becomes
Bane."

These monosyllables have much force and energy; the Latin language does not admit of such. Virgil therefore, who so well understood and copied all the secret arts and charms of Homer's versification, has afforded us no examples; yet, some of his pauses on words of more syllables in the beginning of lines are emphatical:

"Vox quoque per lucos vulgo exaudita silentes,
Ingens."

——"Hærent infixi pectore vultus
Verbaque."

"Sola domo mœret vacua, stratisque relictis
Incubat."

——"Pecudesque locutæ,
Infandum."

There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
  The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand,
The sage Chaldeans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;

NOTES.

Ver. 88. *mountain rolls*] Dennis idly objected to these lines, because motion cannot be represented in sculpture. But Virgil in his Shield uses such; but in one instance, perhaps, he carries it too far:

——— Mulcere alternos.

Motion may be represented, but not change of motion.

Ver. 96. *And the great founder of the Persian name:*] Cyrus was the beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian monarchy. The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employed their studies upon magic and astrology, which was in a manner almost all the learning of the ancient Asian people. We have scarce any account of a moral philosopher, except Confucius, the great lawgiver of the Chinese, who lived about two thousand years ago. P.

Ver. 101. *These stopp'd the moon,*] These superstitions of the East are highly striking to the imagination. Since the time that poetry had been forced to assume a more sober, and perhaps a more rational air, it scarcely ventures to enter the fairy regions. There are some, however, who think it has suffered by deserting these fields of fancy, and by totally laying aside

Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science, to be good.

NOTES.

the descriptions of magic and enchantment. What an exquisite picture has Thomson given us in his delightful Castle of Indolence:

" As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain),
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low.
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro,
Then all at once in air dissolves the wonderous show."
Castle of Indolence, Stan. xxx. b. 1.

I cannot at present recollect any solitude so romantic, or peopled with beings so proper to the place and the spectator. The mind naturally loves to lose itself in one of those wildernesses, and to forget the hurry, the noise, and splendour, of more polished life; as in the following beautiful stanza of The Minstrel:

" In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirits' yell;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon,
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon."
Minstrel.

Ver. 107. *Confucius stood,*] Congfutzee, for that was his name, flourished about two thousand three hundred years ago, just be-

But on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's Priests the gilded niches graces,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew;
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues Obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the Northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.

NOTES.

fore Pythagoras. He taught justice, obedience to parents, humility, and universal benevolence; and he practised these virtues when he was a first minister, and when he was reduced to poverty and exile. His family still exists in China, and is highly honoured and respected. The Chinese religion, government, and arts, have been too much magnified by some writers, and too much lessened by others. We may expect an accurate account of this wonderful country from the candour, ability, integrity, and justice, of the late ambassador, Lord Macartney.

Ver. 110. *Egypt's Priests*, &c.] The learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in geometry and astronomy; they also preserved the history of their nation. Their greatest hero upon record is Sesostris, whose actions and conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, &c. He is said to have caused the kings he vanquished to draw him in his chariot. The posture of his statue, in these verses, is correspondent to the description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time. P.

Ver. 119. *Of Gothic structure was the Northern side*,] The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the world. The learning of the northern nations lay more obscure than that of the rest; Zamolxis was the disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the immortality of the soul to the Scythians. Odin, or Woden, was the great legislator and hero of the Goths. They tell us of him,

There huge Colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
And youths that died to be by Poets sung.

NOTES.

that, being subject to fits, he persuaded his followers, that during those trances he received inspirations, from whence he dictated his laws: he is said to have been the inventor of the Runic characters. P.

This rude nation had great ideas. When Alaric their king was buried in Calabria, 410, they turned the course of the river Vasento where it was most rapid; and having dug a very deep grave in this river's bed, there interred their revered prince, with many rich suits of armour, and much gold and precious stones. They then turned the river back into its usual course, and killed on the spot all that had assisted at this work, that the place of his interment might never be discovered.

Ver. 122. *Runic characters*] The Gothic mythology, by being more nobly wild, is more affecting to the imagination than the classical. The magicians of Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, have more powerful spells than those of Apollonius, Seneca, and Lucan. The enchanted forest of Ismeno is more awfully and tremendously poetical than even the grove which Cæsar in Lucan orders to be cut down, b. iii. v. 400. What a group of dreadful images do we meet with in the Edda! Hence are drawn those thrilling numbers which Gray has given us in his Descent of Odin; an ode, which I think with Lord Oxford (who is himself great in this very species of imagery) equal to any of Gray's. Hence also has our dramatic poetry been enriched with the druidical characters and sentiments of Caractacus. Let French critics and French heads prefer, if they please, the Canidia of Horace and the Erictho of Lucan, to the bold, severe, and irregular strokes of Shakspeare in his Macbeth.

Ver. 127. *Druids and Bards*, &c.] These were the priests and poets of those people, so celebrated for their savage virtue.

These and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dies,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright, transparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage Historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.

NOTES.

Those heroic barbarians accounted it a dishonour to die in their beds, and rushed on to certain death in the prospect of an after life, and for the glory of a song from their bards in praise of their actions. P.

Ver. 141. *Of bright, transparent*] This poem, as being merely descriptive, is of an inferior rank to those in Chaucer of the narrative kind, and which paint life and manners.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 132. *The wall in lustre*, &c.]

"It shone lighter than a glass,
And made well more than it was,
As kind of thing Fame is."

Within stood Heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan God.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his Country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought:
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;

NOTES.

Ver. 152. *The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;*] Alexander the Great: the Tiara was the crown peculiar to the Asian princes; his desire to be thought the son of Jupiter Ammon, caused him to wear the horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his coins; which was continued by several of his successors. P.

Ver. 155. The greatest panegyric that ever Alexander and Cæsar met with, is from Lord Bacon, in the Advancement of Learning, b. i. p. 75, first edition.

Ver. 161. *Epaminondas stood;*] "In other illustrious men (says Diodorus Siculus, lib. xv.) you will observe that each possessed some one shining quality, which was the foundation of his fame: in Epaminondas all the virtues are found united; force of body, eloquence of expression, vigour of mind, contempt of riches, gentleness of disposition, and, what is chiefly to be regarded, courage and conduct in war."

Ver. 162. *Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;*] Timoleon had saved the life of his brother Timophanes in the battle between the Argives and Corinthians; but afterward killed him when he affected the tyranny, preferring his duty to his country to all the obligations of blood. P.

Ver. 162. *Timoleon, glorious*] Mr. Harte told me our author

Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the Shell:

NOTES.

had once intended to write an epic poem on the story of Timoleon; and it is remarkable that Dr. Akinside had the same design: he hints at it himself in the last stanza of the thirteenth ode, b. i. on lyric poetry:

"But when from envy and from death to claim,
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command;
Nor Theban voice, nor Lesbian lyre,
From thee, O muse! do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd."

He told me himself that the last line alluded to the Leonidas of Glover.

Ver. 172. *He whom ungrateful Athens*, &c.] Aristides, who for his great integrity was distinguished by the appellation of *the Just*. When his countrymen would have banished him by the Ostracism, where it was the custom for every man to sign the name of the person he voted to exile in an Oyster-shell; a peasant, who could not write, came to Aristides to do it for him, who readily signed his own name. P.

Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato shews the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;

NOTES.

Ver. 174. *martyr'd Phocion*] Who, when he was about to drink the hemlock, charged his son to forgive his enemies, and not to revenge his death on those Athenians who had decreed it.

Ver. 175. *Agis,*] The tragedy which Mr. J. Home wrote on this subject is much inferior to his pathetic Douglas.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre of the hallow'd choir*, &c.] In the midst of the temple, nearest the throne of Fame, are placed the greatest names in learning of all antiquity. These are described in such attitudes as express their different characters; the columns on which they are raised are adorned with sculptures, taken from the most striking subjects of their works; which sculpture bears a resemblance, in its manner and character, to the manner and character of their writings. P.

Ver. 178. *But in the centre*] The six persons Pope thought proper to select, as worthy to be placed on these pillars as the highest seats of honour, are Homer, Virgil, Pindar, Horace, Aristotle, and Tully. It is observable that our author has omitted the great dramatic poets of Greece. Sophocles and Euripides deserved certainly an honourable niche in the Temple of Fame as much as Pindar and Horace. But the truth is, it was not fashionable in Pope's time, nor among his acquaintance, attentively to study these poets. By a strange fatality they have not in this kingdom obtained the rank they deserve amongst classic writers. We have numberless treatises on Horace and Virgil, for instance, who in their different kinds do not surpass the authors in question, whilst hardly a critic among us has professedly pointed out their excellences.

I own I have some particular reasons for thinking that our author was not very conversant in this sort of composition, having no inclination to the drama. In a note on the third book of his Homer, where Helen points out to Priam the names and characters of the Grecian leaders from the walls of Troy, he observes,

Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the mighty Homer shone;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.

NOTES.

that several great poets have been engaged by the beauty of this passage to an imitation of it. But who are the poets he enumerates on this occasion? Only Statius and Tasso; the former of whom, in his seventh book, and the latter in his third, shews the forces and the commanders that invested the cities of Thebes and Jerusalem. Not a syllable is mentioned of that capital scene in the Phœnissæ of Euripides, from the hundred and twentieth to the two hundredth line, where the old man, standing with Antigone on the walls of Thebes, marks out to her the various figures, habits, armour, and qualifications, of each different warrior, in the most lively and picturesque manner, as they appear in the camp beneath them.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 179. *Six pompous columns*, &c.]

" From the dees many a pillere,
Of metal that shone not full clere, etc.
Upon a pillere saw I stonde
That was of lede and iron fine,
Him of the Sect Saturnine,
The Ebraicke Josephus the old, etc.
Upon an iron piller strong,
That painted was all endlong,
With tigers' blood in every place,
The Tholosan that hight Stace,
That bare of Thebes up the name," etc. P.

Ver. 182.]

" Full wonder hye on a pillere
Of iron, he the great Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus," etc. P.

The wars of Troy were round the Pillar seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;

NOTES.

Ver. 188. *The wars of Troy*] The poems of Homer afford a marvellous variety of subjects proper for history painting. A very ingenious French nobleman, the Count de Caylus, has lately printed a valuable treatise, entitled, "Tableaux tirés de l'Illiade, et de l'Odysse d'Homere;" in which he has exhibited the whole series of events contained in these poems, arranged in their proper order; has designed each piece, and disposed each figure, with much taste and judgment. He seems justly to wonder, that artists have so seldom had recourse to this great storehouse of beautiful and noble images, so proper for the employment of the pencils, and delivered with so much force and distinctness, that the painter has nothing to do but to substitute his colours for the words of Homer. He complains that a Raphael, and a Julio Romano, shoud copy the crude and unnatural conceptions of Ovid's Metamorphoses and Apuleius's Ass; and that some of their sacred subjects were ill-chosen. Among the few who borrowed their subjects from Homer, he mentions Bouchardon with the honour he deserves, and relates the following anecdote: "This great artist having lately read Homer in an old and detestable French translation, came one day to me, his eyes sparkling with fire, and said "Since I have read this book, men seem to be fifteen feet high, and all nature is enlarged in my sight."

Pope has selected from Homer only three subjects as the most interesting: Diomed wounding Venus, Hector slaying Patroclus, and the same Hector dragged along at the wheels of Achilles' chariot. Are these the most affecting and striking incidents of the Iliad? But it is highly worth remarking, that this very incident of dragging the body of Hector thrice round the walls of Troy is absolutely not mentioned by Homer. Bayle has remarked this; and Heyne acknowledges the truth of the remark, and thinks that Virgil, for he first mentioned it,

Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros.
B. i. v. 483.

adopted the circumstance from some Greek tragedy on the subject. A following line in Virgil, which is indeed taken from Homer, furnishes a noble subject for sculpture:

Tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermes.

Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall;
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 194. *A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,*
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

In the sublime, as in great affluence of fortune, some minute and unimporant articles will unavoidably escape observation. But it is almost impossible for a low and grovelling genius to be guilty of error, since he never endangers himself by soaring on high, or aiming at eminence, but still goes on in the same quiet, uniform,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 196. &c.]

" There saw I stand on a pillere
That was of tinned iron cleere,
The Latin Poet Virgyle,
That hath bore up of a great while
The fame of pious Æneas.
And next him on a pillere was
Of copper, Venus' clerk Ovide,
That hath sowen wondrous wide
The great God of Love's fame—
Tho saw I on a pillere by
Of iron wrought full sternly,
The great Poet Dan Lucan,
That on his shoulders bore up then
As hye as that I might see,
The fame of Julius and Pompee.
And next him on a pillere stode
Of sulphur, like as he were wode.
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell," etc. P.

Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part.
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian Wars, and haughty Turnus dead;

NOTES.

and secure tract, whilst its very height and grandeur expose the sublime to sudden falls. "Notwithstanding which trivial blemishes, I must ever remain in the opinion, that the greater excellences, these bolder and nobler flights, though perhaps not carried on every where with an equality of perfection, yet merit the prize and preference, by the sole merit of their intrinsic magnificence and grandeur." This just and forcible sentiment of Longinus in his thirty-third section, is a sufficient answer to an outrageous paradox lately advanced by Voltaire, in direct contradiction to his former critical opinions, and which is here set down for the entertainment of the reader: "If we would weigh, without prejudice, the Odyssey of Homer with the Orlando of Ariosto, the Italian must gain the preference in all respects. Both of them are chargeable with the same fault; namely, an intemperance and luxuriance of imagination, and a romantic fondness for the marvellous. But Ariosto has compensated this fault by allegories so true, by touches of satire so delicate, by so profound a knowledge of the human heart, by the graces of the comic, which perpetually succeed the strokes of the terrible; in short, by such innumerable beauties of every kind, that he has found out the secret of making an agreeable monster. Let every reader ask himself what he would think, if he should read for the first time the Iliad and Tasso's poem, without knowing the names of their authors, and the times when their works were composed, and determine of them merely by the degree of pleasure they each of them excited. Would he not give the entire preference to Tasso? Would he not find in the Italian more conduct and economy, more interesting circumstances, more variety and exactness, more graces and embellishments, and more of that softness which eases, relieves, and adds a lustre to the sublime? I question whether they will even bear a comparison a few ages hence."

Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged sire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden ciphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone;

NOTES.

Ver. 210. *Four swans sustain, &c.*] Pindar being seated in a chariot, alludes to the chariot-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of Poetry, their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. W.

The character of Pindar, as commonly given, seems not to be well understood. We are perpetually told of the boldness and the violence of his transitions; whereas, on a closer inspection, they appear easy and unforced, are closely connected with, and arise appositely from, his subject. A dissertation on this topic, which I have read, may perhaps one day be published. Even his style has been represented as too swelling and bombast; but, carefully examined, it will appear not to abound with those violent and harsh metaphors, and that profusion of florid epithets, which some of his imitators, who appear not to have read and studied the original, affect to use. One of Pindar's arts, which Lord Bacon has observed, and in which his copiers fail, is the introduction of many moral reflections. Animos hominum, inopinato (says Bacon) sententiola aliqua mirabili, veluti virgula divina percutit. Gray has most closely studied, and most happily imitated, the manner of Pindar of all our writers.

The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculpture grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet spread,
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

NOTES.

Ver. 230. *The Doves*] Surely he might have selected, for the basso relievos about the statue of Horace, ornaments more manly and characteristical of his genius. Among the various views in which the very numerous commentators have considered his odes, they seem to have neglected to remark the dramatic turn he has given to many of them. Witness, the prophecy of Nereus, the animated speech of Juno, the speeches of Regulus, and of Europa and her father, and of one of the daughters of Danaus; as also of the boy seized by the witches, and of Canidia herself, in the fifth epode.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224. *Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse,*
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.

This expresses the mixed character of the odes of Horace: the second of these verses alludes to that line of his,

"Spiritum Graiæ tenuem camœnæ."

As another which follows, to

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."

The action of the Doves hints at a passage in the fourth ode of his third book.

"Me fabulosæ Vulture in Appulo
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,

Here in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;

NOTES.

Ver. 232. *Here in a shrine*] It may not be unpleasing to observe the artful manner with which Addison has introduced each of his worthies at the tables of Fame; and how nicely he has adapted the behaviour of each person to his character. Addison had great skill in the use of delicate and oblique allusions: "It was expected that Plato would have taken a place next his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table that a fifth place at the table was his due, and took it accordingly." Thus, in another passage: "Julius Cæsar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their service to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself." (Tatler, No. 81.) In the same spirit he tells us, "That Q. Curtius intended to conduct Alexander the Great to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes; that Virgil hung back at the entrance of the door, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sate at the table: that Lucan entered at the head of many historians with Pompey; and that seeing Homer and Vir-

IMITATIONS.

"Fronde nova puerum palumbes
Texere; mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem et ursis; ut premerer sacra
Lauroque collataque myrto,
Non sine Diis animosus infans."

Which may be thus English'd:

"While yet a child, I chanc'd to stray,
And in a desert sleeping lay;
The savage race withdrew, nor dar'd
To touch the Muses' future bard;
But Cytherea's gentle dove
Myrtles and bays around me spread,
And crown'd your infant poet's head,
Sacred to Music and to Love." P.

His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd
And various Animals his sides surround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone,
The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height,

NOTES.

gil seated at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, he had forfeited his claim to it by coming in as one of the historians."

Ver. 238. *With equal rays immortal*] This beautiful attitude is copied from a statue in that valuable collection which Lady Pomfret had the goodness and generosity lately to present to the University of Oxford.—"Cicero (says Addison) next appeared and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Luccieus to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office."

I cannot forbear taking occasion to mention an ingenious imitation of this paper of Addison, called The Table of Modern Fame, at which the guests are introduced and ranged with that taste and judgment which is peculiar to the author. (Dr. Akenside, Dodsley's Musæum, No. 13.) It may not be unentertaining to enumerate the persons in the order he has placed them, by which his sense of their merits will appear: Columbus, Peter the Great, Leo X., Martin Luther, Newton, Descartes, Lewis XIV., William I. Prince of Orange, Edward the Black Prince, Francis I., Charles V., Locke, Galileo, John Faust, Harvey, Machiavel, Tasso, Ariosto, Pope, Boileau, Bacon, Milton, Cervantes, and Moliere.

Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies shew their sanguine die,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne,
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler Vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.

NOTES.

Ver. 264. *the roofs ascend.*] Extension is certainly a cause of the sublime. The reader feels a pleasure in having his eye carried through a vast length of building, almost to an immensity. Of this kind is a very noble image in one of Milton's Latin poems little attended to: where, with a great reach of fancy, he says, that the original Archetype of Man may be a huge giant, stalk-

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 259. *Scarce seem'd her stature,* &c.]

"Methought that she was so lite,
That the length of a cubite
Was longer than she seemed be;
But thus soon in a while she,
Herself tho wonderfully straight,
That with her feet she the earth reight,
And with her head she touchyd heaven."— P.

Such was her form as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string;
With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,

NOTES.

ing in some remote unknown region of the earth, and lifting his head so high as to be dreaded by the gods:

"Sive in remota forte terraram plaga
Incedit ingens Hominis Archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput."
Sylvarum, l. i. p. 517. Poems of Milton.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 270. *Beneath, in order rang'd,* &c.]
"I heard about her throne y-sung
That all the palays walls rung
So sung the mighty Muse, she
That cleped is Calliope,
And her seven sisters eke."— P.

Ver. 276. *Around these wonders,* &c.]
"I heard a noise approachen blive,
That far'd as bees done in a hive,
Against her time of out flying;
Right such a manere murmuring,
For all the world it seemed me.
Tho gan I look about and see
That there came entring into th' hall,
A right great company withal;
And that of sundry regions,
Of all kind of conditions," etc.— P.

And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field,
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same:
For good and bad alike bad are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 294. *Some she disgrac'd,* &c.]

" And some of them she granted sone,
And some she warned well and fair,
And some she granted the contrair —
Right as her sister dame Fortune
Is wont to serve in commune." P.

On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
For Fame is all we must expect below.
  The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden Trumpet of eternal Praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales,
  Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 318. *The good and just*, &c.]

" Tho came the third companye,
And gan up to the dees to hye,
And down on knees they fell anone,
And saiden: We been everichone
Folke that han full truely
Deserved Fame right-fully,
And prayen you it might be knowe
Right as it is, and forth blowe.
  I grant, quoth she, for now we list
That your good works shall be wist.
And yet ye shall have better loos,
Right in despite of all your foos,
Than worthy is, and that anone.
Let now (quoth she) thy trump gone—
And certes all the breath that went
Out of his trump's mouth smel'd
As men a pot of baume held
Among a basket full of roses——" P.

Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful Trump of slander sounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear incessant rumours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 328. 338. *Behold another crowd,* &c.—*From the black trumpet's rusty,* &c.]

" Therewithal there came anone
Another huge companye,
Of good folke—
What did this Eolus, but he
Tooke out his trump of brass,
That fouler than the devil was:
And gan this trump for to blowe,
As all the world should overthrowe.
Throughout every regione
Went this foul trumpet's soune.
Swift as a pellet out of a gunne,
When fire is in the powder runne.
And such a smoke gan out wende,
Out of the foul trumpet's ende"—etc. P.

From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own,
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 356. *Then came the smallest*, &c.]

" I saw anone the fifth route,
That to this lady gan loute,
And down on knees anone to fall,
And to her they besougthen all,
To hiden their good works eke.
And said, that yeve not a leke
For no fame ne such renowne;
For they for contemplacyoune,
And Goddes love had it wrought,
Ne of fame would they ought.
What, quoth she, and be ye wood?
And ween ye for to do good,

Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.
And live there men, who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses rise! add all your tuneful breath,
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes:
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To farthest shores th' Ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

IMITATIONS.

And for to have it of no fame?
Have ye despite to have my name
Nay ye shall lien everichone:
Blowe thy trump, and that anone
(Quoth she) thou Eolus, I hote,
And ring these folks works by rote.
That all the world may of it heare;
And he gan blow their loos so cleare,
In his golden clarioune,
Through the World went the soune,
All so kindly, and eke so soft,
That their fame was blown aloft." P.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train*] Strokes of pleasantry and humour, and satirical reflections on the foibles of common life, are surely too familiar, and unsuited to so grave and majestic a poem as this hitherto has appeared to be. Such incongruities offend propriety; though I know ingenious persons have endeavoured to excuse them, by saying that they add a variety of imagery to the piece. This practice is even defended by a passage in Horace:

" Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso,
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris atque poetæ,
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto."

But this judicious remark is, I apprehend, confined to ethic and preceptive kinds of writing, which stand in need of being enlivened with lighter images and sportive thoughts, and where strictures on common life may more gracefully be inserted. But, in the higher kinds of poesy, they appear as unnatural and out of place, as one of the burlesque scenes of Heemskirk would do in a solemn landscape of Poussin. When I see such a line as,

" And at each blast a Lady's honour dies,"—

in the Temple of Fame, I lament as much to find it placed there, as to see shops, and sheds, and cottages, erected among the ruins of Dioclesian's baths.

On the revival of literature, the first writers seemed not to have observed any selection in their thoughts and images. Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, Ariosto, make very sudden transitions from

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 378. *Next these a youthful train, &c.*] The reader might compare these twenty-eight lines following, which contain the same matter, with eighty-four of Chaucer, beginning thus:

" Tho came the sixth companye,
And gan faste to Fame cry," etc.

being too prolix to be here inserted. P.

Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Dutchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The Queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a Lady's honour dies.

Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers prest
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cried), unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round,
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

NOTES.

the sublime to the ridiculous. Chaucer, in his Temple of Mars, amongst many pathetic pictures, has brought in a strange line:

"The coke is scalded for all his long ladell."—Ver. 417.

No writer has more religiously observed the decorum here recommended than Virgil.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On Sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from the throne.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 406. *Last, those who boast of mighty, &c.*]

"Tho came another companye
That had y done the treachery," etc. P.

Ver. 418. *This having heard and seen, &c.*] The scene here changes from the Temple of Fame to that of Rumour, which is almost entirely Chaucer's. The particulars follow:

"Tho saw I stonde in a valey,
Under the castle fast by
A house, that Domus Dedali
That Labyrinthus cleped is,
Nas made so wonderly, I wis,
Ne half so queintly y-wrought;
And evermo as swift as thought,
This queint house about went,
That never more it still stent—
And eke this house hath of entrees
As many as leaves are on trees
In summer, when they ben grene;
And in the roof yet men may sene

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in number were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace, is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance:

IMITATIONS.

A thousand hoels and well mo,
To letten the soune out go;
And by day in every tide
Ben all the doors open wide,
And by night each one unshet;
No porter is there one to let,
No manner tydings in to pace:
Ne never rest is in that place." P.

Ver. 428. *As flames by nature to the*, &c.] This thought is transferred hither out of the third book of Fame, where it takes up no less than one hundred and twenty verses, beginning thus:

" Geffrey, thou wottest well this," etc. P.

Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
  There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
  Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 448. *There various news I heard, &c.*]

" Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rest, of labour, of voyages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of life,
Of love and hate, accord and strife,
Of loss, of lore, and of winnings,
Of hele, of sickness, and lessings,
Of divers transmutations
Of estates and eke of regions,
Of trust, of drede, of jealousy,
Of wit, of winning, and of folly,
Of good, or bad government,
Of fire, and of divers accident." P.

Ver. 453. *Above, below, without, within, &c.*]

" But such a grete congregation
Of folke as I saw roam about
Some within, and some without,

Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers that future fates foreshew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers, not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands!
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
They flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth;
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

IMITATIONS.

Was never seen, ne shall be eft—
And every wight that I saw there
Rowned everich in others ear.
A new tyding privily,
Or else he told it openly
Right thus, and said, Knowst not thou
That is betide to night now?
No, quoth he, tell me what?
And then he told him this and that, etc.
——— Thus north and south
Went every tiding fro mouth to mouth,
And that encreasing evermo,
As fire is wont to quicken and go
From a sparkle sprong amiss,
Till all the citee breat up is."

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below.
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force:
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent:
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now, the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find,

NOTES.

Ver. 496. *And this or that unmix'd,*] The President Montesquieu observes (in his Grandeur of the Romans), that the rank or place which posterity bestows is subject, like all others, to the whim and caprice of fortune. Woolaston said, in his own epitaph, that he retired early from the world, propter iniqua hominum judicia.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 489. *There, at one passage,* &c.]

" And sometime I saw there at once,
A lesing and a sad sooth saw
That gonnen at adventure draw
Out of a window forth to pace—
And no man, be he ever so wrothe,
Shall have one of these two, but bothe," etc. P.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price,
As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heav'n! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise;

NOTES.

Ver. 497. *While thus I stood*, &c.] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a moral to the whole. In Chaucer he only answers, "he came to see the place;" and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprised at the sight of a Man of great Authority, and awakening in a fright. P.

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown:
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

"This poem contains great strokes of Gothic imagination, yet bordering often on the most ideal and capricious extravagance. The poet, in a vision, sees a temple of glass;

'In which were more images
Of gold stondinge in sundrie stages,
Sette in more riche tabernacles,
And with perre more pinnacles,
And more curious pourtraituris
And quaint manir of figuris
Of gelde work than I sawe evir.'

"On the walls of this temple were engraved stories frem Virgil's Eneid and Ovid's epistles.

"Leaving this temple, he sees an eagle with golden wings soaring near the sun.

'—— Faste by the sonne on hie
As kennyng myght I with mine eie,
Methought I saw an egle sore;
But that it semid mochil more,
Then I had any egle seen.
It was of gold, and shone so bright,
That nevir man sawe suche a sight,' &c.

"The eagle descends, seizes the poet in his talons, and, mounting again, conveys him to the house of Fame; which is situated, like that of Ovid, between earth and sea. In their passage thither, they fly above the stars; which our author leaves with clouds, tempests, hail, and snow, far beneath him. This aërial journey is partly copied from Ovid's Phaeton in the chariot of the sun. But the poet apologizes for this extravagant fiction, and explains his meaning, by alleging the authority of Boethius; who says, that contemplation may soar on the wings of philosophy above every element. He likewise recollects, in the midst of his course, the description of the heavens, given by Marcianus Capella, in his book De Nuptiis Philologiæ et Mercurii, and Alanus in his Anticlaudian. At his arrival in the confines of the house of Fame, he is alarmed with confused murmurs issuing

from thence, like distant thunders or billows. This circumstance is also borrowed from Ovid's Temple. He is left by the eagle near the house, which is built of materials bright as polished glass, and stands on a rock of ice of excessive height, and almost inaccessible. All the southern side of this rock was covered with engravings of the names of famous men, which were perpetually melting away by the heat of the sun. The northern side of the rock was alike covered with names; but being here shaded from the warmth of the sun, the characters remained unmelted and uneffaced. The structure of the house is thus imagined:

——'Methoughtin by Sainct Gile,
That all was of stone of berille,
Both of the castle and the toure,
And eke the hall and everie boure:
Without pecis or joynynges,
And many subtill compassyngs,
As barbicans and pinnacles,
Imageries and tabernacles,
I sawe, and full eke of windowis
As flakis fallin in great snowis.'

"In these lines, and in some others which occur hereafter, the poet perhaps alludes to the many new decorations in architecture, which began to prevail about his time, and gave rise to the florid Gothic style. There are instances of this in his other poems. In his Dreame, printed 1597:

'And of a sute were al the touris,
Subtily carven aftir flouris,—
With many a smal turret hie.'

"And in the description of the Palace of Pleasaunt Regarde, in the Assemblie of Ladies:

'Fairir is none, though it were for a king
Devisid wel, and that in every thing;
The towris hie, ful plesante shal ye finde,
With fannis fresh, turning with everie winde.
The chambris, and the palirs of a sorte,
With bay windows, goodlie as may be thought:
As for daunsing or other wise disporte,
The galeries be al right wel ywrought.'

"In Chaucer's life, by Anthony Hall, it is not mentioned that he was appointed clerk of the king's works in the palace of Westminster, in the royal manors of Shene, Kenington, Byfleet, and Clapton, and in the mews at Charing.

"Again, in 1380, of the works of St. George's chapel at Windsor, then ruinous. But to return:

——— 'All manir of minstrelis,
And jestours that tellyn tales
Both of weping and eke of game.'

"That is, those who sung or recited adventures, either tragic or comic, which excited either compassion or laughter. They were accompanied with the most renowned harpers; among which were Orpheus, Arion, Chiron, and the Briton Glaskerion. Behind these were placed, "by many a thousand time twelve," players on various instruments of music. Among the trumpeters are named Joab, Virgil's Misenus, and Theodamus. About these pinnacles were also marshalled the most famous magicians, jugglers, witches, prophetesses, sorceresses, and professors of natural magic, which ever existed in ancient or modern times; such as Medea, Circe, Calliope, Hermes, Limotheus, and Simon Magus. At entering the hall he sees an infinite multitude of heralds; on the surcoats of whom were richly embroidered the armorial ensigns of the most redoubted champions that ever tourneyed in Africa, Europe, or Asia. The floor and roof of the hall were covered with thick plates of gold, studded with the costliest gems. At the upper end, on a lofty shrine, made with carbuncle, sate Fame; her figure is like those in Virgil and Ovid. Above her, as if sustained on her shoulders, sate Hercules and Alexander. From the throne to the gates of the hall ran a range of pillars, with respective inscriptions. On the first pillar, made of lead and iron, stood Josephus, the Jewish historian ("that of the Jewis gestis told"), with seven other writers on the same subject. On the second pillar, made of iron, and painted all over with the blood of tigers, stood Statius. On another, higher than the rest, stood Homer, Dares, Phrygius, Livy, Lollius, Guido of Columna, and Geoffry of Monmouth, writers of the Trojan story. On a pillar of "tinnid iron clere," stood Virgil; and next to him, on a pillar of copper, appeared Ovid. The figure of Lucan was placed on a pillar of iron, "wroght full sternly," accompanied with many Roman historians. On a pillar of sulphur stood Claudian, so symbolized, because he wrote of Pluto and Proserpine:

'That bare up all the fame of hell;
Of Pluto and of Proserpine
That queen is of the darke pine.'

"The hall was filled with the writers of ancient tales and romances, whose subjects and names were too numerous to be re-

counted. In the mean time crowds from every nation, and of every condition, filled the hall, and each presented his claim to the queen. A messenger is dispatched to summon Eolus from his cave in Thrace, who is ordered to bring his two clarions, called Slander and Praise, and his trumpeter Triton. The praises of each petitioner are then resounded, according to the partial or capricious appointment of Fame; and equal merits obtain very different success. There is much satire and humour in these requests and rewards, and in the disgraces and honours which are indiscriminately distributed by the queen, without discernment and by chance. The poet then enters the house or labyrinth of Rumour. It was built of sallow twigs, like a cage, and therefore admitted every sound. Its doors were also more numerous than leaves on the trees, and always stood open. These are romantic exaggerations of Ovid's inventions on the same subject. It was moreover sixty miles in length, and perpetually turning round. From this house (says the poet) issued tidings of every kind, like fountains and rivers from the sea. Its inhabitants, who were eternally employed in hearing or telling news, together with the rise of reports, and the formation of lies, are then humorously described. The company is chiefly composed of sailors, pilgrims, and pardoners. At length our author is awakened at seeing a venerable personage of great authority; and thus the vision abruptly concludes.

"Pope has imitated this piece with his usual elegance of diction and harmony of versification; but in the mean time, he has not only misrepresented the story, but marred the character of the poem. He has endeavoured to correct its extravagances by new refinements and additions of another cast; but he did not consider that extravagances are essential to a poem of such a structure, and even constitute its beauties. An attempt to unite order and exactness of imagery with a subject formed on principles so professedly romantic and anomalous, is like giving Corinthian pillars to a Gothic palace. When I read Pope's elegant imitation of this piece, I think I am walking among the modern monuments unsuitably placed in Westminster Abbey."

History of English Poetry, Vol. ii.

JANUARY AND MAY:

OR, THE

MERCHANT'S TALE.

FROM CHAUCER.

THE story of January and May now before us is of the comic kind; and the character of a fond old dotard betrayed into disgrace by an unsuitable match is supported in a lively manner. Pope has endeavoured suitably to familiarize the stateliness of our heroic measure in this ludicrous narrative; but, after all his pains, this measure is not adapted to such subjects, so well as the lines of four feet, or the French numbers of Fontaine. Fontaine is, in truth, the capital and unrivalled writer of comic tales. He generally took his subjects from Boccace, Poggius, and Ariosto; but adorned them with so many natural strokes, with such quaintness in his reflections, and such a dryness and archness of humour, as cannot fail to excite laughter.

Our Prior has happily caught his manner in many of his lighter tales, particularly in Hans Carvel; the invention of which, if its genealogy be worth tracing, is first due to Poggius. It is found in the hundred and thirty-third of his Facetiæ, where it is entitled, Visio Francisci Philelphi; from hence Rabelais inserted it under another title, in his third book and twenty-eighth chapter. It was afterward related in a book called the Hundred Novels. Ariosto finishes the fifth of his incomparable satires with it. Malespini also made use of it. Fontaine, who imagined Rabbelais to be the inventor of it, was the sixth author who delivered it, as our Prior was the last, and perhaps not the least spirited. Mr. Tyrwhitt gives the following account of this tale: "The scene of the Merchant's Tale is laid in Italy; but none of the names, except Damia and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the pear-tree I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315. This fable has never been printed but once, and in a book not commonly to be met with.

"Whatever was the real original of this tale, the machinery of the Fairies, which Chaucer has used so happily, was probably added by himself; and indeed I cannot help thinking that his Pluto and Proserpine were the true progenitors of Oberon and Titania, or rather that they themselves have, once at least, designed to revisit our poetical system under the latter names. 'In the History of English Poetry, vol. i. p. 421, this is said to be an old Lombard story.' But many passages in it are evidently taken from the Polycraticon of John of Salisbury. De molestiis et oneribus conjugiorum secundum Hieronymum et

alios philosophos. Et de pernicie libidinis. Et de mulieris Ephesinæ et similium fide. And by the way, about forty verses belonging to this argument are translated from the same chapter of the Polycraticon, in the Wife of Bath's prologue. In the mean time it is not improbable that this tale might have originally been Oriental. A Persian tale is just published which it extremely resembles; and it has much of the allegory of an Eastern apologue."

The author adds, that the Miller's Tale, in Chaucer, excels all his other tales in true and exquisite humour.

JANUARY AND MAY.

THERE liv'd in Lombardy, as authors write,
In days of old, a wise and worthy knight;
Of gentle manners, as of gen'rous race,
Blest with much sense, more riches, and some grace.
Yet led astray by Venus' soft delights,
He scarce could rule some idle appetites:
For long ago, let Priests say what they could,
Weak sinful laymen were but flesh and blood.
But in due time, when sixty years were o'er,
He vow'd to lead this vicious life no more;
Whether pure holiness inspir'd his mind,
Or dotage turn'd his brain, is hard to find;

NOTES.

JANUARY AND MAY.] This translation was done at sixteen or seventeen years of age. P.

In conformity to our author's own practice, it has been thought proper to insert a portion of the original of Chaucer, that the reader may form a judgment of Pope's many improvements and alterations:

IMITATIONS.

" Whilom ther was dwelling in Lumbardie
A worthy knight, that was born in Pavie,
In which he lived in great prosperitee;
And sixty yere a wifles man was he,
And folwed ay his bodily delit
On women, ther as was his appetit;
As don thise fooles that been seculere.
And whan that he was passed sixty yere,

But his high courage prick'd him forth to wed,
And try the pleasures of a lawful bed.
This was his nightly dream, his daily care,
And to the heav'nly pow'rs his constant pray'r,
Once ere he died, to taste the blissful life
Of a kind husband and a loving wife.
  These thoughts he fortify'd with reasons still,
(For none want reasons to confirm their will.)
Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing:
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.
Then let him choose a damsel young and fair,
To bless his age, and bring a worthy heir;
To soothe his cares, and free from noise and strife,
Conduct him gently to the verge of life,
Let sinful bachelors their woes deplore,
Full well they merit all they feel, and more:

IMITATIONS.

Were it for holinesse or for dotage,
I cannot sain, but swiche a gret corage
Hadde this knight to ben a wedded man,
That day and night he doth all that he can
To espien, wher that he might wedded be;
Praying our Lord to granten him, that he
Mighte ones knowen of that blisful lif,
That is betwix an husband and his wif;
And for to live under that holy bond,
With which God firste man and woman bond.
Non other lif (said he) is worth a bene;
For wedlock is so esy and so clene,
That in this world it is a paradise.
Thus saith this olde knight, that was so wise.
  And certainly, as soth as God is king,
To take a wif, it is a glorious thing,

Unaw'd by precepts, human or divine,
Like birds and beasts, promiscuously they join.
Nor know to make the present blessing last,
To hope the future, or esteem the past:
But vainly boast the joys they never try'd,
And find divulg'd the secrets they would hide.
The marry'd man may bear his yoke with ease,
Secure at once himself and heav'n to please;
And pass his inoffensive hours away,
In bliss all night, and innocence all day:
Tho' fortune change, his constant spouse remains,
Augments his joys, or mitigates his pains.
But what so pure, which envious tongues will spare?
Some wicked wits have libell'd all the fair.
With matchless impudence they style a wife
The dear-bought curse, and lawful plague of life;
A bosom-serpent, a domestic evil,
A night-invasion, and a mid-day-devil.

IMITATIONS.

And namely whan a man is old and hore,
Than is a wif the fruit of his tresore;
Than shuld he take a yong wif and a faire,
On which he might engendren him an heire,
And lede his lif in joye and in solas,
Wheras thise bachelors singen alas,
Whan that they finde any adversitee
In love, which n'is but childish vanitee.
And trewely it sit wel to be so,
That bachelors have often peine and wo:
On brotel ground they bilde, and brotelnesse
They finden, whan they wenen sikernesse:
They live but as a bird or as a beste,
In libertee and under non areste;

Let not the wise these sland'rous words regard,
But curse the bones of ev'ry lying bard.
All other goods by fortune's hand are giv'n,
A wife is the peculiar gift of heav'n.
Vain fortune's favours, never at a stay,
Like empty shadows, pass, and glide away;
One solid comfort, our eternal wife,
Abundantly supplies us all our life:
This blessing lasts (if those who try, say true)
As long as heart can wish—and longer too.
  Our grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possess'd,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbless'd,
With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd,
And wander'd in the solitary shade.
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God.
  A Wife! ah gentle deities, can he
That has a wife, e'er feel adversity?

IMITATIONS.

Ther as a wedded man in his estat
Liveth a lif blisful and ordinat,
Under the yoke of mariage ybound:
Wel may his herte in joye and blisse abound.
For who can be so buxom as a wif?
Who is so trewe and eke so ententif
To kepe him, sike and hole, as is his make?
For wele or wo she n'ill him not forsake:
She n'is not wery him to love and serve,
Though that he lie bedrede til that he sterve.
  And yet som clerkes sain, it is not so.
Of which he Theophrast is on of tho:
What force though Theophrast list for to lie?
Ne take no wif, quod he, for husbondrie,
As for to spare in household they dispence:
A trewe servant doth more diligence

Would men but follow what the sex advise,
All things would prosper, all the world grow wise.
'Twas by Rebecca's aid that Jacob won
His father's blessing from an elder son:
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit life
To the wise conduct of a prudent wife:
Heroic Judith, as old Hebrews shew,
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian foe:
At Esther's suit, the persecuting sword
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord.
These weighty motives, January the sage
Maturely ponder'd in his riper age;
And charm'd with virtuous joys, and sober life,
Would try that Christian comfort, call'd a wife.
His friends were summon'd on a point so nice,
To pass their judgment, and to give advice;
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he;
(As men that ask advice are wont to be.)

IMITATIONS.

Thy good to kepe, than doth thin owen wif,
For she wol claimen half past al hise lif,
And if that thou be sike, so God me save,
Thy veray frendes or a trewe knave
Wol kepe thee bet than she, that waiteth ay
After thy good, and hath don many a day.
This sentence, and an hundred thinges worse
Writeth this man ther God his bones curse.
But take no kepe of al swiche vanitee,
Defieth Theophrast, and herkeneth me.
A wif is goddes yefte verailly:
All other maner yeftes hardely,
As londes, rentes, pasture, or commune,
Or mebles, all ben yeftes of fortune,
That passen as a shadow on the wall;
But drede thou not, if plainly speke I shal,

My friends (he cry'd, and cast a mournful look
Around the room, and sigh'd before he spoke),
Beneath the weight of threescore years I bend,
And worn with cares, am hast'ning to my end;
How I have liv'd, alas! you know too well,
In worldly follies, which I blush to tell;
But gracious heav'n has ope'd my eyes at last,
With due regret I view my vices past,
And as the precept of the church decrees,
Will take a wife, and live in holy ease.
But since by counsel all things should be done,
And many heads are wiser still than one;
Choose you for me, who best shall be content
When my desire's approv'd by your consent.
One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide your choice; this wife must not be old:

IMITATIONS.

A wif wol last and in thin hous endure,
Wel lenger than thee list peraventure.
Mariage is a ful gret sacrament;
He which that hath no wif I hold him shent;
He liveth helples, and all desolat:
(I speke of folk in secular estat)
And herkneth why, I say not this for nought,
That woman is for mannes helpe ywrought.
The highe God, whan he had Adam maked,
And saw him al alone belly naked,
God of his grete goodnesse saide then,
Let us now make an helpe unto this man
Like to himself, and than he made him Eve.
Here may ye see, and hereby may ye preve,
That a wif is mannes helpe and his comfort,
His paradis terrestre and his disport:
So buxom and so vertuous is she,
They mosten nedes live in unitee:

There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.
My soul abhors the tasteless, dry embrace
Of a stale virgin with a winter face:
In that cold season Love but treats his guest
With bean-straw and tough forage at the best.
No crafty widows shall approach my bed;
Those are too wise for bachelors to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice marry'd dames are mistresses o' th' trade.
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.
  Conceive me, Sirs, nor take my sense amiss;
'Tis what concerns my soul's eternal bliss;
Since if I found no pleasure in my spouse,
As flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?

IMITATIONS.

O flesh they ben, and O flesh, as I gesse,
Hath but on herte in wele and in distresse.
A wif? a! Seinte Marie, *benedicite*,
How might a man have any adversite
That hath a wif? Certes I cannot seye.
The blisse the which that is betwix hem teweye
Ther may no tonge telle or herte thinke.
If he be poure, she helpeth him to swinke;
She keepeth his good, and wasteth never a del;
All that her husbond doth, hire liketh wel;
She saith not ones nay, whan he saith ye;
Do this, saith he; al redy, Sire, saith she.
  O blisful ordre, O wedlock precious,
Thou art so merry, and eke so vertuous,
And so commended, and approved eke,
That every man that holt him worth a leke,
Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
Thanken his God, that him hath sent a wif,

Then should I live in lewd adultery,
And sink downright to Satan when I die.
Or were I curs'd with an unfruitful bed,
The righteous end were lost for which I wed;
To raise up seed to bless the pow'rs above,
And not for pleasure only, or for love.
Think not I dote; 'tis time to take a wife,
When vigorous blood forbids a chaster life:
Those that are blest with store of grace divine,
May live like saints, by heav'n's consent, and mine.
And since I speak of wedlock, let me say
(As, thank my stars, in modest truth I may),
My limbs are active, still I'm sound at heart,
And a new vigour springs in ev'ry part.
Think not my virtue lost, tho' time has shed
These rev'rend honours on my hoary head:

IMITATIONS.

Or elles pray to God him for to send
A wif, to last unto his lives end.
For than his lif is set in sikernesse,
He may not be deceived, as I gesse,
So that he werche after his wives rede;
Than may he boldly beren up his hede,
They ben so trewe, and therwithal so wise.
For which, if thou wilt werchen as the wise,
Do alway so, as women wol thee rede.
Lo how that Jacob, as thise clerkes rede,
By good conseil of his mother Rebekke
Bound the kiddes skin about his nekke;
For which his fadres benison he wan.
Lo Judith, as the storie eke tell can,
By good conseil she Goddes peple kept,
And slow him Holofernes while he slept.
Lo Abigal, by good conseil how she
Saved hire husband Nabal, whan that he

Thus trees are crown'd with blossoms white as snow,
The vital sap then rising from below.
Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
Now, Sirs, you know to what I stand inclin'd,
Let ev'ry friend with freedom speak his mind.

He said; the rest in diff'rent parts divide:
The knotty point was urg'd on either side:
Marriage, the theme on which they all declaim'd,
Some prais'd with wit, and some with reason blam'd.
Till, what with proofs, objections, and replies,
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,
There fell between his brothers a debate,
Placebo this was call'd, and Justin that.

First to the Knight Placebo thus begun
(Mild were his looks, and pleasing was his tone),
Such prudence, Sir, in all your words appears,
As plainly proves, experience dwells with years!

IMITATIONS.

Shuld han be slain. And loke, Hester also
By good conseil delivered out of wo
The peple of God, and made him Mardochæ
Of Assuere enhaunsed for to be.
Ther n'is no thing in gree superlatif
(As saith Senek) above an humble wif.
Suffer thy wives tonge, as Caton bit,
She shal command, and thou shalt suffren it,
And yet she wol obey of curtesie.
A wif is keper of thin husbondrie:
Wel may the sike man bewaile and wepe,
I warne thee, if wisely thou wilt werche,
Love wel thy wif, as Christ loveth his Cherche:
If thou lovest thyself, love thou thy wif.
No man hateth his flesh, but in his lif
He fostreth it, and therefore bid I thee
Cherish thy wif, or thou shalt never the.

Yet you pursue sage Solomon's advice,
To work by counsel when affairs are nice:
But, with the wise man's leave, I must protest,
So may my soul arrive at ease and rest,
As still I hold your own advice the best.
  Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my days,
And study'd men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observ'd this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that black was white,
My word was this, "Your honour's in the right."
Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
This, Sir, affects not you, whose ev'ry word
Is weigh'd with judgment, and befits a Lord;
Your will is mine; and is (I will maintain)
Pleasing to God, and should be so to Man;
At least, your courage all the world must praise,
Who dare to wed in your declining days.
Indulge the vigour of your mounting blood,
And let gray fools be indolently good,
Who, past all pleasure, damn the joys of sense,
With rev'rend dulness and grave impotence.
  Justin, who silent sate, and heard the man,
Thus, with a philosophic frown, began:

IMITATIONS.

Husbond and wif, what so men jasse or play,
Of worldly folk holden the siker way;
They ben so knit, ther may non harm betide,
And namely upon the wives side."

A heathen author of the first degree
(Who, tho' not Faith, had Sense as well as we),
Bids us be certain our concerns to trust
To those of gen'rous principles, and just.
The venture's greater, I'll presume to say,
To give your person, than your goods away:
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your rest,
First learn your Lady's qualities at least:
Whether she's chaste or rampant, proud or civil;
Meek as a saint, or haughty as the devil;
Whether an easy, fond, familiar fool,
Or such a wit as no man e'er can rule.
'Tis true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in woman-kind;
But if her virtues prove the larger share,
Bless the kind fates, and think your fortune rare.
Ah, gentle Sir, take warning of a friend,
Who knows too well the state you thus commend;
And spite of all his praises must declare,
All he can find is bondage, cost, and care.
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private tear,
And sigh in silence, lest the world should hear:
While all my friends applaud my blissful life,
And swear no mortal's happier in a wife;
Demure and chaste as any vestal Nun,
The meekest creature that beholds the sun!
But, by th' immortal powers I feel the pain,
And he that smarts has reason to complain.
Do what you list, for me; you must be sage,
And cautious sure; for wisdom is in Age;
But at these years to venture on the fair!
By him, who made the ocean, earth, and air,

To please a wife, when her occasions call,
Would busy the most vig'rous of us all.
And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can choose
Will ask observance, and exact her dues.
If what I speak my noble Lord offend,
My tedious sermon here is at an end.
'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replies,
Most worthy kinsman, faith you're mighty wise!
We, Sirs, are fools; and must resign the cause
To heath'nish authors, proverbs, and old saws.
He spoke with scorn, and turn'd another way:—
What does my friend, my dear Placebo, say!
I say, quoth he, by heav'n the man's to blame,
To slander wives, and wedlock's holy name.
At this the council rose, without delay;
Each, in his own opinion, went his way;
With full consent, that, all disputes appeas'd,
The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd.
Who now but January exults with joy?
The charms of wedlock all his soul employ:
Each nymph by turns his wav'ring mind possest,
And reign'd the short-liv'd tyrant of his breast:
Whilst fancy pictur'd every lively part,
And each bright image wander'd o'er his heart.
Thus, in some public Forum fix'd on high,
A Mirror shews the figures moving by;
Still one by one, in swift succession, pass
The gliding shadows o'er the polish'd glass.
This Lady's charms the nicest could not blame,
But vile suspicions had aspers'd her fame;
That was with sense, but not with virtue, blest:
And one had grace, that wanted all the rest.

Thus doubting long what nymph he should obey,
He fix'd at last upon the youthful May.
Her faults he knew not, Love is always blind,
But ev'ry charm revolv'd within his mind:
Her tender age, her form divinely fair,
Her easy motion, her attractive air,
Her sweet behaviour, her enchanting face,
Her moving softness, and majestic grace.
Much in his prudence did our Knight rejoice,
And thought no mortal could dispute his choice:
Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry friend,
And told them all, their pains were at an end.
Heav'n, that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed,
Provides a consort worthy of my bed:
Let none oppose th' election, since on this
Depends my quiet, and my future bliss.
A dame there is, the darling of my eyes,
Young, beauteous, artless, innocent, and wise;
Chaste, though not rich; and tho' not nobly born,
Of honest parents, and may serve my turn.
Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please;
To pass my age in sanctity and ease;
And thank the pow'rs, I may possess alone
The lovely prize, and share my bliss with none!
If you, my friends, this virgin can procure,
My joys are full, my happiness is sure.
One only doubt remains: Full oft, I've heard,
By casuists grave, and deep divines averr'd;

NOTES.

Ver. 261. *may serve my turn.*] One of Dryden's familiar colloquial terms, happily used; as also verse 286. Dryden, among other excellences of a varied style, was happy in the use of such terms.

That 'tis too much for human race to know
The bliss of heav'n above, and earth below.
Now should the nuptial pleasures prove so great,
To match the blessings of the future state,
Those endless joys were ill exchang'd for these;
Then clear this doubt, and set my mind at ease.
  This Justin heard, nor could his spleen control,
Touch'd to the quick, and tickled at the soul.
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread,
Heav'n put it past your doubt, whene'er you wed;
And to my fervent pray'rs so far consent,
That ere the rites are o'er, you may repent!
Good Heav'n, no doubt, the nuptial state approves,
Since it chastises still what best it loves.
  Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to despair;
Seek, and perhaps you'll find among the fair,
One, that may do your business to a hair;
Not ev'n in wish, your happiness delay,
But prove the scourge to lash you on your way:
Then to the skies your mounting soul shall go,
Swift as an arrow soaring from the bow!
Provided still, you moderate your joy,
Nor in your pleasures all your might employ,
Let reason's rule your strong desires abate,
Nor please too lavishly your gentle mate.
Old wives there are, of judgment most acute,
Who solve these questions beyond all dispute:
Consult with those, and be of better cheer;
Marry, do penance, and dismiss your fear.
  So said, they rose, nor more the work delay'd;
The match was offer'd, the proposals made.

The parents, you may think, would soon comply:
The Old have int'rest ever in their eye,
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's mind;
When fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
I pass each previous settlement and deed,
Too long for me to write, or you to read;
Nor will with quaint impertinence display
The pomp, the pageantry, the proud array.
The time approach'd, to church the parties went,
At once with carnal and devout intent:
Forth came the Priest, and bade th' obedient wife
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her life:
Then pray'd the pow'rs the fruitful bed to bless,
And made all sure enough with holiness.
And now the palace-gates are open'd wide,
The guests appear in order, side by side,
And plac'd in state, the bridegroom and the bride,
The breathing flute's soft notes are heard around,
And the shrill trumpets mix their silver sound;
The vaulted roofs with echoing music ring,
These touch the vocal stops, and those the trembling string.
Not thus Amphion tun'd the warbling lyre,
Nor Joab the sounding clarion could inspire,
Nor fierce Theodomas, whose sprightly strain
Could swell the soul to rage, and fire the martial train.
Bacchus himself, the nuptial feast to grace
(So Poets sing), was present on the place;
And lovely Venus, Goddess of delight,
Shook high her flaming torch in open sight,
And danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry knight;

Pleas'd her best servant would his courage try,
No less in wedlock than in liberty.
Full many an age old Hymen had not spy'd
So kind a bridegroom, or so bright a bride.
Ye bards! renown'd among the tuneful throng
For gentle lays, and joyous nuptial song;
Think not your softest numbers can display
The matchless glories of this blissful day;
The joys are such, as far transcend your rage,
When tender youth has wedded stooping age.
  The beauteous dame sate smiling at the board,
And darted am'rous glances at her Lord.
Not Esther's self, whose charms the Hebrews sing,
E'er look'd so lovely on her Persian king:
Bright as the rising sun, in summer's day,
And fresh and blooming as the month of May!
The joyful Knight survey'd her by his side,
Nor envy'd Paris with the Spartan bride:
Still as his mind revolv'd with vast delight
Th' entrancing raptures of th' approaching night,
Restless he sate, invoking ev'ry pow'r
To speed his bliss, and haste the happy hour.
Mean time the vig'rous dancers beat the ground,
And songs were sung, and flowing bowls went round.
With od'rous spices they perfum'd the place,
And mirth and pleasure shone in ev'ry face.
  Damian alone, of all the menial train,
Sad in the midst of triumphs, sigh'd for pain:
Damian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,
Consum'd at heart, and fed a secret fire.
His lovely mistress all his soul possest,
He look'd, he languish'd, and could take no rest:

His task perform'd he sadly went his way,
Fell on his bed, and loath'd the light of day.
There let him lie; till his relenting dame
Weep in her turn, and waste in equal flame.
  The weary sun, as learned Poets write,
Forsook th' horizon, and roll'd down the light;
While glitt'ring stars his absent beams supply,
And night's dark mantle overspread the sky.
Then rose the guests; and as the time requir'd,
Each paid his thanks, and decently retir'd.
  The foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t' undress,
So keen he was, and eager to possess:
But first thought fit th' assistance to receive,
Which grave Physicians scruple not to give;
Satyrion near, with hot Eringos stood,
Cantharides, to fire the lazy blood,
Whose use old bards describe in luscious rhymes,
And critics learn'd explain to modern times.
  By this the sheets were spread, the bride undress'd,
The room was sprinkled, and the bed was bless'd.
What next ensu'd beseems not me to say:
'Tis sung, he labour'd till the dawning day,
Then briskly sprung from bed, with heart so light,
As all were nothing he had done by night;
And sipp'd his cordial as he sat upright.
He kiss'd his balmy spouse with wanton play,
And feebly sung a lusty roundelay:
Then on the couch his weary limbs he cast;
For ev'ry labour must have rest at last.
  But anxious cares the pensive Squire oppress'd,
Sleep fled his eyes, and peace forsook his breast;

The raging flames that in his bosom dwell,
He wanted art to hide, and means to tell.
Yet hoping time th' occasion might betray,
Compos'd a sonnet to the lovely May;
Which writ and folded with the nicest art,
He wrapp'd in silk, and laid upon his heart.

When now the fourth revolving day was run
('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun),
Forth from her chamber came the beauteous bride,
The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her side.
High mass was sung; they feasted in the hall;
The servants round stood ready at their call.
The Squire alone was absent from the board,
And much his sickness griev'd his worthy lord,
Who pray'd his spouse, attended with her train,
To visit Damian, and divert his pain.
Th' obliging dames obey'd with one consent;
They left the hall, and to his lodging went.
The female tribe surround him as he lay,
And close beside him sat the gentle May:
Where, as she try'd his pulse, he softly drew
A heaving sigh, and cast a mournful view!
Then gave his bill, and brib'd the pow'rs divine,
With secret vows, to favour his design.

Who studies now but discontented May?
On her soft couch uneasily she lay:
The lumpish husband snor'd away the night,
Till coughs awak'd him near the morning light.
What then he did, I'll not presume to tell,
Nor if she thought herself in heav'n or hell:
Honest and dull in nuptial bed they lay,
Till the bell toll'd, and all arose to pray.

Were it by forceful destiny decreed,
Or did from chance, or nature's pow'r proceed;
Or that some star, with aspect kind to love,
Shed its selected influence from above;
Whatever was the cause, the tender dame
Felt the first motions of an infant flame;
Receiv'd th' impressions of the love-sick Squire,
And wasted in the soft infectious fire.
Ye fair, draw near, let May's example move
Your gentle minds to pity those who love!
Had some fierce tyrant in her stead been found,
The poor adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd:
But she, your sex's mirror, free from pride,
Was much too meek to prove a homicide.
But to my tale: Some sages have defin'd
Pleasure the sov'reign bliss of human-kind:
Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)
Deriv'd his high philosophy from those;
For, like a Prince, he bore the vast expense
Of lavish pomp, and proud magnificence:
His house was stately, his retinue gay,
Large was his train, and gorgeous his array.
His spacious garden made to yield to none,
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;
Priapus could not half describe the grace
(Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming place:
A place to tire the rambling wits of France
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance:
Enough to shame the gentlest bard that sings
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs.
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:

About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper Elves their moon-light sports pursue:
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.
Hither the noble Knight would oft repair
(His scene of pleasure, and peculiar care),
For this he held it dear, and always bore
The silver key that lock'd the garden door.
To this sweet place in summer's sultry heat,
He us'd from noise and business to retreat;
And here in dalliance spend the live-long day,
Solus cum sola, with his sprightly May.
For whate'er work was undischarg'd a-bed,
The duteous Knight in this fair garden sped.
But ah! what mortal lives of bliss secure,
How short a space our worldly joys endure?
O Fortune, fair, like all thy treach'rous kind,
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the wind!
O painted monster, form'd mankind to cheat,
With pleasing poison, and with soft deceit!
This rich, this am'rous, venerable knight,
Amidst his ease, his solace, and delight,
Struck blind by thee, resigns his days to grief,
And calls on death, the wretch's last relief.
The rage of jealousy then seiz'd his mind,
For much he fear'd the faith of womankind.

NOTES.

Ver. 465. *Hither the noble Knight*] He has no where copied the free and easy versification and the narrative style of Dryden's Fables so happily as in this pleasant tale.

His wife not suffer'd from his side to stray,
Was captive kept, he watch'd her night and day,
Abridg'd her pleasures, and confin'd her sway.
Full oft in tears did hapless May complain,
And sigh'd full oft; but sigh'd and wept in vain;
She look'd on Damian with a lover's eye;
For oh, 'twas fixt; she must possess or die!
Nor less impatience vex'd her am'rous Squire,
Wild with delay, and burning with desire.
Watch'd as she was, yet could he not refrain
By secret writing to disclose his pain;
The dame by signs reveal'd her kind intent,
Till both were conscious what each other meant.
  Ah, gentle knight, what would thy eyes avail,
Tho' they could see as far as ships can sail?
'Tis better, sure, when blind, deceiv'd to be,
Than be deluded when a man can see!
  Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,
Was over-watch'd, for all his hundred eyes:
So many an honest husband may, 'tis known,
Who, wisely, never thinks the case his own.
  The dame at last, by diligence and care,
Procur'd the key her knight was wont to bear;
She took the wards in wax before the fire,
And gave th' impression to the trusty Squire.
By means of this, some wonder shall appear,
Which, in due place and season, you may hear.
Well sung sweet Ovid, in the days of yore,
What flight is that which love will not explore?
And Pyramus and Thisbe plainly shew
The feats true lovers, when they list, can do:
Tho' watch'd and captive, yet in spite of all,
They found the art of kissing through a wall.

But now no longer from our tale to stray;
It hap'd that once upon a summer's day,
Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to am'rous play:
He rais'd his spouse ere matin-bell was rung,
And thus his morning canticle he sung.

Awake, my love, disclose thy radiant eyes;
Arise, my wife, my beauteous lady, rise!
Hear how the doves with pensive notes complain,
And in soft murmurs tell the trees their pain:
The winter's past; the clouds and tempests fly;
The sun adorns the fields, and brightens all the sky.
Fair without spot, whose ev'ry charming part
My bosom wounds, and captivates my heart;
Come, and in mutual pleasures let's engage,
Joy of my life, and comfort of my age.

This heard, to Damian straight a sign she made,
To haste before; the gentle Squire obey'd;
Secret and undescry'd he took his way,
And ambush'd close behind an arbour lay.

It was not long ere January came,
And hand in hand with him his lovely dame;
Blind as he was, not doubting all was sure,
He turn'd the key, and made the gate secure.

Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none,
Conscious of pleasures to the world unknown:
So may my soul have joy, as thou my wife
Art far the dearest solace of my life;
And rather would I choose, by heav'n above,
To die this instant, than to lose thy love.
Reflect what truth was in my passion shewn,
When, unendow'd, I took thee for my own,
And sought no treasure but thy heart alone.

Old as I am, and now depriv'd of sight,
Whilst thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,
Nor age, nor blindness, robs me of delight.
Each other loss with patience I can bear,
The loss of thee is what I only fear.
  Consider then, my lady and my wife,
The solid comforts of a virtuous life.
As first, the love of Christ himself you gain;
Next, your own honour undefil'd maintain;
And lastly, that which sure your mind must move,
My whole estate shall gratify your love:
Make your own terms, and ere to-morrow's sun
Displays his light, by Heav'n it shall be done.
I seal the contract with a holy kiss,
And will perform, by this—my dear, and this—
Have comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind;
'Tis love, not jealousy, that fires my mind.
For when thy charms my sober thoughts engage,
And join'd to them my own unequal age,
From thy dear side I have no pow'r to part,
Such secret transports warm my melting heart.
For who that once possess'd those heav'nly charms,
Could live one moment absent from thy arms?
  He ceas'd, and May with modest grace reply'd;
(Weak was her voice, as while she spoke she cry'd;)
Heav'n knows (with that a tender sigh she drew)
I have a soul to save as well as you;
And, what no less you to my charge commend,
My dearest honour, will to death defend.
To you in holy church I gave my hand,
And join'd my heart in wedlock's sacred band:

Yet, after this, if you distrust my care,
Then hear, my lord, and witness what I swear:
First may the yawning earth her bosom rend,
And let me hence to hell alive descend;
Or die the death I dread no less than hell,
Sew'd in a sack, and plung'd into a well:
Ere I my fame by one lewd act disgrace,
Or once renounce the honour of my race.
For know, Sir Knight, of gentle blood I came,
I loathe a whore, and startle at the name.
But jealous men on their own crimes reflect,
And learn from thence their ladies to suspect:
Else why these needless cautions, Sir, to me?
These doubts and fears of female constancy!
This chime still rings in ev'ry lady's ear,
The only strain a wife must hope to hear.
Thus while she spoke a sidelong glance she cast,
Where Damian kneeling, worshipp'd as she past:
She saw him watch the motions of her eye,
And singled out a pear-tree planted nigh:
'Twas charg'd with fruit that made a goodly show,
And hung with dangling pears was ev'ry bough.
Thither th' obsequious Squire address'd his pace,
And climbing, in the summit took his place;
The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in view,
Where let us leave them, and our tale pursue.
'Twas now the season when the glorious sun
His heav'nly progress through the Twins had run;
And Jove, exalted, his mild influence yields,
To glad the glebe, and paint the flow'ry fields:
Clear was the day, and Phœbus rising bright,
Had streak'd the azure firmament with light;

He pierc'd the glitt'ring clouds with golden streams,
And warm'd the womb of earth with genial beams.
It so befel, in that fair morning tide,
The Fairies sported on the garden side,
And in the midst their Monarch and his Bride.
So featly tripp'd the light-foot ladies round,
The knights so nimbly o'er the green-sward bound,
That scarce they bent the flow'rs, or touch'd the ground.
The dances ended, all the fairy train
For pinks and daisies search'd the flow'ry plain;
While on a bank reclin'd of rising green,
Thus, with a frown, the King bespoke his Queen.
'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,
The treachery you women use to man:
A thousand authors have this truth made out,
And sad experience leaves no room for doubt.
Heav'n rest thy spirit, noble Solomon,
A wiser monarch never saw the sun:
All wealth, all honours, the supreme degree
Of earthly bliss, was well bestow'd on thee!
For sagely hast thou said: Of all mankind,
One only just, and righteous, hope to find:
But should'st thou search the spacious world around,
Yet one good woman is not to be found.
Thus says the King who knew your wickedness;
The son of Sirach testifies no less.
So may some wildfire on your bodies fall,
Or some devouring plague consume you all;
As well you view the leacher in the tree,
And well this honourable Knight you see:

But since he's blind and old (a helpless case),
His Squire shall cuckold him before your face.
Now by my own dread majesty I swear,
And by this awful sceptre which I bear,
No impious wretch shall 'scape unpunish'd long,
That in my presence offers such a wrong.
I will this instant undeceive the Knight,
And, in the very act, restore his sight:
And set the strumpet here in open view,
A warning to these Ladies, and to you,
And all the faithless sex, for ever to be true.
And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed,
Now, by my mother's soul it is decreed,
She shall not want an answer at her need.
For her, and for her daughters, I'll engage,
And all the sex in each succeeding age;
Art shall be theirs to varnish an offence,
And fortify their crimes with confidence.
Nay, were they taken in a strict embrace,
Seen with both eyes, and pinion'd on the place;
All they shall need is to protest and swear,
Breathe a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear;
Till their wise husbands, gull'd by arts like these,
Grow gentle, tractable, and tame, as geese.
What tho' this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon,
Call'd women fools, and knew full many a one;
The wiser wits of later times declare,
How constant, chaste, and virtuous, women are:
Witness the martyrs, who resign'd their breath,
Serene in torments, unconcern'd in death;
And witness next what Roman authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia, fell.

But since the sacred leaves to all are free,
And men interpret texts, why should not we?
By this no more was meant, than to have shewn,
That sov'reign goodness dwells in him alone
Who only Is, and is but only One.
But grant the worst; shall women then be weigh'd
By ev'ry word that Solomon has said?
What tho' this King (as ancient story boasts)
Built a fair temple to the Lord of Hosts;
He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore,
And did as much for idol gods, or more.
Beware what lavish praises you confer
On a rank leacher and idolater;
Whose reign indulgent God, says Holy Writ,
Did but for David's righteous sake permit;
David, the monarch after Heav'n's own mind,
Who lov'd our sex, and honour'd all our kind.
Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak;
Silence would swell me, and my heart would break.
Know then, I scorn your dull authorities,
Your idle wits, and all their learned lies.
By Heav'n, those authors are our sex's foes,
Whom, in our right, I must and will oppose.
Nay (quoth the King), dear Madam, be not wroth:
I yield it up; but since I gave my oath,
That this much-injur'd Knight again should see;
It must be done—I am a King, said he,
And one, whose faith has ever sacred been—
And so has mine (she said)—I am a Queen:
Her answer she shall have, I undertake;
And thus an end of all dispute I make.

Try when you list; and you shall find, my lord,
It is not in our sex to break our word.
We leave them here in this heroic strain,
And to the Knight our story turns again;
Who in the garden, with his lovely May,
Sung merrier than the Cuckoo or the Jay:
This was his song; "Oh kind and constant be,
Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee."
Thus singing as he went, at last he drew
By easy steps, to where the Pear-tree grew:
The longing dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love,
Full fairly perch'd among the boughs above.
She stopp'd, and sighing: Oh good Gods, she cry'd,
What pangs, what sudden shoots, distend my side?
O for that tempting fruit, so fresh, so green;
Help, for the love of heav'n's immortal Queen!
Help, dearest lord, and save at once the life
Of thy poor infant, and thy longing wife!
Sore sigh'd the Knight to hear his Lady's cry,
But could not climb, and had no servant nigh:
Old as he was, and void of eye-sight too,
What could, alas! a helpless husband do?
And must I languish then, she said, and die,
Yet view the lovely fruit before my eye?
At least, kind Sir, for charity's sweet sake,
Vouchsafe the trunk between your arms to take;
Then from your back I might ascend the tree;
Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me.
With all my soul, he thus reply'd again,
I'd spend my dearest blood to ease thy pain.
With that, his back against the trunk he bent,
She seiz'd a twig, and up the tree she went.

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all!
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, tho' not in phrase refin'd;
Tho' blunt my tale, yet honest is my mind.
What feats the lady in the tree might do,
I pass, as gambols never known to you;
But sure it was a merrier fit, she swore,
Than in her life she ever felt before.

In that nice moment, lo! the wond'ring Knight
Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden sight.
Straight on the tree his eager eyes he bent,
As one whose thoughts were on his spouse intent;
But when he saw his bosom-wife so dress'd,
His rage was such as cannot be express'd:
Not frantic mothers when their infants die,
With louder clamours rend the vaulted sky:
He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his hair;
Death! hell! and furies! what dost thou do there?

What ails my Lord? the trembling dame reply'd;
I thought your patience had been better try'd;
Is this your love, ungrateful and unkind,
This my reward for having cur'd the blind?
Why was I taught to make my husband see,
By struggling with a man upon a tree?
Did I for this the pow'r of magic prove?
Unhappy wife, whose crime was too much love!

If this be struggling, by this holy light,
'Tis struggling with a vengeance (quoth the Knight);
So Heav'n preserve the sight it has restor'd,
As with these eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd,
Whor'd by my slave—perfidious wretch! may hell
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well.

Guard me, good angels! cry'd the gentle May,
Pray Heav'n, this magic work the proper way!
Alas, my love! 'tis certain, could you see,
You ne'er had us'd these killing words to me:
So help me, fates, as 'tis no perfect sight,
But some faint glimm'ring of a doubtful light.
What I have said (quoth he) I must maintain,
For by th' immortal pow'rs it *seem'd* too plain—
By all those pow'rs, some frenzy seiz'd your mind,
(Reply'd the dame) are these the thanks I find?
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so kind!
She said; a rising sigh express'd her woe,
The ready tears apace began to flow,
And as they fell she wip'd from either eye
The drops (for women, when they list, can cry).
The Knight was touch'd; and in his looks appear'd
Signs of remorse, while thus his spouse he cheer'd:
Madam, 'tis past, and my short anger o'er!
Come down, and vex your tender heart no more;
Excuse me, dear, if aught amiss was said,
For, on my soul, amends shall soon be made:
Let my repentance your forgiveness draw,
By Heaven, I swore but what I *thought* I saw.
Ah my lov'd lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)
On bare suspicion thus to treat your bride.
But till your sight's establish'd, for a while,
Imperfect objects may your sense beguile.
Thus when from sleep we first our eyes display,
The balls are wounded with the piercing ray,
And dusky vapours rise, and intercept the day:

So just recov'ring from the shades of night,
Your swimming eyes are drunk with sudden light,
Strange phantoms dance around, and skim before
your sight.
Then, Sir, be cautious, nor too rashly deem;
Heav'n knows how seldom things are what they
seem;
Consult your reason, and you soon shall find
'Twas you were jealous, not your wife unkind:
Jove ne'er spoke oracle more true than this,
None judge so wrong as those who think amiss.
With that she leap'd into her Lord's embrace
With well-dissembled virtue in her face.
He hugg'd her close, and kiss'd her o'er and o'er,
Disturb'd with doubts and jealousies no more:
Both, pleas'd and bless'd, renew'd their mutual vows,
A fruitful wife, and a believing spouse.
Thus ends our tale, whose moral next to make,
Let all wise husbands hence example take;
And pray, to crown the pleasure of their lives,
To be so well deluded by their wives.

THE first dawnings of polite literature in Italy are found in tale-writing and fables.

To produce, and carry on with probability and decorum, a series of events, is the most difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular stories of every nation, we should be amazed to find how few circumstances have been ever invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied and modified; but totally new facts have not been created. The writers of the old romances, from whom Ariosto and Spenser have borrowed so largely, are supposed to have had copious imaginations; but may they not be indebted, for their invulnerable heroes, their monsters, their enchantments, their gardens of pleasure, their winged steeds, and the like, to the Echidna, to the Circe, to the Medea, to the Achilles, to the Syrens, to the Harpies, to the Phryxus, and the Bellerophon, of the ancients? The cave of Polypheme might furnish out the ideas of their giants, and Andromeda might give occasion for stories of distressed damsels on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at such a critical season by their favourite Knights. Some faint traditions of the ancients might have been kept glimmering and alive during the whole barbarous ages, as they are called; and it is not impossible but these have been the parents of the Genii in the Eastern and the Fairies in the Western world. To say that Amadis and Sir Tristan have a classical foundation, may, at first sight, appear paradoxical; but if the subject were examined to the bottom, I am inclined to think, that the wildest chimeras in those books of chivalry, with which Don Quixote's library was furnished, would be found to have a close connexion with ancient mythology.

We of this nation have been remarkably barren in our inventions of facts; we have been chiefly borrowers in this species of composition, as the plots of our most applauded tragedies and comedies may witness, which have generally been taken from the novels of the Italians and Spaniards.

THE WIFE OF BATH:

HER PROLOGUE.

FROM CHAUCER.

The Wife of Bath is the other piece of Chaucer which Pope selected to imitate. One cannot but wonder at his choice, which perhaps nothing but his youth could excuse. Dryden, who is known not to be nicely scrupulous, informs us, that he would not versify it on account of its indecency. Pope, however, has omitted or softened the grosser and more offensive passages. Chaucer afforded him many subjects of a more sublime and serious species; and it were to be wished Pope had exercised his pencil on the pathetic story of the patience of Grisilda, or Troilus and Cressida, or the Complaint of the Black Knight; or, above all, on Cambuscan and Canace. From the accidental circumstance of Dryden and Pope's having copied the gay and ludicrous parts of Chaucer, the common notion seems to have arisen, that Chaucer's vein of poetry was chiefly turned to the light and the ridiculous. But they who look into Chaucer will soon be convinced of this prevailing prejudice, and will find his comic vein, like that of Shakspeare, to be only like one of mercury, imperceptibly mingled with a mine of gold.

Mr. Hughes withdrew his contributions to a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, published by Steele, because this prologue was to be inserted in it, which he thought too obscene for the gravity of his character.

"The want of a few lines," says Mr. Tyrwhitt, "to introduce The Wife of Bath's Prologue, is perhaps one of those defects which Chaucer would have supplied, if he had lived to finish his work. The extraordinary length of it, as well as the vein of pleasantry that runs through it, is very suitable to the character of the speaker. The greatest part must have been of Chaucer's own invention, though one may plainly see that he had been reading the popular invectives against marriage and women in general; such as the Roman de la Rose, Valerius ad Rufinum de non ducenda uxore, and particularly Hyeronymus contra Jovinianum. The holy Father, by way of recommending celibacy, has exerted all his learning and eloquence (and he certainly was not deficient in either) to collect together and aggravate whatever he could find to the prejudice of the female sex. Among other things he has inserted his own translation (probably) of a long extract from what he calls, Liber aureolus Theophrasti de nuptiis. Next to him in order of time was the treatise, entitled; Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum de non ducenda uxore, ns. Reg. 12. D. iii. It has been printed (for the similarity of its sentiments

I suppose) among the works of St. Jerome, though it is evidently of a much later date. Tanner (from Wood's MS. Collection) attributes it to Walter Map. (Bib. Brit, v. Map). I should not believe it to be older; as John of Salisbury, who has treated of the same subject in his Polycrat. l. viii. c. xi., does not appear to have seen it. To these two books Jean de Meun has been obliged for some of the severest strokes in his Roman de la Rose; and Chaucer has transfused the quintessence of all the three works (upon the subject of matrimony) into his Wife of Bath's Prologue and Merchant's Tale."

THE WIFE OF BATH.

FROM CHAUCER.

Behold the woes of matrimonial life,
And hear with rev'rence an experienc'd wife!
To dear-bought wisdom give the credit due,
And think, for once, a woman tells you true.
In all these trials I have borne a part,
I was myself the scourge that caus'd the smart:
For since fifteen, in triumph have I led
Five captive husbands from the church to bed.
Christ saw a wedding once, the Scripture says,
And saw but one, 'tis thought, in all his days;
Whence some infer, whose conscience is too nice,
No pious Christian ought to marry twice.
But let them read, and solve me, if they can,
The words address'd to the Samaritan:
Five times in lawful wedlock she was join'd:
And sure the certain stint was ne'er defin'd.
"Increase and multiply," was Heav'n's command,
And that's a text I clearly understand.
This too, "Let men their sires and mothers leave,
And to their dearer wives for ever cleave."
More wives than one by Solomon were try'd,
Or else the wisest of mankind's bely'd.
I've had myself full many a merry fit;
And trust in Heav'n I may have many yet.

For when my transitory spouse, unkind,
Shall die, and leave his woful wife behind,
I'll take the next good Christian I can find.

Paul, knowing one could never serve our turn,
Declar'd 'twas better far to wed than burn.
There's danger in assembling fire and tow;
I grant 'em that, and what it means you know.
The same apostle too has elsewhere own'd,
No precept for virginity he found:
'Tis but a counsel—and we women still
Take which we like, the counsel, or our will.

I envy not their bliss, if he or she
Think fit to live in perfect chastity;
Pure let them be, and free from taint or vice;
I, for a few slight spots, am not so nice.
Heav'n calls us diff'rent ways, on these bestows
One proper gift, another grants to those:
Not every man's oblig'd to sell his store,
And give up all his substance to the poor;
Such as are perfect, may, I can't deny:
But, by your leaves, divines, so am not I.

Full many a saint, since first the world began,
Liv'd an unspotted maid, in spite of man:
Let such (a God's name) with fine wheat be fed,
And let us honest wives eat barley-bread.
For me, I'll keep the post assign'd by Heav'n,
And use the copious talent it has giv'n:
Let my good spouse pay tribute, do me right,
And keep an equal reck'ning ev'ry night:
His proper body is not his, but mine;
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound divine.

Know then, of those five husbands I have had,
Three were just tolerable, two were bad.
The three were old, but rich and fond beside,
And toil'd most piteously to please their bride:
But since their wealth (the best they had) was mine,
The rest, without much loss, I could resign.
Sure to be lov'd I took no pains to please,
Yet had more Pleasure far than they had Ease.
Presents flow'd in apace: with show'rs of gold,
They made their court, like Jupiter of old.
If I but smil'd, a sudden youth they found,
And a new palsy seiz'd them when I frown'd.
Ye sov'reign wives! give ear, and understand,
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise command.
For never was it giv'n to mortal man,
To lie so boldly as we women can:
Forswear the fact, tho' seen with both his eyes,
And call your maids to witness how he lies.
Hark, old Sir Paul! ('twas thus I us'd to say)
Whence is our neighbour's wife so rich and gay?
Treated, caress'd where'er she's pleas'd to roam—
I sit in tatters, and immur'd at home.
Why to her house dost thou so oft repair?
Art thou so am'rous? and is she so fair?
If I but see a cousin or a friend,
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any fiend!
But you reel home, a drunken beastly bear,
Then preach till midnight in your easy chair;
Cry, Wives are false, and every woman evil,
And give up all that's female to the devil.
If poor (you say), she drains her husband's purse;
If rich, she keeps her priest, or something worse;

If highly born, intolerably vain,
Vapours and pride by turns possess her brain,
Now gaily mad, now sourly splenetic,
Freakish when well, and fretful when she's sick.
If fair, then chaste she cannot long abide,
By pressing youth attack'd on ev'ry side:
If foul, her wealth the lusty lover lures,
Or else her wit some fool-gallant procures,
Or else she dances with becoming grace,
Or shape excuses the defects of face.
There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
Horses (thou say'st) and asses men may try,
And ring suspected vessels ere they buy:
But wives, a random choice, untry'd they take,
They dream in courtship, but in wedlock wake;
Then, nor till then, the veil's remov'd away,
And all the woman glares in open day.
You tell me, to preserve your wife's good grace,
Your eyes must always languish on my face,
Your tongue with constant flatt'ries feed my ear,
And tag each sentence with, My life! my dear!
If by strange chance a modest blush be rais'd,
Be sure my fine complexion must be prais'd.
My garments always must be new and gay,
And feasts still kept upon my wedding-day.
Then must my nurse be pleas'd, and fav'rite maid;
And endless treats, and endless visits paid,
To a long train of kindred friends, allies;
All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st, are lies.
On Jenkin too you cast a squinting eye:
What! can your 'prentice raise your jealousy?

Fresh are his ruddy cheeks, his forehead fair,
And like the burnish'd gold his curling hair.
But clear thy wrinkled brow, and quit thy sorrow,
I'd scorn your 'prentice, should you die to-morrow.
Why are thy chests all lock'd? on what design?
Are not thy worldly goods and treasure mine?
Sir, I'm no fool; nor shall you, by St. John,
Have goods and body to yourself alone.
One you shall quit, in spite of both your eyes—
I heed not, I, the bolts, the locks, the spies.
If you had wit, you'd say, "Go where you will,
Dear spouse, I credit not the tales they tell:
Take all the freedoms of a marry'd life;
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful wife."
Lord! when you have enough, what need you care
How merrily soever others fare?
Tho' all the day I give and take delight,
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at night.
'Tis but a just and rational desire,
To light a taper at a neighbour's fire.
There's danger too, you think, in rich array,
And none can long be modest that are gay:
The Cat, if you but singe her tabby skin,
The chimney keeps, and sits content within;
But once grown sleek, will from her corner run,
Sport with her tail and wanton in the sun!
She licks her fair round face, and frisks abroad,
To shew her fur, and to be catterwaw'd.
Lo thus, my friends, I wrought to my desires
These three right ancient venerable sires.
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do,
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true.

I, like a dog, could bite as well as whine,
And first complain'd, whene'er the guilt was mine.
I tax'd them oft with wenching and amours,
When their weak legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of doors:
And swore the rambles that I took by night,
Were all to spy what damsels they bedight.
That colour brought me many hours of mirth;
For all this wit is giv'n us from our birth.
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar grace
To spin, to weep, and cully human race.
By this nice conduct, and this prudent course,
By murm'ring, wheedling, stratagem, and force,
I still prevail'd, and would be in the right,
Or curtain-lectures made a restless night.
If once my husband's arm was o'er my side,
What! so familiar with your spouse? I cry'd:
I levied first a tax upon his need;
Then let him—'twas a nicety indeed!
Let all mankind this certain maxim hold,
Marry who will, our sex is to be sold.
With empty hands no tassels you can lure,
But fulsome love for gain we can endure:
For gold we love the impotent and old,
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for gold.
Yet with embraces, curses oft I mixt,
Then kiss'd again, and chid and rail'd betwixt.
Well, I may make my will in peace, and die,
For not one word in man's arrears am I.
To drop a dear dispute I was unable,
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sat at table.

But when my point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,
" Billy, my dear, how sheepishly you look!
Approach my spouse, and let me kiss thy cheek!
Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!
Of Job's great patience since so oft you preach,
Well should you practise, who so well can teach.
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how.
Great is the blessing of a prudent wife,
Who puts a period to domestic strife.
One of us two must rule, and one obey;
And since in man right reason bears the sway,
Let that frail thing, weak woman, have her way.
The wives of all my family have rul'd
Their tender husbands, and their passions cool'd.
Fie, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan;
What! would you have me to yourself alone?
Why take me, Love! take all and ev'ry part!
Here's your Revenge! you love it at your heart.
Would I vouchsafe to sell what nature gave,
You little think what custom I could have;
But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for shame!
What means my dear—indeed—you are to
blame."
Thus with my first three Lords I past my life;
A very woman, and a very wife.
What sums from these old spouses I could raise,
Procur'd young husbands in my riper days.
Tho' past my bloom, not yet decay'd was I,
Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a pie.
In country dances still I bore the bell,
And sung as sweet as ev'ning Philomel.

To clear my quailpipe, and refresh my soul,
Full oft I drain'd the spicy nut-brown bowl!
Rich luscious wines, that youthful blood improve,
And warm the swelling veins to feats of love:
For 'tis as sure as cold engenders hail,
A liqu'rish mouth must have a lech'rous tail;
Wine lets no lover unrewarded go,
As all true gamesters by experience know.
But oh, good Gods! whene'er a thought I cast
On all the joys of youth and beauty past,
To find in pleasures I have had my part,
Still warms me to the bottom of my heart.
This wicked world was once my dear delight;
Now all my conquests, all my charms, good night!
The flour consum'd the best that now I can,
Is e'en to make my market of the bran.
My fourth dear spouse was not exceeding true;
He kept, 'twas thought, a private miss or two:
But all that score I paid—as how? you'll say,
Not with my body, in a filthy way:
But I so dress'd, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd;
And view'd a friend, with eyes so very kind,
As stung his heart, and made his marrow fry,
With burning rage, and frantic jealousy.
His soul, I hope, enjoys eternal glory,
For here on earth I was his purgatory.
Oft, when his shoe the most severely wrung,
He put on careless airs, and sat and sung.
How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n could know,
And he that felt, and I that caus'd the woe.
He died, when last from pilgrimage I came,
With other gossips, from Jerusalem;

And now lies buried underneath a Rood,
Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest wood.
A tomb indeed, with fewer sculptures grac'd,
Than that Mausolus' pious widow plac'd,
Or where enshrin'd the great Darius lay;
But cost on graves is merely thrown away.
The pit fill'd up, with turf we cover'd o'er;
So bless the good man's soul, I say no more.
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best
(Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting rest);
Full hearty was his love, and I can shew
The tokens on my ribs in black and blue;
Yet with a knack, my heart he could have won,
While yet the smart was shooting in the bone.
How quaint an appetite in women reigns!
Free gifts we scorn, and love what costs us pains:
Let men avoid us, and on them we leap;
A glutted market makes provision cheap.
In pure good will I took this jovial spark,
Of Oxford he, a most egregious clerk.
He boarded with a widow in the town,
A trusty gossip, one dame Alison,
Full well the secrets of my soul she knew,
Better than e'er our parish Priest could do.
To her I told whatever could befal:
Had but my husband piss'd against a wall,
Or done a thing that might have cost his life,
She—and my niece—and one more worthy wife,
Had known it all: what most he would conceal,
To these I made no scruple to reveal.
Oft has he blush'd from ear to ear for shame,
That e'er he told a secret to his dame.

It so befel, in holy time of Lent,
That oft a day I to this gossip went
(My husband, thank my stars, was out of town);
From house to house we rambled up and down,
This clerk, myself, and my good neighbour Alse,
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather tales,
Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,
And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,
The stations duly, and the Vigils kept;
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept.
At Sermons too I shone in scarlet gay,
The wasting moth ne'er spoil'd my best array;
The cause was this, I wore it ev'ry day.
'Twas when fresh May her early blossoms yields,
This Clerk and I were walking in the fields.
We grew so intimate, I can't tell how,
I pawn'd my honour, and engag'd my vow,
If e'er I laid my husband in his urn,
That he, and only he, should serve my turn.
We straight struck hands, the bargain was agreed;
I still have shifts against a time of need:
The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.
I vow'd, I scarce could sleep since first I knew him,
And durst be sworn he had bewitch'd me to him,
If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone,
And dreams foretell, as learned men have shewn:
All this I said; but dreams, Sirs, I had none:
I follow'd but my crafty Crony's lore,
Who bid me tell this lie—and twenty more.
Thus day by day, and month by month, we past;
It pleas'd the Lord to take my spouse at last.

I tore my gown, I soil'd my locks with dust,
And beat my breasts, as wretched widows—must.
Before my face my handkerchief I spread,
To hide the flood of tears I did—not shed.
The good man's coffin to the Church was borne;
Around, the neighbours, and my clerk, to mourn.
But as he march'd, good Gods! he shew'd a pair
Of legs and feet, so clean, so strong, so fair!
Of twenty winters' age he seem'd to be;
I (to say truth) was twenty more than he;
But vig'rous still, a lively buxom dame;
And had a wondrous gift to quench a flame.
A Conj'ror once, that deeply could divine,
Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my sign.
As the stars order'd, such my life has been:
Alas, alas, that ever love was sin!
Fair Venus gave me fire, and sprightly grace,
And Mars assurance, and a dauntless face.
By virtue of this pow'rful constellation,
I follow'd always my own inclination.
But to my tale: A month scarce pass'd away,
With dance and song we kept the nuptial day.
All I possess'd I gave to his command,
My goods and chattels, money, house, and land:
But oft repented, and repent it still;
He prov'd a rebel to my sov'reign will:
Nay once, by Heav'n, he struck me on the face;
Hear but the fact, and judge yourselves the case.
Stubborn as any Lioness was I;
And knew full well to raise my voice on high;
As true a rambler as I was before,
And would be so, in spite of all he swore.

He, against this right sagely would advise,
And old examples set before my eyes;
Tell how the Roman matrons led their life,
Of Gracchus' mother, and Duilius' wife;
And close the sermon, as beseem'd his wit,
With some grave sentence out of Holy Writ,
Oft would he say, who builds his house on sands,
Pricks his blind horse across the fallow lands,
Or lets his wife abroad with pilgrims roam,
Deserves a fool's-cap and long ears at home.
All this avail'd not; for whoe'er he be
That tells my faults, I hate him mortally:
And so do numbers more, I'll boldly say,
Men, women, clergy, regular, and lay.
My spouse (who was, you know, to learning bred),
A certain treatise oft at ev'ning read,
Where divers Authors (whom the dev'l confound
For all their lies) were in one volume bound.
Valerius, whole; and of St. Jerome, part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves;
And many more than sure the Church approves.
More legends were then here, of wicked wives,
Than good, in all the Bible and Saints-lives.
Who drew the Lion vanquish'd? 'Twas a man.
But could we women write as scholars can,
Men should stand mark'd with far more wickedness
Than all the sons of Adam could redress.
Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise.
Those play the scholars who can't play the men,
And use that weapon which they have, their pen;

When old, and past the relish of delight,
Then down they sit, and in their dotage write,
That not one woman keeps her marriage-vow.
(This by the way, but to my purpose now.)
  It chanc'd my husband, on a winter's night,
Read in this book, aloud, with strange delight,
How the first female (as the Scriptures shew)
Brought her own spouse and all his race to woe.
How Samson fell; and he whom Dejanire
Wrapp'd in th' envenom'd shirt, and set on fire.
How curs'd Eryphile her lord betray'd,
And the dire ambush Clytemnestra laid.
But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan dame,
And husband-bull—oh monstrous! fie for shame!
  He had by heart the whole detail of woe
Xantippe made her good man undergo;
How oft she scolded in a day, he knew,
How many piss-pots on the sage she threw;
Who took it patiently, and wip'd his head;
"Rain follows thunder:" that was all he said.
  He read, how Arius to his friend complain'd,
A fatal Tree was growing in his land,
On which three wives successively had twinn'd
A sliding noose, and waver'd in the wind.
Where grows this plant (reply'd the friend), oh where?
For better fruit did never orchard bear.
Give me some slip of this most blissful tree,
And in my garden planted shall it be.
  Then how two wives their lords' destruction prove,
Through hatred one, and one through too much love;
That for her husband mix'd a pois'nous draught,
And this for lust an am'rous philter bought:

The nimble juice soon seiz'd his giddy head,
Frantic at night, and in the morning dead.
How some with swords their sleeping lords have slain,
And some have hammer'd nails into their brain,
And some have drench'd them with a deadly potion;
All this he read, and read with great devotion.
Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd;
But when no end of these vile tales I found,
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,
And half the night was thus consum'd in vain;
Provok'd to vengeance, three large leaves I tore,
And with one buffet fell'd him on the floor.
With that my husband in a fury rose,
And down he settled me with hearty blows,
I groan'd, and lay extended on my side;
Oh! thou hast slain me for my wealth (I cry'd);
Yet I forgive thee—take my last embrace—
He wept, kind soul! and stoop'd to kiss my face;
I took him such a box as turn'd him blue,
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu, my dear, adieu!
But after many a hearty struggle past,
I condescended to be pleas'd at last,
Soon as he said, My mistress and my wife,
Do what you list, the term of all your life;
I took to heart the merits of the cause,
And stood content to rule by wholesome laws;
Receiv'd the reins of absolute command,
With all the government of house and land,
And empire o'er his tongue, and o'er his hand.

As for the volume that revil'd the dames,
'Twas torn to fragments, and condemn'd to flames.
Now Heav'n, on all my husbands gone, bestow
Pleasures above, for tortures felt below:
That rest they wish'd for, grant them in the grave,
And bless those souls my conduct help'd to save!

THE lines of Pope, in the piece before us, are spirited and easy, and have, properly enough, a free colloquial air. One passage I cannot forbear quoting, as it acquaints us with the writers who were popular in the time of Chaucer. The jocose old woman says, that her husband frequently read to her out of a volume that contained

"Valerius whole; and of Saint Jerome part;
Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,
Solomon's Proverbs, Eloïsa's loves:
With many more than sure the Church approves."
Ver. 359.

Pope has omitted a stroke of humour; for, in the original, she naturally mistakes the rank and age of St. Jerome; the lines must be transcribed,

"Yclepid Valerie and Theophrast,
At which boke he lough alway full fast;
And eke there was a clerk sometime in Rome,
A cardinal, that hightin St. Jerome,
That made a boke agenst Jovinian,
In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
Chrysippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
That was an abbess not ferr fro Paris,
And eke the Parables of Solomon,
Ovid' is art, and bokis many a one."

In the library which Charles V. founded in France, about the year 1376, among many books of devotion, astrology, chemistry, and romance, there was not one copy of Tully to be found, and no Latin poet but Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius; some French translations of Livy, Valerius Maximus, and St. Austin's City

of God. He placed these in one of the towers, called The Tower of the Library. This was the foundation of the present magnificent royal library at Paris.

The tale, to which this is the prologue, has been versified by Dryden, and is supposed to have been of Chaucer's own invention; as is the exquisite Vision of the Flower and the Leaf, which has received a thousand new graces from the spirited and harmonious Dryden. It is to his Fables (next to his Music Ode), written when he was above seventy years old, that Dryden will chiefly owe his immortality; and among these, particularly to the well-conducted tale of Palamon and Arcite, the pathetic picture of Sigismunda, the wild and terrible graces of Theodore and Honoria, and the sportive pleasantry of Cymon and Iphigenia. It is mortifying and surprising to see the cold and contemptuous manner in which Dr. Johnson speaks of these capital pieces, which he says "require little criticism, and seem hardly worth the *rejuvenescence* (as he affectedly calls it) which Dryden has bestowed upon them." It is remarkable that, in his criticisms, he has not even mentioned the Flower and the Leaf.

These pieces of Chaucer were not the only ones that were versified by Pope. Mr. Harte assured me, that he was convinced by some circumstances which Fenton his friend communicated to him, that Pope wrote the characters that make the introduction to the Canterbury Tales, published under the name of Betterton.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR MDCCIII.

It was in his childhood only that he could make choice of so injudicious a writer as Statius to translate. It were to be wished that no youth of genius were suffered ever to look into Statius, Lucan, Claudian, or Seneca the tragedian; authors, who, by their forced conceits, by their violent metaphors, by their swelling epithets, by their want of a just decorum, have a strong tendency to dazzle, and to mislead inexperienced minds, and tastes unformed, from the true relish of possibility, propriety, simplicity, and nature. Statius had undoubtedly invention, ability, and spirit; but his images are gigantic and outrageous, and his sentiments tortured and hyperbolical. It can hardly, I think, be doubted, but that Juvenal intended a severe satire on him in these well-known lines, which have been commonly interpreted as a panegyric:

> "Curritur ad vocem *jucundam* et carmen amicæ
> Thebaïdos, lætam fecit cum Statius *urbem*,
> *Promisitque diem*; tanta *dulcedine captos*
> Afficit ille animos, *tantaque libidine vulgi*
> Auditur: sed, cum *fregit subsellia* versu,
> Esurit."

In these verses are many expressions, here marked with Italics, which seem to hint obliquely that Statius was the favourite poet of the vulgar, who were easily captivated with a wild and inartificial tale, and with an empty magnificence of numbers; the noisy roughness of which may be particularly alluded to in the expression, *fregit subsellia versu*. One cannot forbear reflecting on the short duration of a true taste in poetry among the Romans. From the time of Lucretius to that of Statius was no more than about one hundred and forty-seven years; and if I might venture to pronounce so rigorous a sentence, I would say, that the Romans can boast of but eight poets who are unexceptionably excellent; namely, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius, Phædrus. These only can be called legitimate models of just thinking and writing. Succeeding authors, as it happens in all countries, resolving to be original and new, and to avoid the imputation of copying, become distorted and unnatural: by endeavouring to open an unbeaten path, they deserted simplicity and truth; weary of common and obvious beauties, they must needs hunt for remote and artificial decorations. Thus was it that the age of Demetrius Phalereus succeeded that of Demosthenes, and the false relish of Tiberius's court the chaste one of Augustus. Among the various causes,

however, that have been assigned, why poetry and the arts have more eminently flourished in some particular ages and nations than in others, few have been satisfactory and adequate.

What solid reason can we give why the Romans, who so happily imitated the Greeks in many respects, and breathed a truly tragic spirit, could yet never excel in tragedy, though so fond of theatrical spectacles? Or why the Greeks, so fruitful in every species of poetry, never yet produced but one great epic poet? While, on the other hand, modern Italy can shew two or three illustrious epic writers; yet has no Sophocles, Euripides, or Menander; and France, without having formed a single epopea, has carried dramatic poetry to so much excellence in Corneille, Racine, and Moliere.

ARGUMENT.

ŒDIPUS King of Thebes having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned his realm to his sons, Eteocles and Polynices. Being neglected by them, he makes his prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow debate betwixt the brothers. They agree at last to reign singly, each a year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by Eteocles. Jupiter, in a council of the Gods, declares his resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the daughters of Adrastus king of Argos. Juno opposes, but to no effect; and Mercury is sent on a message to the Shades, to the ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Eteocles, and provoke him to break the agreement. Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by night, is overtaken by a storm, and arrives at Argos; where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having killed his brother. Adrastus entertains them, having received an oracle from Apollo that his daughters should be married to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these strangers, by whom the hides of those beasts were worn, and who arrived at the time when he kept an annual feast in honour of that God. The rise of this solemnity he relates to his guests, the loves of Phœbus and Psamathe, and the story of Chorœbus. He inquires, and is made acquainted with their descent and quality: The sacrifice is renewed, and the book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo.

The Translator hopes he need not apologize for his choice of this piece, which was made almost in his childhood. But finding the version better than he expected, he gave it some correction a few years afterward. P.

He was but fourteen years old.

P. STATII THEBAIDOS.

LIBER PRIMUS.

FRATERNAS acies, alternaque regna profanis
Decertata odiis, sontesque evolvere Thebas,
Pierius menti calor incidit. Unde jubetis
Ire, Deæ? gentisne canam primordia diræ?
Sidonios raptus, et inexorabile pactum
Legis Agenoreæ? scrutantemque æquora Cadmum?
Longa retro series, trepidum si Martis operti
Agricolam infandis condentem prælia sulcis
Expediam, penitusque sequar quo carmine muris
Jusserit Amphion Tyrios accedere montes:
Unde graves iræ cognata in mœnia Baccho,
Quod sævæ Junonis opus: cui sumpserit arcum
Infelix Athamas, cur non expaverit ingens
Ionium, socio casura Palæmone mater.
Atque adeo jam nunc gemitus, et prospera Cadmi
Præteriisse sinam: limes mihi carminis esto

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *But wave whate'er*] It is plain that Pope was not blind to the faults of Statius; many of which he points out with judgment and truth, in a letter to Mr. Cromwell, written 1708, vol. vii. p. 81.

The first attempt of Mr. Gray in English verse was a translation from Statius, sent to Mr. West 1736.

Juvenal was banished for commending the Agave of Statius.

Both the exordium and the conclusion of the Thebais are too

THE FIRST BOOK OF

STATIUS'S THEBAIS.

FRATERNAL rage the guilty Thebes alarms,
Th' alternate reign destroy'd by impious arms,
Demand our song; a sacred Fury fires
My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my rhymes
From the dire nation in its early times,
Europa's rape, Agenor's stern decree,
And Cadmus searching round the spacious sea?
How with the serpent's teeth he sow'd the soil,
And reap'd an Iron harvest of his toil?
Or how from joining stones the city sprung,
While to his harp divine Amphion sung?
Or shall I Juno's hate to Thebes resound,
Whose fatal rage th' unhappy Monarch found?
The sire against the son his arrows drew,
O'er the wide fields the furious mother flew.
And while her arms a second hope contain,
Sprung from the rocks and plung'd into the main.
But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong,
And fix, O Muse! the barrier of thy song

NOTES.

violent and pompous, particularly the latter, in which he promises himself immortality from this poem.

Statius was a favourite writer with the poets of the middle

Œdipodæ confusa domus : quando Itala nondum
Signa, nec Arctoos ausim sperare triumphos ;
Bisque jugo Rhenum, bis adactum legibus Istrum,
Et conjurato dejectos vertice Dacos :
Aut defensa prius vix pubescentibus annis
Bella Jovis. Tuque o Latiæ decus addite famæ,
Quem nova maturi subeuntem exorsa parentis
Æternum sibi Roma cupit : licet arctior omnes
Limes agat stellas, et te plaga lucida cœli
Pleïadum, Boreæque, et hiulci fulminis expers
Sollicitet ; licet ignipedum frænator equorum
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat, aut magni cedat tibi Juppiter æqua
Parte poli ; maneas hominum contentus habenis,
Undarum terræque potens, et sidera dones.
Tempus erit, cum Pierio tua fortior œstro
Facta canam : nunc tendo chelyn, satis arma referre

NOTES.

ages. His bloated magnificence of description, gigantic images, and pompous diction, suited their taste, and were somewhat of a piece with the romances they so much admired. They neglected the gentler and genuine graces of Virgil, which they could not relish. His pictures were too correctly and chastely drawn to take their fancies ; and truth of design, elegance of expression, and the arts of composition, were not their object.

At Œdipus—from his disasters trace
The long confusions of his guilty race:
Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder wing,
And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring eagles sing;
How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid flood,
While Dacian mountains stream'd with barb'rous blood:
Twice taught the Rhine beneath his laws to roll,
And stretch'd his empire to the frozen Pole,
Or long before, with early valour strove,
In youthful arms t' assert the cause of Jove.
And thou, great Heir of all thy Father's fame,
Increase of glory to the Latian name,
Oh! bless thy Rome with an eternal reign,
Nor let desiring worlds entreat in vain.
What tho' the stars contract their heav'nly space,
And crowd their shining ranks to yield thee place;
Tho' all the skies, ambitious of thy sway,
Conspire to court thee from our world away;
Tho' Phœbus longs to mix his rays with thine,
And in thy glories more serenely shine;
Tho' Jove himself no less content would be
To part his throne and share his heav'n with thee;
Yet stay, great Cæsar! and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the wat'ry main:
Resign to Jove his empire of the skies,
And people heav'n with Roman deities.
The time will come, when a diviner flame
Shall warm my breast to sing of Cæsar's fame:

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *The time*] Justus Lipsius had a bad taste. The Thebaid of Statius, he says, "Eximie pulcra est, et quoties lego,

Aonia, et geminis sceptrum exitiale tyrannis;
Nec furiis post fata modum, flammasque rebelles
Seditione rogi, tumulisque carentia regum
Funera, et egestas alternis mortibus urbes;
Cærula cum rubuit Lernæo sanguine Dirce,
Et Thetis, arentes assuetum stringere ripas,
Horruit ingenti venientem Ismenon acervo.
Quem prius heroum Clio dabis? immodicum iræ
Tydea? laurigeri subitos an vatis hiatus?
Urget ut hostilem propellens cædibus amnem
Turbidus Hippomedon, plorandaque bella protervi
Arcados, atque alio Capaneus horrore canendus.
Impia jam merita scrutatus lumina dextra
Merserat æterna damnatum nocte pudorem
Œdipodes, longaque animam sub morte tenebat.
Illum indulgentem tenebris, imæque recessu
Sedis inaspectos cœlo radiisque penates,
Servantem, tamen assiduis circumvolat alis
Sæva dies animi, scelerumque in pectore Diræ.
Tunc vacuos orbes, crudum ac miserabile vitæ

NOTES.

veneratio me habet vel potius stupor. Nemo vatum visus mihi tam alte et tam feliciter volasse."

The style of the Silvæ is far preferable to that of the Thebais.

Mean while permit, that my preluding Muse
In Theban wars an humbler theme may choose:
Of furious hate surviving death she sings,
A fatal throne to two contending Kings,
And fun'ral flames that, parting wide in air,
Express the discord of the souls they bear:
Of towns dispeopled, and the wand'ring ghosts
Of Kings unbury'd in the wasted coasts:
When Dirce's fountain blush'd with Grecian blood,
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling flood,
With dread beheld the rolling surges sweep,
In heaps, his slaughter'd sons into the deep.

What hero, Clio! wilt thou first relate?
The rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's fate?
Or how, with hills of slain on ev'ry side,
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile tide?
Or how the Youth with ev'ry grace adorn'd!
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?
Then to fierce Capaneus thy verse extend,
And sing with horror his prodigious end.
Now wretched Œdipus, depriv'd of sight,
Led a long death in everlasting night;
But while he dwells where not a cheerful ray
Can pierce the darkness, and abhors the day;
The clear reflecting mind presents his sin
In frightful views, and makes it day within;
Returning thoughts in endless circles roll,
And thousand furies haunt his guilty soul,

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Or how the Youth*] Parthenopæus. P.

Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis
Pulsat inane solum, sævaque ita voce precatur :
Dî, sontes animas angustaque Tartara pœnis
Qui regitis, tuque, umbrifero Styx livida fundo,
Quam video, multumque mihi consueta vocari
Annue ! Tisiphone, perversaque vota secunda,
Si bene quid merui, si me de matre cadentem
Fovisti gremio, et trajectum vulnere plantas
Firmasti ; si stagna petî Cyrrhæa bicorni
Interfusa jugo, possem cum degere falso
Contentus Polybo, trifidæque in Phocidos arce
Longævum implicui regem, secuique trementis
Ora senis, dum quæro patrem ; si Sphingos iniquæ
Callidus ambages, te præmonstrante, resolvi ;
Si dulces Furias et lamentabile matris
Connubium gavisus inî, noctemque nefandam
Sæpe tuli, natosque tibi (scis ipsa) paravi,
Mox avidus pœnæ digitis cædentibus ultro
Incubui, miseraque oculos in matre reliqui :
Exaudi, si digna precor, quæque ipsa furenti
Subjiceres : orbum visu regnisque parentem

NOTES.

Ver. 87. *from Jocasta's womb,*] The great difference betwixt raising horror and terror is perceived and felt, from the reserved manner in which Sophocles speaks of the dreadful incest of Œdipus, and from the manner in which Statius has enlarged and dwelt upon it; in which he has been very unnaturally and injudiciously imitated by Dryden and Lee, who introduce this most unfortunate prince not only describing, but arguing on the dreadful crime he had committed. So likewise below, at verse 109, he behaves with the fury of a blustering bully, instead of that patient submission and pathetic remorse which are so suited to his condition. For this read his address to the Furies in the Œdipus Coloneus, verse 85 down to verse 117. And again,

The wretch then lifted up to th' unpitying skies
Those empty orbs from whence he tore his eyes,
Whose wounds, yet fresh, with bloody hands he strook,
While from his breast these dreadful accents broke.
Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx! whose livid streams are roll'd
Through dreary coasts, which I tho' blind behold:
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my pray'r,
Assist, if Œdipus deserve thy care!
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's womb,
And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come:
If leaving Polybus, I took my way,
To Cyrrha's temple on that fatal day,
When by the son the trembling father died,
Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide:
If I the Sphynx's riddles durst explain,
Taught by thyself to win the promis'd reign:
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led,
With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
And with full lust those horrid joys renew'd;
Then self-condemn'd to shades of endless night,
Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
Oh hear! and aid the vengeance I require,
If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire.
My sons their old, unhappy sire despise,
Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;

NOTES.

even in expressing his resentment to his sons, he is more temperate. Verse 433 to verse 472 of that enchanting tragedy.

Non regere, aut dictis mœrentem flectere adorti
Quos genui, quocunque toro : quin ecce superbi,
Pro dolor ! et nostro jamdudum funere reges,
Insultant tenebris, gemitusque odere paternos.
Hisne etiam funestus ego ? et videt ista deorum
Ignavus genitor ? tu saltem debita vindex
Huc ades, et totos in pœnam ordire nepotes.
Indue, quod madidum tabo diadema cruentis
Unguibus arripui, votisque instincta paternis
I media in fratres ; generis consortia ferro
Dissiliant : da, Tartarei regina barathri,
Quod cupiam vidisse nefas, nec tarda sequetur
Mens juvenum ; modo digna veni, mea pignora nosces.
Talia jactanti crudelis Diva severos
Advertit vultus ; inamœnum forte sedebat
Cocyton juxta, resolutaque vertice crines
Lambere sulfureas permiserat anguibus undas.
Ilicet, igne Jovis lapsisque citatior astris,
Tristibus exiliit ripis ; discedit inane
Vulgus et occursus dominæ pavet ; illa, per umbras
Et caligantes animarum examine campos,
Tænariæ limen petit irremeabile portæ.
Sensit adesse dies ; piceo nox obvia nimbo

NOTES.

Ver. 132. *Swift as she pass'd*] Great is the force and the spirit of these lines down to verse 183; and indeed they are a surprising effort in a writer so young as when he translated them. See particularly lines 150 to 160.

Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
These sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious pride
Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove!
And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
Thou Fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
Which these dire hands from my slain father tore;
Go! and a parent's heavy curses bear;
Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see
Blind as I am, some glorious villany!
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
Their ready guilt preventing thy commands:
Could'st thou some great, proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' brink
Her snakes unty'd, sulphureous waters drink!
But at the summons roll'd her eyes around,
And snatch'd the starting serpents from the ground.
Not half so swiftly shoots along in air
The gliding lightning, or descending star.
Through crowds of airy shades she wing'd her flight,
And dark dominions of the silent night;
Swift as she pass'd the flitting ghosts withdrew,
And the pale spectres trembled at her view:
To th' iron gates of Tenarus she flies,
There spreads her dusky pinions to the skies.

Lucentes turbavit equos: procul arduus Atlas
Horruit, et dubia cœlum cervice remisit.
Arripit extemplo Maleæ de valle resurgens
Notum iter ad Thebas: neque enim velocior ullas
Itque reditque vias, cognataque Tartara mavult.
Centum illi stantes umbrabant ora cerastæ,
Turba minor diri captitis: sedet intus abactis
Ferrea lux oculis; qualis per nubila Phœbes
Atracea rubet arte labor: suffusa veneno
Tenditur, ac sanie gliscit cutis: igneus atro
Ore vapor, quo longa sitis, morbique, famesque,
Et populis mors una venit: riget horrida tergo
Palla, et cœrulei redeunt in pectore nodi.
Atropos hos, atque ipsa novat Proserpina cultus.
Tum geminas quatit illa manus: hæc igne rogali
Fulgurat, hæc vivo manus aëra verberat hydro.
Ut stetit, abrupta qua plurimus arce Cithæron
Occurrit cœlo, fera sibila crine virenti
Congeminat; signum terris, unde omnis Achæi
Ora maris late, Pelopeiaque regna resultant.

The day beheld, and sick'ning at the sight,
Veil'd her fair glories in the shades of night.
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant shore,
Trembled, and shook the heav'ns and gods he bore.
Now from beneath Malea's airy height
Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to Thebes her flight;
With eager speed the well-known journey took,
Nor here regrets the hell she late forsook.
A hundred snakes her gloomy visage shade,
A hundred serpents guard her horrid head,
In her sunk eyeballs dreadful meteors glow;
Such rays from Phœbe's bloody circle flow,
When lab'ring with strong charms, she shoots from high
A fiery gleam, and reddens all the sky.
Blood stain'd her cheeks, and from her mouth there came
Blue steaming poisons, and a length of flame.
From ev'ry blast of her contagious breath
Famine and drought proceed, and plagues, and death.
A robe obscene was o'er her shoulders thrown,
A dress by Fates and Furies worn alone.
She toss'd her meagre arms; her better hand
In waving circles whirl'd a fun'ral brand:
A serpent from her left was seen to rear
His flaming crest, and lash the yielding air.
But when the Fury took her stand on high,
Where vast Cithæron's top salutes the sky,
A hiss from all the snaky tire went round:
The dreadful signal all the rocks rebound,
And through th' Achaian cities send the sound.

Audiit et medius cœli Parnassus, et asper,
Eurotas, dubiamque jugo fragor impulit Œten
In latus, et geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmos.
Ipsa suum genitrix curvo delphine vagantem
Arripuit frenis, gremioque Palæmona pressit.
Atque ea Cadmeo præceps ubi limine primum
Constitit, assuetaque infecit nube penates,
Protinus attoniti fratrum sub pectore motus,
Gentilesque animos subiit furor, ægraque lætis
Invidia, atque parens odii metus : inde regendi
Sævus amor : ruptæque vices, jurisque secundi
Ambitus impatiens, et summo dulcius unum
Stare loco, sociisque comes discordia regni.
Sic, ubi delectos per torva armenta juvencos
Agricola imposito sociare affectat aratro,
Illi indignantes, quîs nondum vomere multo
Ardua nodosos cervix descendit in armos,
In diversa trahunt, atque æquis vincula laxant
Viribus, et vario confundunt limite sulcos :
Haud secus indomitos præceps discordia fratres
Asperat. Alterni placuit sub legibus anni
Exilio mutare ducem : sic jure maligno

NOTES.

Ver. 173. Gentilisque animos subiit furor, seems a better reading than Gentilesque. P.

Œte, with high Parnassus, heard the voice;
Eurota's banks remurmur'd to the noise;
Again Leucothoë shook at these alarms,
And press'd Palæmon closer in her arms.
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,
And o'er the Theban palace spreads her wings,
Once more invades the guilty dome, and shrouds
Its bright pavilions in a veil of clouds.
Straight with the rage of all their race possess'd,
Stung to the soul, the brothers start from rest,
And all their Furies wake within their breast.
Their tortur'd minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious fears:
And sacred Thirst of sway; and all the ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Desire to reign alone,
That scorns the dull reversion of a throne;
Each would the sweets of sov'reign rule devour,
While Discord waits upon divided pow'r.
  As stubborn steers by brawny ploughmen broke,
And join'd reluctant to the galling yoke,
Alike disdain with servile necks to bear
Th' unwonted weight, or drag the crooked share,
But rend the reins, and bound a diff'rent way,
And all the furrows in confusion lay:
Such was the discord of the royal pair,
Whom fury drove precipitate to war.
In vain the chiefs contriv'd a specious way,
To govern Thebes by their alternate sway:

NOTES.

Ver. 170. *spreads her wings,*] A great image, and highly improved from the original, assueta nube!

Fortunam transire jubent, ut sceptra tenentem
Fœdere præcipiti semper novus angeret heres.
Hæc inter fratres pietas erat: hæc mora pugnæ
Sola, nec in regem perduratura secundum.
Et nondum crasso laquearia fulva metallo,
Montibus aut alte Graiis effulta nitebant
Atria, congestos satis explicitura clientes.
Non impacatis regum ad vigilantia somnis
Pila, nec alterna ferri statione gementes
Excubiæ, nec cura mero committere gemmas,
Atque aurum violare cibis; sed nuda potestas
Armavit fratres: pugna est de paupere regno.
Dumque uter angustæ squalentia jugera Dirces
Verteret, aut Tyrii solio non altus ovaret
Exulis, ambigitur; periit jus, fasque, bonumque,
Et vitæ mortisque pudor. Quo tenditis iras,
Ah miseri? quid si peteretur crimine tanto
Limes uterque poli, quem Sol emissus Eöo
Cardine, quem porta vergens prospectat Ibera?
Quasque procul terras obliquo sidere tangit
Avius, aut Borea gelidas, madidive tepentes
Igne Noti? quid si Tyriæ Phrygiæve sub unum
Convectentur opes? loca dira, arcesque nefandæ
Suffecere odio, furtisque immanibus emptum est
Œdipodæ sedisse loco. Jam sorte carebat

NOTES.

Ver. 201. *Montibus*] Instead of this violent word, Montibus, Pope judiciously says, Columns only.

Unjust decree! while this enjoys the state,
That mourns in exile his unequal fate,
And the short monarch of a hasty year
Foresees with anguish his returning heir.
Thus did the league their impious arms restrain,
But scarce subsisted to the second reign.
  Yet then, no proud aspiring piles were rais'd,
No fretted roofs with polish'd metals blaz'd;
No labour'd columns in long order plac'd,
No Grecian stone the pompous arches grac'd;
No nightly bands in glitt'ring armour wait
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded gate;
No chargers then were wrought in burnish'd gold,
Nor silver vases took the forming mould;
Nor gems on bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,
Blaze on the brims, and sparkle in the wine—
Say, wretched rivals! what provokes your rage?
Say to what end your impious arms engage?
Not all bright Phœbus views in early morn,
Or when his ev'ning beams the west adorn,
When the south glows with his meridian ray,
And the cold north receives a fainter day;
For crimes like these, not all those realms suffice,
Were all those realms the guilty victor's prize!
  But fortune now (the lots of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown:

NOTES.

Ver. 219. *proud Eteocles*] He has not borrowed so much from the Phœnissæ of Euripides as might have been hoped and expected, and which would so much have improved his poem. Racine was early struck with this story. Les Freres Ennemis was his first tragedy: and he was a reader of Euripides, being an excellent Greek scholar.

Dilatus Polynicis honos, quis tum tibi, sæve,
Quis fuit ille dies? vacua cum solus in aula
Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque minores,
Et nusquam par stare caput? Jam murmura serpunt
Plebis Echioniæ, tacitumque a principe vulgus
Dissidet, et (qui mos populis) venturus amatur.
Atque aliquis, cui mens humili læsisse veneno
Summa, nec impositos unquam cervice volenti
Ferre duces: Hancne Ogygiis, ait, aspera rebus
Fata tulere vicem? toties mutare timendos,
Alternoque jugo dubitantia subdere colla!
Partiti versant populorum fata, manuque
Fortunam fecere levem: semperne vicissim
Exulibus servire dabor? tibi, summe deorum
Terrarumque sator, sociis hanc addere mentem
Sedit? an inde vetus Thebis extenditur omen,
Ex quo Sidonii nequicquam blanda juvenci
Pondera Carpathio jussus sale quærere, Cadmus

What joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could'st around survey,
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!
But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spite
With scandal arm'd, th' ignoble mind's delight),
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign;
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now control a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Ev'n Fortune rules no more!—O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of Gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,

NOTES.

Ver. 224. *discontent,*] It should be "discontented."

Exul Hyanteos invenit regna per agros;
Fraternasque acies fœtæ telluris hiatu,
Augurium, seros dimisit adusque nepotes?
Cernis ut erectum torva sub fronte minetur
Sævior assurgens dempto consorte potestas?
Quas gerit ore minas? quanto premit omnia fastu?
Hicne unquam privatus erit? tamen ille precanti
Mitis, et affatu bonus, et patientior æqui.
Quid mirum? non solus erat: nos vilis in omnes
Prompta manus casus domino cuicunque parati.
Qualiter hinc gelidus Boreas, hinc nubifer Eurus
Vela trahunt, nutat mediæ fortuna carinæ.
Heu dubio suspensa metu, tolerandaque nullis
Aspera sors populis! hic imperat: ille minatur.
  At Jovis imperiis rapidi super atria cœli
Lectus concilio divûm convenerat ordo
Interiore polo: spatiis hinc omnia juxta,
Primæque occiduæque domus, effusa sub omni

And fated in Bœotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,
First rais'd our walls on that ill-omen'd plain,
Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
What lofty looks th' unrivall'd monarch bears!
How all the tyrant in his face appears!
What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
Gods! how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
Yet, who, before, more popularly bow'd?
Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
Patient of right, familiar in the throne?
What wonder then? he was not then alone.
O wretched we, a vile, submissive train,
Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign!
  As when two winds with rival force contend,
This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring state,
Feels all the fury of resistless fate,
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
While that prince threatens, and while this commands.
  And now th' almighty Father of the Gods
Convenes a council in the blest abodes:
Far in the bright recesses of the skies,
High o'er the rolling heav'ns, a mansion lies,
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey
The realms of rising and declining day,
And all th' extended space of earth, and air, and sea.

Terra atque unda die: mediis sese arduus infert
Ipse deis, placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu,
Stellantique locat solio; nec protinus ausi
Cœlicolæ, veniam donec pater ipse sedendi
Tranquilla jubet esse manu. Mox turba vagorum
Semideûm, et summis cognati nubibus Amnes,
Et compressa metu servantes murmura Venti,
Aurea tecta replent: mixta convexa deorum
Majestate tremunt: radiant majore sereno
Culmina, et arcano florentes lumine postes.
Postquam jussa quies, siluitque exterritus orbis,
Incipit ex alto: (grave et immutabile sanctis
Pondus adest verbis, et vocem fata sequuntur)
Terrarum delicta, nec exuperable diris
Ingenium mortale queror: quonam usque nocentum

NOTES.

Ver. 281.] *placido quatiens tamen omnia vultu*, is the common reading; I believe it should be *nutu*, with reference to the word *quatiens*. P.

Full in the midst, and on a starry Throne,
The Majesty of heav'n superior shone;
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful nod,
And all the trembling spheres confess'd the God.
At Jove's assent the deities around
In solemn state the consistory crown'd.
Next a long order of inferior pow'rs
Ascend from hills, and plains, and shady bow'rs;
Those from whose urns the rolling rivers flow;
And those that give the wand'ring winds below:
Here all their rage, and ev'n their murmurs, cease,
And sacred silence reigns, and universal peace.
A shining synod of majestic Gods
Gilds with new lustre the divine abodes;
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior ray,
And the bright arch reflects a double day.
The Monarch then his solemn silence broke,
The still creation listen'd while he spoke,
Each sacred accent bears eternal weight,
And each irrevocable word is Fate.
How long shall man the wrath of heav'n defy,
And force unwilling vengeance from the sky!
Oh race confed'rate into crimes, that prove
Triumphant o'er th' eluded rage of Jove!

NOTES.

Ver. 303. *eluded rage of Jove!*] Οὐ τραγικά ἐστι ταῦτα, ἀλλὰ παρατράγῳδα.—Our author is perpetually grasping at the wonderful and the vast, but most frequently, ἐκ τοῦ φοβεροῦ κατ' ὀλίγον ὑπονοστεῖ πρὸς τὸ εὐκαταφρόνητον, (Longinus, sect. iii. p. 14.) falls gradually from the terrible to the contemptible. They who aim at this false sublime, should read the sensible discourse of S. Wedrensels of Basle, De Meteoris Orationis.

Exigar in pœnas? tædet sævire corusco
Fulmine; jampridem Cyclopum operosa fatiscunt
Brachia, et Æoliis desunt incudibus ignes.
Atque ideo tuleram falso rectore solutos
Solis equos, cœlumque rotis errantibus uri,
Et Phaëtontea mundum squalere favilla.
Nil actum est: neque tu valida quod cuspide late
Ire per illicitum pelago, germane, dedisti.
Nunc geminas punire domos, quîs sanguinis auctor
Ipse ego, descendo. Perseos alter in Argos
Scinditur, Aonias fluit hic ab origine Thebas.
Mens cunctis imposta manet. Quis funera Cadmi
Nesciat? et toties excitam a sedibus imis
Eumenidum bellasse aciem? mala gaudia matrum,
Erroresque feros nemorum, et reticenda deorum
Crimina? vix lucis spatio, vix noctis abactæ,
Enumerare queam mores, gentemque profanam.
Scandere quin etiam thalamos hic impius heres
Patris, et immeritæ gremium incestare parentis,
Appetiit, proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.
Ille tamen Superis æterna piacula solvit,
Projecitque diem: nec jam amplius æthere nostro
Vescitur: at nati (facinus sine more!) cadentes

NOTES.

Ver. 329. *proprios monstro revolutus in ortus.*] This is a line insufferably gross, unnatural, and offensive; and the translation, verse 333, is equally so.

This weary'd arm can scarce the bolt sustain,
And unregarded thunder rolls in vain:
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclops from his task retires;
Th' Æolian forge exhausted of its fires.
For this, I suffer'd Phœbus' steeds to stray,
And the mad ruler to misguide the day;
When the wide earth to heaps of ashes turn'd,
And heav'n itself the wand'ring chariot burn'd.
For this, my brother of the wat'ry reign
Releas'd th' impetuous sluices of the main:
But flames consum'd, and billows rag'd in vain.
Two races now, ally'd to Jove, offend;
To punish these, see Jove himself descend.
The Theban Kings their line from Cadmus trace,
From godlike Perseus those of Argive race.
Unhappy Cadmus' fate who does not know,
And the long series of succeeding woe?
How oft the furies, from the deeps of night,
Arose, and mix'd with men in mortal fight:
Th' exulting mother, stain'd with filial blood;
The savage hunter and the haunted wood?
The direful banquet why should I proclaim,
And crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name?
Ere I recount the sins of these profane,
The sun would sink into the western main,
And rising gild the radiant east again.
Have we not seen (the blood of Laius shed)
The murd'ring son ascend his parent's bed,
Through violated nature force his way,
And stain the sacred womb where once he lay?
Yet now in darkness and despair he groans,
And for the crimes of guilty fate atones;

Calcavere oculos. Jam jam rara vota tulisti,
Dire senex; meruere tuæ, meruere tenebræ
Ultorem sperare Jovem : nova sontibus arma
Injiciam regnis, totumque a stirpe revellam
Exitiale genus. Belli mihi semina sunto
Adrastus socer, et superis adjuncta sinistris
Connubia. Hanc etiam pœnis incessere gentem
Decretum : neque enim arcano de pectore fallax
Tantalus, et sævæ periit injuria mensæ.
  Sic pater omnipotens. Ast illi saucia dictis,
Flammato versans inopinum corde dolorem,
Talia Juno refert : Mene, o justissime divûm,
Me bello certare jubes? scis semper ut arces
Cyclopum, magnique Phoroneos inclyta fama
Sceptra viris opibusque juvem ; licet improbus illic
Custodem Phariæ somno letoque juvencæ
Extinguas, septis et turribus aureus intres.
Mentitis ignosco toris : illam odimus urbem,
Quam vultu confessus adis : ubi conscia magni
Signa tori, tonitrus agis, et mea fulmina torques.
Facta luant Thebæ : cur hostes eligis Argos?
Quin age, si tanta est thalami discordia sancti,

His sons with scorn their eyeless father view,
Insult his wounds, and make them bleed anew.
Thy curse, oh Œdipus, just heav'n alarms,
And sets th' avenging thunderer in arms.
I from the root thy guilty race will tear,
And give the nations to the waste of war.
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join
In dire alliance with the Theban line;
Hence strife shall rise, and mortal war succeed:
The guilty realms of Tantalus shall bleed;
Fix'd is their doom; this all-rememb'ring breast
Yet harbours vengeance for the tyrant's feast.
He said; and thus the Queen of heav'n return'd
(With sudden Grief her lab'ring bosom burn'd);
Must I, whose care Phoroneus' tow'rs defend,
Must I, oh Jove, in bloody wars contend?
Thou know'st those regions my protection claim,
Glorious in arms, in riches, and in fame:
Tho' there the fair Egyptian heifer fed,
And there deluded Argus slept, and bled;
Tho' there the brazen tow'r was storm'd of old,
When Jove descended in almighty gold:
Yet I can pardon those obscurer rapes,
Those bashful crimes disguis'd in borrow'd shapes;
But Thebes, where shining in celestial charms
Thou cam'st triumphant to a mortal's arms,
When all my glories o'er her limbs were spread,
And blazing light'nings danc'd around her bed;
Curs'd Thebes the vengeance it deserves, may prove—
Ah why should Argos feel the rage of Jove?
Yet since thou wilt thy sister-queen control,
Since still the lust of discord fires thy soul,

Et Samon, et veteres armis exscinde Mycenas ;
Verte solo Sparten : cur usquam sanguine festo
Conjugis ara tuæ, cumulo cur thuris Eoï
Læta calet? melius votis Mareotica fumat
Coptos, et ærisoni lugentia flumina Nili.
Quod si prisca luunt auctorem crimina gentes,
Subvenitque tuis sera hæc sententia curis ;
Percensere ævi senium, quo tempore tandem
Terrarum furias abolere, et secula retro
Emendare sat est? jamdudum ab sedibus illis
Incipe, fluctivaga qua præterlabitur unda
Sicanos longe relegens Alpheus amores.
Arcades hic tua (nec pudor est) delubra nefastis
Imposuere locis ; illic Mavortius axis
Œnomai, Geticoque pecus stabulare sub Æmo
Dignius ; abruptis etiamnum inhumata procorum
Relliquiis trunca ora rigent : tamen hic tibi templi
Gratus honos. Placet Ida nocens, mentitaque manes
Creta tuos : me Tantaleis consistere tectis,
Quæ tandem invidia est? belli deflecte tumultus,
Et generis miseresce tui ; sunt impia late
Regna tibi, melius generos passura nocentes.

NOTES.

Ver. 399. *with such sons as those.*] Eteocles and Polynices. P.

Go, raise my Samos, let Mycene fall,
And level with the dust the Spartan wall;
No more let mortals Juno's pow'r invoke,
Her fanes no more with eastern incense smoke,
Nor victims sink beneath the sacred stroke;
But to your Isis all my rites transfer,
Let altars blaze and temples smoke for her;
For her, through Egypt's fruitful clime renown'd,
Let weeping Nilus hear the timbrel sound.
But if thou must reform the stubborn times,
Avenging on the sons the father's crimes,
And from the long records of distant age
Derive incitements to renew thy rage;
Say, from what period then has Jove design'd
To date his vengeance; to what bounds confin'd?
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides
His wand'ring stream, and through the briny tides
Unmix'd to his Sicilian river glides.
Thy own Arcadians there the thunder claim,
Whose impious rites disgrace thy mighty name;
Who raise thy temples where the chariot stood
Of fierce Œnomäus, defil'd with blood;
Where once his steeds their savage banquet found,
And human bones yet whiten all the ground.
Say, can those honours please; and can'st thou love
Presumptuous Crete that boasts the tomb of Jove?
And shall not Tantalus's kingdoms share
Thy wife and sister's tutelary care?
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe decree,
Nor doom to war a race deriv'd from thee;
On impious realms and barb'rous Kings impose
Thy plagues, and curse 'em with such sons as those.

Finierat miscens precibus convicia Juno.
At non ille gravis dictis, quanquam aspera, motus
Reddidit hæc: Equidem haud rebar te mente secunda
Laturam, quodcunque tuos (licet æquus) in Argos
Consulerem, neque me (detur si copia) fallit
Multa super Thebis Bacchum, ausuramque Dionem
Dicere, sed nostri reverentia ponderis obstat.
Horrendos etenim latices, Stygia æquora fratris,
Obtestor, mansurum et non revocabile verum,
Nil fore quo dictis flectar: quare impiger ales
Portantes præcede Notos Cyllenia proles;
Aëra per liquidum, regnisque illapsus opacis
Dic patruo, Superas senior se tollat ad auras
Laïus, extinctum nati quem vulnere nondum
Ulterior Lethes accepit ripa profundi

Thus, in reproach and pray'r, the Queen express'd
The rage and grief contending in her breast;
Unmov'd remain'd the ruler of the sky,
And from his throne return'd this stern reply:
'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty soul would bear
The dire, though just, revenge which I prepare
Against a nation thy peculiar care:
No less Dione might for Thebes contend,
Nor Bacchus less his native town defend,
Yet these in silence see the fates fulfil
Their work, and rev'rence our superior will.
For by the black infernal Styx I swear
(That dreadful oath which binds the Thunderer),
'Tis fix'd; th' irrevocable doom of Jove;
No force can bend me, no persuasion move.
Haste then, Cyllenius, through the liquid air;
Go, mount the winds, and to the shades repair;
Bid hell's black monarch my commands obey,
And give up Laius to the realms of day,
Whose ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' sand,
Expects its passage to the farther strand:

NOTES.

Ver. 418. *give up*] Sophocles never thought of bringing the ghost of Laius on the stage, as Seneca, who so often oversteps the bounds of nature, has done in a passage of bombast imagery and sentiment, and in which he has been followed by Dryden and Lee. The lines of incantations in the third act, which was written by Dryden, are exquisitely solemn and harmonious:

"Choose the darkest part o' th' grove,
Such as ghosts at noon-day love;
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie;"

and the next thirty lines.

Lege Erebi : ferat hæc diro mea jussa nepoti :
Germanum exilio fretum, Argolicisque tumentem
Hospitiis, quod sponte cupit, procul impius aula
Arceat, alternum regni inficiatus honorem :
Hinc causæ irarum : certo reliqua ordine ducam.
  Paret Atlantiades dictis genitoris, et inde
Summa pedum propere plantaribus illigat alis,
Obnubitque comas, et temperat astra galero.
Tum dextræ virgam inseruit, qua pellere dulces
Aut suadere iterum somnos, qua nigra subire
Tartara, et exangues animare assueverat umbras.
Desiluit; tenuique exceptus inhorruit aura.
Nec mora, sublimes raptim per inane volatus
Carpit, et ingenti designat nubila gyro.
  Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris
Œdipodionides furto deserta pererrat
Aoniæ. jam jamque animis male debita regna
Concipit, et longum signis cunctantibus annum
Stare gemit. tenet una dies noctesque recursans
Cura virum, si quando humilem decedere regno
Germanum, et semet Thebis, opibusque potitum,
Cerneret, hac ævum cupiat pro luce pacisci.
Nunc queritur ceu tarda fugæ dispendia : sed mox
Attollit flatus ducis, et sedisse superbum

Let the pale sire revisit Thebes, and bear
These pleasing orders to the tyrant's ear;
That from his exil'd brother, swell'd with pride
Of foreign forces, and his Argive bride,
Almighty Jove commands him to detain
The promis'd empire, and alternate reign:
Be this the cause of more than mortal hate:
The rest, succeeding times shall ripen into Fate.
The God obeys, and to his feet applies
Those golden wings that cut the yielding skies;
His ample hat his beamy locks o'erspread,
And veil'd the starry glories of his head.
He seiz'd the wand that causes sleep to fly,
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye;
That drives the dead to dark Tartarean coasts,
Or back to life compels the wand'ring ghosts.
Thus, through the parting clouds, the son of May
Wings on the whistling winds his rapid way;
Now smoothly steers through air his equal flight,
Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th' ethereal height;
Then wheeling down the steep of heav'n he flies,
And draws a radiant circle o'er the skies.
Mean time the banish'd Polynices roves
(His Thebes abandon'd) through th' Aonian groves,
While future realms his wand'ring thoughts delight,
His daily vision and his dream by night;
Forbidden Thebes appears before his eye,
From whence he sees his absent brother fly,
With transport views the airy rule his own,
And swells on an imaginary throne.
Fain would he cast a tedious age away,
And live out all in one triumphant day.

Dejecto se fratre putat. spes anxia mentem
Extrahit, et longo consumit gaudia voto.
  Tunc sedet Inachias urbes, Danaëiaque arva,
Et caligantes abrupto sole Mycenas,
Ferre iter impavidum. seu prævia ducit Erynnis,
Seu fors illa viæ, sive hac immota vocabat
Atropos. Ogygiis ululata furoribus antra
Deserit, et pingues Bacchæo sanguine colles,
Inde plagam, qua molle sedens in plana Cithæron
Porrigitur, lassumque inclinat ad æquora montem,
Præterit. hinc arcte scopuloso in limite pendens,
Infames Scyrone petras, Scyllæaque rura
Purpureo regnata seni, mitemque Corinthon
Linquit, et in mediis audit duo littora campis.
  Jamque per emeriti surgens confinia Phœbi
Titanis, late mundo subvecta silenti
Rorifera gelidum tenuaverat aëra biga.
Jam pecudes volucresque tacent; jam somnus avaris

He chides the lazy progress of the sun,
And bids the year with swifter motion run.
With anxious hopes his craving mind is tost,
And all his joys in length of wishes lost.
The hero then resolves his course to bend
Where ancient Danaus' fruitful fields extend,
And fam'd Mycene's lofty tow'rs ascend
(Where late the sun did Atreus' crimes detest,
And disappear'd in horror of the feast);
And now by chance, by fate, or furies, led,
From Bacchus' consecrated caves he fled,
Where the shrill cries of frantic matrons sound,
And Pentheus' blood enrich the rising ground.
Then sees Cithæron tow'ring o'er the plain,
And thence declining gently to the main.
Next to the bounds of Nisus' realm repairs,
Where treach'rous Scylla cut the purple hairs:
The hanging cliffs of Scyron's rock explores,
And hears the murmurs of the diff'rent shores:
Passes the strait that parts the foaming seas,
And stately Corinth's pleasing site surveys.
'Twas now the time when Phœbus yields to night,
And rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,
Wide o'er the world in solemn pomp she drew,
Her airy chariot hung with pearly dew;
All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men, and toils of day,

NOTES.

Ver. 465. *Pentheus'*] There is much poetical enthusiasm in Theocritus's description of the death of Pentheus. Idyllium 26.

Ver. 474. *'Twas now*] We have scarcely in our language eight more beautiful lines than these, down to "human care."

Inserpit curis, pronusque per aëra nutat,
Grata laboratæ referens oblivia vitæ.
Sed nec puniceo rediturum nubila cœlo
Promisere jubar, nec rarescentibus umbris
Longa repercusso nituere crepuscula Phœbo.
Densior a terris, et nulli pervia flammæ,
Subtexit nox atra polos. jam claustra rigentis
Æoliæ percussa sonant, venturaque rauco
Ore minatur hiems, venti transversa frementes
Confligunt, axemque emoto cardine vellunt,
Dum cœlum sibi quisque rapit. sed plurimus Auster
Inglomerat noctem, et tenebrosa volumina torquet,
Defunditque imbres, sicco quos asper hiatu
Persolidat Boreas. nec non abrupta tremiscunt
Fulgura, et attritus subita face rumpitur æther.
Jam Nemea, jam Tænareis contermina lucis
Arcadiæ capita alta madent : ruit agmine facto
Inachus, et gelidas surgens Erasinus ad Arctos.
Pulverulenta prius, calcandaque flumina nullæ
Aggeribus tenuere moræ, stagnoque refusa est
Funditus et veteri spumavit Lerna veneno.

And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.
Yet no red clouds, with golden borders gay,
Promise the skies the bright return of day;
No faint reflections of the distant light
Streak with long gleams the scatt'ring shades of night;
From the damp earth impervious vapours rise,
Increase the darkness, and involve the skies.
At once the rushing winds with roaring sound
Burst from th' Æolian caves, and rend the ground,
With equal rage their airy quarrel try,
And win by turns the kingdom of the sky!
But with a thicker night black Auster shrouds
The heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rolling clouds,
From whose dark womb a rattling tempest pours,
Which the cold north congeals to haily show'rs,
From pole to pole the thunder roars aloud,
And broken lightnings flash from ev'ry cloud.
Now smokes with show'rs the misty mountain-ground,
And floated fields lie undistinguish'd round.
Th' Inachian streams with headlong fury run,
And Erasinus rolls a deluge on:
The foaming Lerna swells above its bounds,
And spreads its ancient poisons o'er the grounds:
Where late was dust, now rapid torrents play,
Rush through the mounds, and bear the dams away:

NOTES.

Ver. 490. *airy quarrel*] A very faulty expression; as also below, verse 501—rolls a deluge on.

Frangitur omne nemus; rapiunt antiqua procellæ
Brachia silvarum, nullisque aspecta per ævum
Solibus umbrosi patuere æstiva Lycæi.
Ille tamen modo saxa jugis fugientia ruptis
Miratur, modo nubigenas e montibus amnes
Aure pavens, passimque insano turbine raptas
Pastorum pecorumque domos. non segnius amens,
Incertusque viæ, per nigra silentia, vastum
Haurit iter: pulsat metus undique, et undique frater.
Ac velut hiberno deprensus navita ponto,
Cui neque temo piger, neque amico sidere monstrat
Luna vias, medio cœli pelagique tumultu
Stat rationis inops: jam jamque aut saxa malignis
Expectat submersa vadis, aut vertice acuto
Spumantes scopulos erectæ incurrere proræ:
Talis opaca legens nemorum Cadmeïus heros
Accelerat, vasto metuenda umbone ferarum
Excutiens stabula, et prono virgulta refringit
Pectore: dat stimulos animo vis mœsta timoris.
Donec ab Inachiis victa caligine tectis
Emicuit, lucem devexa in mœnia fundens,
Larissæus apex. illo spe concitus omni
Evolat. hinc celsæ Junonia templa Prosymnæ

Old limbs of trees from crackling forests torn,
Are whirl'd in air, and on the winds are borne:
The storm the dark Lycæan groves display'd,
And first to light expos'd the sacred shade.
Th' intrepid Theban hears the bursting sky,
Sees yawning rocks in massy fragments fly,
And views astonish'd, from the hills afar,
The floods descending, and the wat'ry war,
That, driv'n by storms and pouring o'er the plain,
Swept herds, and hinds, and houses, to the main.
Through the brown horrors of the night he fled,
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful path to tread;
His brother's image to his mind appears,
Inflames his heart with rage, and wings his feet with fears.
So fares a sailor on the stormy main,
When clouds conceal Boötes' golden wain,
When not a star its friendly lustre keeps,
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the deeps;
He dreads the rocks, and shoals, and seas, and skies,
While thunder roars, and lightning round him flies.
Thus strove the chief, on ev'ry side distress'd,
Thus still his courage with his toils increas'd;
With his broad shield oppos'd, he forc'd his way
Through thickest woods, and rous'd the beasts of prey.
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's height
The shelving walls reflect a glancing light:
Thither with haste the Theban hero flies;
On this side Lerna's pois'nous water lies,
On that Prosymna's grove and temple rise:

Lævus habet, hinc Herculeo signata vapore
Lernæi stagna atra vadi. tandemque reclusis
Infertur portis. actutum regia cernit
Vestibula. hic artus imbri, ventoque rigentes
Projicit, ignotæque acclinis postibus aulæ
Invitat tenues ad dura cubilia somnos.
  Rex ibi tranquillæ medio de limite vitæ
In senium vergens populos Adrastus habebat,
Dives avis, et utroque Jovem de sanguine ducens.
Hic sexus melioris inops, sed prole virebat
Fœminea, gemino natarum pignore fultus.
Cui Phœbus generos (monstrum exitiabile dictu!
Mox adaperta fides) ævo ducente canebat
Setigerumque suum, et fulvum adventare leonem.
Hæc volvens, non, ipse pater, non docte futuri
Amphiaraë, vides; etenim vetat auctor Apollo.
Tantum in corde sedens ægrescit cura parentis.
  Ecce autem antiquam fato Calydona relinquens
Olenius Tydeus (fraterni sanguinis illum
Conscius horror agit) eadem sub nocte sopora
Lustra terit, similesque Notos dequestus et imbres,
Infusam tergo glaciem, et liquentia nimbis
Ora, comasque gerens, subit uno tegmine, cujus,
Fusus humo gelida, partem prior hospes habebat.—
  Hic primum lustrare oculis cultusque virorum
Telaque magna vacat, tergo videt hujus inanem

He pass'd the gates which then unguarded lay,
And to the regal palace bent his way;
On the cold marble, spent with toil, he lies,
And waits till pleasing slumbers seal his eyes.
  Adrastus here his happy people sways,
Blest with calm peace in his declining days,
By both his parents of descent divine,
Great Jove and Phœbus grac'd his noble line:
Heav'n had not crown'd his wishes with a son,
But two fair daughters heir'd his state and throne.
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!
But who can pierce into the depths of fate?)
Had sung—"Expect thy sons on Argos' shore,
A yellow lion and a bristly boar."
This long revolv'd in his paternal breast,
Sate heavy on his heart, and broke his rest;
This, great Amphiarus, lay hid from thee,
Tho' skill'd in fate, and dark futurity,
The father's care and prophet's art were vain,
For thus did the predicting God ordain.
  Lo hapless Tydeus, whose ill-fated hand
Had slain his brother, leaves his native land,
And seiz'd with horror in the shades of night,
Through the thick deserts headlong urg'd his flight:
Now by the fury of the tempest driv'n,
He seeks a shelter from th' inclement heav'n.
Till, led by fate, the Theban's steps he treads,
And to fair Argos' open court succeeds.
  When thus the chiefs from diff'rent lands resort
T' Adrastus' realms, and hospitable court;
The king surveys his guests with curious eyes,
And views their arms and habit with surprise.

Impexis utrinque jubis horrere leonem,
Illius in speciem, quem per Theumesia Tempe
Amphitryoniades fractum juvenilibus armis
Ante Cleonæi vestitur prælia monstri.
Terribiles contra setis ac dente recurvo
Tydea per latos humeros ambire laborant
Exuviæ, Calydonis honos. stupet omine tanto
Defixus senior, divina oracula Phœbi
Agnoscens, monitusque datos vocalibus antris.
Obtutu gelida ora premit, lætusque per artus
Horror iit. sensit manifesto numine ductos
Affore, quos nexis ambagibus augur Apollo
Portendi generos, vultu fallente ferarum,
Ediderat. tunc sic tendens ad sidera palmas:
Nox, quæ terrarum cœlique amplexa labores
Ignea multivago transmittis sidera lapsu,
Indulgens reparare animum, dum proximus ægris
Infundat Titan agiles animantibus ortus,
Tu mihi perplexis quæsitam erroribus ultro
Advehis alma fidem, veterisque exordia fati
Detegis. assistas operi, tuaque omina firmes!
Semper honoratam dimensis orbibus anni
Te domus ista colet: nigri tibi, diva, litabunt
Electa cervice greges, lustraliaque exta
Lacte novo perfusus edet Vulcanius ignis.
Salve, prisca fides tripodum, obscurique recessus;

A lion's yellow skin the Theban wears,
Horrid his mane, and rough with curling hairs;
Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful toils,
Ere yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful spoils.
A boar's stiff hide, of Calydonian breed,
Œnides' manly shoulders overspread.
Oblique his tusks, erect his bristles stood,
Alive, the pride and terror of the wood.

Struck with the sight, and fix'd in deep amaze,
The King th' accomplish'd oracle surveys,
Reveres Apollo's vocal caves, and owns
The guiding Godhead, and his future sons,
O'er all his bosom secret transports reign,
And a glad horror shoots through ev'ry vein.
To heav'n he lifts his hands, erects his sight,
And thus invokes the silent Queen of night.

Goddess of shades, beneath whose gloomy reign
Yon' spangled arch glows with the starry train:
You who the cares of heav'n and earth allay,
Till nature quicken'd by th' inspiring ray
Wakes to new vigour with the rising day.
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful state,
Long lost and wilder'd in the maze of Fate!
Be present still, oh Goddess! in our aid;
Proceed, and firm those omens thou hast made.
We to thy name our annual rites will pay,
And on thy altars sacrifices lay;
The sable flock shall fall beneath the stroke,
And fill thy temples with a grateful smoke.
Hail, faithful Tripos! hail, ye dark abodes
Of awful Phœbus: I confess the Gods!

Deprendi, Fortuna, deos. sic fatus : et ambos
Innectens manibus, tecta ulterioris ad aulæ
Progreditur. canis etiamnum altaribus ignes,
Sopitum cinerem, et tepidi libamina sacri
Servabant; adolere focos, epulasque recentes
Instaurare jubet. dictis parere ministri
Certatim accelerant. vario strepit icta tumultu
Regia : pars ostro tenues, auroque sonantes
Emunire toros, altosque inferre tapetas :
Pars teretes levare manu, ac disponere mensas :
Ast alii, tenebras et opacam vincere noctem
Aggressi, tendunt auratis vincula lychnis.
His labor inserto torrere exanguia ferro
Viscera cæsarum pecudum : his cumulare canistris
Perdomitam saxo Cererem. lætatur Adrastus
Obsequio fervere domum. jamque ipse superbis
Fulgebat stratis, solioque effultus eburno.
Parte alia juvenes siccati vulnera lymphis
Discumbunt : simul ora notis fœdata tuentur,
Inque vicem ignoscunt. tunc rex longævus Acesten
(Natarum hæc altrix, eadem et fidissima custos
Lecta sacrum justæ Veneri occultare pudorem)
Imperat acciri, tacitaque immurmurat aure.
Nec mora præceptis; cum protinus utraque virgo
Arcano egressæ thalamo (mirabile visu)
Pallados armisonæ, pharetratæque ora Dianæ
Æqua ferunt, terrore minus, nova deinde pudori

Thus seiz'd with sacred fear, the monarch pray'd;
Then to his inner court the guests convey'd;
Where yet thin fumes from dying sparks arise,
And dust yet white upon each altar lies,
The relics of a former sacrifice.
The King once more the solemn rites requires,
And bids renew the feasts, and wake the fires.
His train obey, while all the courts around
With noisy care and various tumult sound.
Embroider'd purple clothes the golden beds;
This slave the floor, and that the table spreads;
A third dispels the darkness of the night,
And fills depending lamps with beams of light;
Here loaves in canisters are pil'd on high,
And there in flames the slaughter'd victims fly.
Sublime in regal state Adrastus shone,
Stretch'd on rich carpets on his iv'ry throne;
A lofty couch receives each princely guest;
Around, at awful distance, wait the rest.
And now the king, his royal feast to grace,
Acestis calls, the guardian of his race,
Who first their youth in arts of virtue train'd,
And their ripe years in modest grace maintain'd.
Then softly whisper'd in her faithful ear,
And bade his daughters at the rites appear.
When from the close apartments of the night.
The royal Nymphs approach divinely bright;
Such was Diana's, such Minerva's face;
Nor shine their beauties with superior grace,
But that in these a milder charm endears,
And less of terror in their looks appears,

Visa virûm facies : pariter pallorque ruborque
Purpureas hausere genas : oculique verentes
Ad sanctum rediere patrem. Postquam ordine mensæ
Victa fames, signis perfectam auroque nitentem
Iäsides pateram famulos ex more poposcit,
Qua Danaus libare deis seniorque Phoroneus
Assueti. tenet hæc operum cælata figuras :
Aureus anguicomam præsecto Gorgona collo
Ales habet. jam jamque vagas (ita visus) in auras
Exilit : illa graves oculos languentiaque ora
Pene movet, vivoque etiam pallescit in auro.
Hinc Phrygius fulvis venator tollitur alis :
Gargara desidunt surgenti, et Troja recedit.
Stant mœsti comites, frustraque sonantia laxant
Ora canes, umbramque petunt, et nubila latrant.
Hanc undante mero fundens, vocat ordine cunctos
Cœlicolas : Phœbum ante alios, Phœbum omnis ad aras
Laude ciet comitum famulûmque, evincta pudica
Fronde, manus : cui festa dies, largoque refecti
Thure, vaporatis lucent altaribus ignes.
Forsitan, o juvenes, quæ sint ea sacra, quibusque
Præcipuum causis Phœbi obtestemur honorem,
Rex ait, exquirunt animi. non inscia suasit

As on the heroes first they cast their eyes,
O'er their fair cheeks the glowing blushes rise,
Their downcast looks a decent shame confess'd,
Then on their father's rev'rend features rest.
The banquet done, the monarch gives the sign
To fill the goblet high with sparkling wine,
Which Danaus us'd in sacred rites of old,
With sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising gold,
Here to the clouds victorious Perseus flies,
Medusa seems to move her languid eyes,
And, ev'n in gold turns paler as she dies.
There from the chase Jove's tow'ring eagle bears,
On golden wings, the Phrygian to the stars:
Still as he rises in th' ethereal height,
His native mountains lessen to his sight:
While all his sad companions upward gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious scene in wild amaze;
And the swift hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the shade, and bark against the skies.
This golden bowl with gen'rous juice was crown'd,
The first libations sprinkled on the ground,
By turns on each celestial pow'r they call;
With Phœbus' name resounds the vaulted hall,
The courtly train, the strangers, and the rest,
Crown'd with chaste laurel, and with garlands dress'd,
While with rich gums the fuming altars blaze,
Salute the God in num'rous hymns of praise.
Then thus the King: Perhaps, my noble guests,
These honour'd altars, and these annual feasts,
To bright Apollo's awful dame design'd,
Unknown, with wonder may perplex your mind.

Relligio : magnis exercita cladibus olim
Plebs Argiva litant: animos advertite, pandam:
Postquam cœrulei sinuosa volumina monstri,
Terrigenam Pythona, deus, septem orbibus atris
Amplexum Delphos, squamisque annosa terentem
Robora, Castaliis dum fontibus ore trisulco
Fusus hiat, nigro sitiens alimenta veneno,
Perculit, absumptis numerosa in vulnera telis,
Cyrrhæique dedit centum per jugera campi
Vix tandem explicitum, nova deinde piacula cædi
Perquirens, nostri tecta haud opulenta Crotopi
Attigit. huic primis, et pubem ineuntibus annis,
Mira decore pio, servabat nata penates
Intemerata toris. felix, si Delia nunquam
Furta, nec occultum Phœbo sociasset amorem.
Namque ut passa deum Nemeæi ad fluminis undam,
Bis quinos plena cum fronte resumeret orbes
Cynthia, sidereum Latonæ fœta nepotem
Edidit : ac pœnæ metuens (neque enim ille coactis
Donasset thalamis veniam pater) avia rura
Eligit : ac natum septa inter ovilia furtim
Montivago pecoris custodi mandat alendum.
Non tibi digna, puer, generis cunabula tanti,
Gramineos dedit herba toros, et vimine querno

Great was the cause; our old solemnities
From no blind zeal, or fond tradition rise;
But sav'd from death, our Argives yearly pay
These grateful honours to the God of Day.
When by a thousand darts the Python slain
With orbs unroll'd lay cov'ring all the plain
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's streams he hung,
And suck'd new poisons with his triple tongue),
To Argos' realms the victor god resorts,
And enters old Crotopus' humble courts.
This rural prince one only daughter blest,
That all the charms of blooming youth possess'd;
Fair was her face, and spotless was her mind,
Where filial love with virgin sweetness join'd.
Happy! and happy still she might have prov'd,
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!
But Phœbus lov'd, and on the flow'ry side
Of Nemea's stream, the yielding fair enjoy'd:
Now, ere ten moons their orb with light adorn,
Th' illustrious offspring of the God was born,
The Nymph, her father's anger to evade,
Retires from Argos to the sylvan shade;
To woods and wilds the pleasing burden bears,
And trusts her infant to a shepherd's cares.
How mean a fate, unhappy child, is thine!
Ah how unworthy those of race divine?
On flow'ry herbs in some green covert laid,
His bed the ground, his canopy the shade,

NOTES.

Ver. 664. *Python slain*] He has omitted some forcible expressions of the original; Septem—atris—terentem—nigro—centum per jugera. All of them picturesque epithets.

Texta domus: clausa arbutei sub cortice libri
Membra tepent, suadetque leves cava fistula somnos,
Et pecori commune solum. sed fata nec illum
Concessere larem: viridi nam cespite terræ
Projectum temere, et patulo cœlum ore trahentem
Dira canum rabies morsu depasta cruento
Disjicit. hic vero attonitas ut nuntius aures
Matris adit, pulsi ex animo genitorque, pudorque,
Et metus, ipsa ultro sævis plangoribus amens
Tecta replet, vacuumque ferens velamine pectus
Occurrit confessa patri. nec motus, at atro
Imperat, infandum! cupientem occumbere leto.
  Sero memor thalami, mœstæ solatia morti,
Phœbe, paras. monstrum infandis Acheronte sub imo
Conceptum Eumenidum thalamis: cui virginis ora,
Pectoraque, æternum stridens a vertice surgit
Et ferrugineam frontem discriminat anguis:
Hæc tam dira lues nocturno squalida passu
Illabi thalamis, animasque a stirpe recentes
Abripere altricum gremiis, morsuque cruento
Devesci, et multum patrio pinguescere luctu.
  Haud tulit armorum præstans animique Chorœbus;
Seque ultro lectis juvenum, qui robore primi

He mixes with the bleating lambs his cries,
While the rude swain his rural music tries
To call soft slumbers on his infant eyes.
Yet ev'n in those obscure abodes to live,
Was more, alas! than cruel fate would give,
For on the grassy verdure as he lay,
And breath'd the freshness of the early day,
Devouring dogs the helpless infant tore,
Fed on his trembling limbs, and lapp'd the gore.
Th' astonish'd mother, when the rumour came,
Forgets her father, and neglects her fame,
With loud complaints she fills the yielding air,
And beats her breast, and rends her flowing hair;
Then wild with anguish to her sire she flies:
Demands the sentence, and contented dies.
But touch'd with sorrow for the dead too late,
The raging God prepares t' avenge her fate.
He sends a monster, horrible and fell,
Begot by furies in the depths of hell.
The pest a virgin's face and bosom bears;
High on a crown a rising snake appears,
Guards her black front, and hisses in her hairs:
About the realm she walks her dreadful round,
When night with sable wings o'erspreads the ground,
Devours young babes before their parents' eyes,
And feeds and thrives on public miseries.
But gen'rous rage the bold Chorœbus warms,
Chorœbus, fam'd for virtue, as for arms;

NOTES.

Ver. 705. *He sends*] Much superior to the original. I desire to add in this place, that there are many excellent remarks on Statius in the two volumes entitled, Observations on Ancient and Modern Authors, published by Dr. Jortin.

Famam posthabita faciles extendere vita,
Obtulit. illa novas ibat populata penates
Portarum in bivio. lateri duo corpora parvûm
Dependent, et jam unca manus vitalibus hæret,
Ferratique ungues tenero sub corde tepescunt.
Obvius huic, latus omne virûm stipante corona,
It juvenis, ferrumque ingens sub pectore diro
Condidit; atque imas animæ mucrone corusco
Scrutatus latebras, tandem sua monstra profundo
Reddit habere Jovi. juvat ire, et visere juxta
Liventes in morte oculos, uterique nefandam
Proluviem, et crasso squalentia pectora tabo,
Qua nostræ cecidere animæ. stupet Inacha pubes,
Magnaque post lacrymas etiammum gaudia pallent.
Hi trabibus duris, solatia vana dolori,
Proterere exanimes artus, asprosque molares
Deculcare genis; nequit iram explere potestas.
Illam et nocturno circum stridore volantes
Impastæ fugistis aves, rabidamque canum vim,
Oraque sicca ferunt trepidorum inhiasse luporum.

Some few like him, inspir'd with martial flame,
Thought a short life well lost for endless fame.
These, where two ways in equal parts divide,
The direful monster from afar descry'd;
Two bleeding babes depending at her side;
Whose panting vitals, warm with life, she draws,
And in their hearts imbrues her cruel claws.
The youths surround her with extended spears;
But brave Chorœbus in the front appears,
Deep in her breast he plung'd his shining sword,
And hell's dire monster back to hell restor'd.
Th' Inachians view the slain with vast surprise,
Her twisting volumes and her rolling eyes,
Her spotted breast, and gaping womb imbru'd
With livid poison, and our children's blood.
The crowd in stupid wonder fix'd appear,
Pale ev'n in joy, nor yet forget to fear.
Some with vast beams the squalid corpse engage,
And weary all the wild efforts of rage.
The birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to taste,
With hollow screeches fled the dire repast;
And rav'nous dogs, allur'd by scented blood,
And starving wolves, ran howling to the wood.

NOTES.

Ver. 720. *Two bleeding babes*] This image has a near resemblance to a very tremendous one in Gray's eighth Ode, the Fatal Sisters:

"See the grisly texture grow
('Tis of human entrails made),
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head!"

Which I have heard critics of weak nerves, and affected sensibility, complain of as too horrid.

Sævior in miseros fatis ultricis ademptæ
Delius insurgit, summaque biverticis umbra
Parnassi residens, arcu crudelis iniquo
Pestifera arma jacit, camposque, et celsa Cyclopum
Tecta, superjecto nebularum incendit amictu.
Labuntur dulces animæ : Mors fila sororum
Ense metit, captamque tenens fert manibus urbem.
Quærenti quæ causa duci, quis ab æthere lævus
Ignis, et in totum regnaret Sirius annum,
Idem auctor Pæan rursus jubet ire cruento
In ferias monstro juvenes, qui cæde potiti.
Fortunate animi, longumque in sæcula digne
Promeriture diem ! non tu pia degener arma
Occulis, aut certæ trepidas occurrere morti.
Cominus ora ferens, Cyrrhæi in limine templi
Constitit, et sacras ita vocibus asperat iras :
Non missus, Thymbræe, tuos supplexve penates
Advenio : mea me pietas, conscia virtus
Has egere vias. ego sum qui cæde subegi,
Phœbe, tuum mortale nefas ; quem nubibus atris,

But fir'd with rage, from cleft Parnassus' brow
Avenging Phœbus bent his deadly bow,
And hissing flew the feather'd fates below:
A night of sultry clouds involv'd around
The tow'rs, the fields, and the devoted ground:
And now a thousand lives together fled,
Death with his scythe cut off the fatal thread,
And a whole province in his triumph led.
But Phœbus ask'd why noxious fires appear,
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly year;
Demands their lives by whom his monster fell,
And dooms a dreadful sacrifice to hell.
Blest be thy dust, and let eternal fame
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy name,
Undaunted hero! who divinely brave,
In such a cause disdain'd thy life to save;
But view'd the shrine with a superior look,
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke:
With piety the soul's securest guard,
And conscious virtue, still its own reward,
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear;
Nor shalt thou, Phœbus, find a suppliant here.
Thy monster's death to me was ow'd alone,
And 'tis a deed too glorious to disown.

NOTES.

Ver. 743.] Vida thus justly characterizes Ovid and Statius, which might have deterred our young author from imitating two writers of so bad a taste:

"Hic namque ingenio confisus, posthabet artem;
Ille furit strepitu, tenditque æquare tubarum
Voce sonos, versusque tonat sine more per omnes."
Vidæ Poetic. l. 1. v. 180.

Et squalente die, nigra quem tabe sinistri
Quæris, inique, poli. quod si monstra effera magnis
Cara adeo Superis, jacturaque vilior orbis,
Mors hominum, et sævo santa inclementia cœlo est;
Quid meruere Argi? me, me, divûm optime, solum
Objecisse caput satis præstabit, an illud
Lene magis cordi, quod desolata domorum
Tecta vides? ignique datis cultoribus omnis
Lucet ager? sed quid fando tua tela manusque
Demoror? expectant matres, supremaque fundunt
Vota mihi. satis est: merui ne parcere velles.
Proinde move pharetras, arcusque intende sonoros,
Insignemque animam leto demitte: sed illum,
Pallidus Inachiis qui desuper imminet Argis,
Dum morior, depelle globum. Fors æqua merentes
Respicit. ardentem tenuit reverentia cædis
Latoïden, tristemque viro summissus honorem
Largitur vitæ. nostro mala nubila cœlo
Diffugiunt. at tu stupefacti a limine Phœbi
Exoratus abis. inde hæc stata sacra quotannis
Solemnes recolunt epulæ, Phœbeaque placat
Templa novatus honos: has forte invisitis aras.
Vos quæ progenies? quanquam Calydonius Œneus

Behold him here, for whom, so many days,
Impervious clouds conceal'd thy sullen rays;
For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy care,
Such numbers fell by pestilential air!
But if th' abandon'd race of human kind
From Gods above no more compassion find;
If such inclemency in heav'n can dwell,
Yet why must unoffending Argos feel
The vengeance due to this unlucky steel?
On me, on me, let all thy fury fall,
Nor err from me, since I deserve it all:
Unless our desert cities please thy sight,
Or fun'ral flames reflect a grateful light.
Discharge thy shafts, this ready bosom rend,
And to the shades a ghost triumphant send;
But for my Country let my fate atone,
Be mine the vengeance, as the crime my own.
Merit distress'd, impartial heav'n relieves:
Unwelcome life relenting Phœbus gives;
For not the vengeful pow'r, that glow'd with rage,
With such amazing virtue durst engage.
The clouds dispers'd, Apollo's wrath expir'd,
And from the wond'ring God th' unwilling youth retir'd.
Thence we these altars in his temple raise,
And offer annual honours, feasts, and praise;
These solemn feasts propitious Phœbus please:
These honours, still renew'd, his ancient wrath appease.
But say, illustrious guest (adjoin'd the King),
What name you bear, from what high race you spring?

Et Parthaoniæ (dudum si certus ad aures
Clamor iit) tibi jura domus ; tu pande quis Argos
Advenias ? quando hæc variis sermonibus hora est.
  Dejecit mœstos extemplo Ismenius heros
In terram vultus, taciteque ad Tydea læsum
Obliquare oculos, tum longa silentia movit :
Non super hos divûm tibi sum quærendus honores
Unde genus, quæ terra mihi : quis defluat ordo
Sanguinis antiqui, piget inter sacra fateri.
Sed si præcipitant miserum cognoscere curæ,
Cadmus origo patrum, tellus Mavortia Thebæ,
Et genetrix Iocasta mihi. tum motus Adrastus
Hospitiis (agnovit enim) quid nota recondis ?
Scimus, ait ; nec sic aversum fama Mycenis
Volvit iter. regnum, et furias, oculosque pudentes
Novit, et Arctoïs si quis de solibus horret,
Quique bibit Gangen, aut nigrum occasibus intrat
Oceanum, et si quos incerto litore Syrtes
Destituunt, ne perge queri, casusque priorum
Annumerare tibi. nostro quoque sanguine multum
Erravit pietas. nec culpa nepotibus obstat.
Tu modo dissimilis rebus mereare secundis
Excusare tuos. sed jam temone supino

The noble Tydeus stands confess'd, and known
Our neighbour Prince and heir of Calydon,
Relate your fortunes, while the friendly night
And silent hours to various talk invite.
The Theban bends on earth his gloomy eyes
Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies:
Before these altars how shall I proclaim
(Oh gen'rous prince) my nation, or my name,
Or through what veins our ancient blood has roll'd?
Let the sad tale for ever rest untold!
Yet if propitious to a wretch unknown,
You seek to share in sorrows not your own;
Know then from Cadmus I derive my race,
Jocasta's son, and Thebes my native place.
To whom the King (who felt his gen'rous breast
Touch'd with concern for his unhappy guest)
Replies:—Ah why forbears the son to name
His wretched father known too well by fame?
Fame that delights around the world to stray,
Scorns not to take our Argos in her way;
Ev'n those who dwell where suns at distance roll,
In northern wilds, and freeze beneath the pole;
And those who tread the burning Libyan lands,
The faithless Syrtes and the moving sands:
Who view the western sea's extremest bounds,
Or drink of Ganges in their eastern grounds;
All these the woes of Œdipus have known,
Your fates, your furies, and your haunted town.
If on the sons the parents' crimes descend,
What prince from those his lineage can defend?
Be this thy comfort, that 'tis thine t' efface
With virtuous acts thy ancestor's disgrace,
And be thyself the honour of thy race.

Languet Hyperboreæ glacialis portitor ursæ.
Fundite vina focis, servatoremque parentum
Latoïden votis iterumque iterumque canamus.
Phœbe parens, seu te Lyciæ Pataræa nivosis
Exercent dumeta jugis, seu rore pudico
Castaliæ flavos amor est tibi mergere crines;
Seu Trojam Thymbræus habes, ubi fama volentem
Ingratis Phrygios humeris subiisse molares;
Seu juvat Ægæum feriens Latonius umbra
Cynthus, et assiduam pelago non quærere Delon:
Tela tibi, longeque feros lentandus in hostes
Arcus, et ætherii dono cessere parentes
Æternum florere genas. tu doctus iniquas
Paracrum prænosse minas, fatumque quod ultra est,
Et summo placitura Jovi. quîs letifer annus,
Bella quibus populis, mutent quæ sceptra cometæ.
Tu Phryga submittis citharæ. tu matris honori
Terrigenam Tityon Stygiis extendis arenis.

But see! the stars begin to steal away,
And shine more faintly at approaching day;
Now pour the wine; and in your tuneful lays
Once more resound the great Apollo's praise.
Oh father Phœbus! whether Lycia's coast
And snowy mountain, thy bright presence boast!
Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair,
And bathe in silver dews thy yellow hair;
Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus, and the shady shore;
Or choose thy seat in Ilion's proud abodes,
The shining structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods;
By thee the bow and mortal shafts are borne;
Eternal charms thy blooming youth adorn;
Skill'd in the laws of secret fate above,
And the dark counsels of almighty Jove,
'Tis thine the seeds of future war to know,
The change of Sceptres, and impending woe;
When direful meteors spread through glowing air
Long trails of light, and shake their blazing hair.
Thy rage the Phrygian felt, who durst aspire
T' excel the music of thy heav'nly lyre;
Thy shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty flame,
Th' immortal victim of my mother's fame;

NOTES.

Ver. 829. Some of the most finished lines he has ever written, down to verse 854.

Ver. 841. *'Tis thine*] Far superior to the original are these four lines; and how mean is the Tityus of Statius, compared with the tremendous picture in Virgil! May I venture to add, that we have our language some translations that have excelled the originals; perhaps they are, Rowe's Lucan, Pitt's Vida, Hampton's Polybius, Melmoth's Pliny, and Carter's Epictetus.

Te viridis Python, Thebanaque mater ovantem
Horruit in pharetris. ultrix tibi torva Megæra
Jejunum Phlegyam subter cava saxa jacentem
Æterno premit accubitu, dapibusque profanis
Instimulat: sed mista famem fastidia vincunt.
Adsis o, memor hospitii, Junoniaque arva
Dexter ames; seu te roseum Titana vocari
Gentis Achæmeniæ ritu, seu præstat Osirin
Frugiferum, seu Persei sub rupibus antri
Indignata sequi torquentem cornua Mitram.

NOTES.

Ver. 850. *torva Megæra*] This expression, and *premit* and *instimulat*, are weakened in the translation; but *mista fastidia* is a harsh expression; as also is a line above, 842, *Tu Phryga submittis citharæ.*

Thy hand slew Python, and the dame who lost
Her num'rous offspring for a fatal boast.
In Phlegyas' doom thy just revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies and eternal fears;
He views his food, but dreads, with lifted eye,
The mould'ring rock that trembles from on high.
Propitious hear our pray'r, O Pow'r divine!
And on thy hospitable Argos shine,
Whether the stile of Titan please thee more,
Whose purple rays th' Achæmenes adore;
Or great Osiris, who first taught the swain
In Pharian fields to sow the golden grain;
Or Mitra, to whose beams the Persian bows,
And pays, in hollow rocks, his awful vows;
Mitra, whose head the blaze of light adorns,
Who grasps the struggling heifer's lunar horns.

In order to give young readers a just notion of chasteness and simplicity of style, I have seen it of use to let them compare the mild majesty of Virgil and the violent exuberance of Statius, by reading ten lines of each immediately after one another. The motto for the style of the age of Augustus may be the "Simplex Munditiis" of Horace; for the age of Domitian and the succeeding ages, the "Cultuque laborat Multiplici" of Lucan. After this censure of Statius's manner, it is but justice to add, that in the Thebais there are many strokes of a strong imagination; and indeed the picture of Amphiaraus, swallowed up suddenly by a chasm that opened in the ground, is truly sublime:

"Illum ingens haurit specus, et transire parantes
Mergit equos; non arma manu, non frena remisit.
Sicut erat, rectos defert in Tartara currus,
Respexitque cadens cœlum, campumque coire
Ingemuit!" B. vii. v. 817.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

About this time it became fashionable among the wits at Button's, the mob of gentlemen that wrote with ease, to translate Ovid. Their united performances were published in form by Garth, with a preface written in a flowing and lively style, but full of strange opinions. He declares that none of the classic poets had the talent of expressing himself with more force and perspicuity than Ovid; that the Fiat of the Hebrew Lawgiver is not more sublime than the "jussit et extendi campos" of the Latin Poet; that he excels in the propriety of his similes and epithets, the perspicuity of his allegories, and the instructive excellence of his morals. Above all, he commends him for his unforced transitions, and for the ease with which he slides into some new circumstances, without any violation of the unity of the story; the texture, says he, is so artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne, where the shade dies so gradually, and the light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases and the other begins. But it is remarkable that Quintilian thought very differently on this subject of the transitions; and the admirers of Ovid would do well to consider his opinion: "Illa vero frigida et puerilis est in scholis affectatio [ut ipse transitus efficiat aliquam utique sententiam], et hujus velut præstigiæ plausum petat." Garth was a most amiable and benevolent man: it was said of him, "that no physician knew his art more, nor his trade less." Pope told Mr. Richardson, that there was hardly an alteration, of the innumerable corrections that were made throughout every edition of the Dispensary, that was not for the better. The vivacity of his conversation, the elegance of his manners, and the sweetness of his temper, made Garth a universal favourite, both with Whigs and Tories, when party-rage ran high.

The notes which Addison wrote on those parts of Ovid which he translated are full of good sense, candour, and instruction. Great is the change in passing from Statius to Ovid; from force to facility of style, from thoughts and images too much studied and unnatural, to such as are obvious, careless, and familiar.

Voltaire has treated Augustus with pointed, but just severity, for banishing Ovid to Pontus, and assigning for a reason his having written The Art of Love; a work even of decency compared with several parts of Horace, whom Augustus so much praised and patronized; and which contained not a line at all comparable to some of the gross obscenities of Augustus's own verses.

Laying many circumstances together, he thinks the real cause of this banishment was, that Ovid had seen and detected Augustus in some very criminal amour, and, in short, been witness to an act of incest. Ovid himself says,

" Cur aliquid vidi ?"

And Minutianus Apuleius says, " Pulsum quoque in exitium quod Augusti incestum vidisset." Voltaire adds, " That Ovid himself deserves almost equal reproaches for having so lavishly and nauseously flattered both that emperor and his successor Tiberius."

Vol. v. p. 297.

DRYOPE IN ARBOREM.

Dixit: et, admonitu veteris commota ministræ,
Ingemuit; quam sic nurus est adfata dolentem:
Te tamen, o genitrix, alienæ sanguine vestro
Rapta movet facies. quid si tibi mira sororis
Fata meæ referam? quamquam lacrymæque dolorque
Impediunt, prohibentque loqui. fuit unica matri
(Me pater ex alia genuit) notissima forma
Œchalidum Dryope: quam virginitate carentem,
Vimque Dei passam, Delphos Delonque tenentis,
Excipit Andræmon; et habetur conjuge felix.
Est lacus, acclivi devexo margine formam
Litoris efficiens: summum myrteta coronant.
Venerat huc Dryope fatorum nescia; quoque
Indignere magis, Nymphis latura coronas.
Inque sinu puerum, qui nondum impleverat annum,
Dulce ferebat onus; tepidique ope lactis alebat.

THE FABLE OF DRYOPE.

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs,
When the fair Consort of her son replies.
Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan,
And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own,
Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate
A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate.
No nymph of all Œchalia could compare
For beauteous form with Dryope the fair,
Her tender mother's only hope and pride
(Myself the offspring of a second bride).
This Nymph compress'd by him who rules the day,
Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey,
Andræmon lov'd; and, bless'd in all those charms
That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms.
A lake there was, with shelving banks around,
Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd.
These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought,
And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought;
Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest
Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast.

NOTES.

Dryope.] Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alcmena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformations of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing fable. P.

Haud procul a stagno, Tyrios imitata colores,
In spem baccarum florebat aquatica lotos.
Carpserat hinc Dryope, quos oblectamina nato
Porrigeret, flores: et idem factura videbar;
Namque aderam. vidi guttas e flore cruentas
Decidere; et tremulo ramos horrore moveri.
Scilicet, ut referunt tardi nunc denique agrestes,
Lotis in hanc Nymphe, fugiens obscœna Priapi,
Contulerat versos, servato nomine, vultus.
Nescierat soror hoc; quæ quum perterrita retro
Ire et adoratis vellet discedere Nymphis,
Hæserunt radice pedes. convellere pugnat:
Nec quidquam, nisi summa, movet. succrescit ab imo,
Totaque paulatim lentus premit inguina cortex.
Ut vidit, conata manu laniare capillos,
Fronde manum implevit, frondes caput omne tenebant.
At puer Amphissos (namque hoc avus Eurytus illi
Addiderat nomen) materna rigescere sentit
Ubera: nec sequitur ducentem lacteus humor.

Not distant far a watry Lotos grows,
The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs
Adorn'd with blossoms promis'd fruits that vie
In glowing colours with the Tyrian die:
Of these she cropp'd to please her infant son,
And I myself the same rash act had done:
But lo! I saw (as near her side I stood),
The violated blossoms drop with blood;
Upon the tree I cast a frightful look;
The trembling tree with sudden horror shook.
Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true)
As from Priapus' lawless lust she flew,
Forsook her form; and fixing here became
A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name.
This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight,
My trembling sister strove to urge her flight:
And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd
And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd:
But when she backward would have fled, she found
Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground:
In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove,
And, as she struggles, only moves above;
She feels th' encroaching bark around her grow
By quick degrees, and cover all below:
Surpris'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves
To rend her hair; her hand is fill'd with leaves:
Where late was hair the shooting leaves are seen
To rise, and shade her with a sudden green.
The child Amphissus, to her bosom prest,
Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast.
And found the springs, that ne'er till then deny'd
Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd.

Spectatrix aderam fati crudelis : opemque
Non poteram tibi ferre, soror : quantumque valebam,
Crescentem truncum ramosque amplexa, morabar :
Et (fateor) volui sub eodem cortice condi.
Ecce vir Andræmon, genitorque miserrimus, adsunt ;
Et quærunt Dryopen : Dryopen quærentibus illis
Ostendi loton. tepido dant oscula ligno :
Adfusique suæ radicibus arboris hærent.
Nil nisi jam faciem, quod non foret arbor, habebas,
Cara soror. lacrymæ verso de corpore factis
Irrorant foliis : ac, dum licet, oraque præstant
Vocis iter, tales effundit in aëra questus :
Si qua fides miseris, hoc me per numina juro
Non meruisse nefas. patior sine crimine pœnam.
Viximus innocuæ : si mentior, arida perdam,
Quas habeo, frondes ; et cæsa securibus urar.

I saw, unhappy! what I now relate,
And stood the helpless witness of thy fate,
Embrac'd thy boughs, thy rising bark delay'd,
There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade.
Behold Andræmon and th' unhappy sire
Appear, and for their Dryope inquire:
A springing tree for Dryope they find,
And print warm kisses on the panting rind.
Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew,
And close embrace as to the roots they grew.
The face was all that now remain'd of thee,
No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree;
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,
From ev'ry leaf distils a trickling tear,
And straight a voice, while yet a voice remains,
Thus through the trembling boughs in sighs complains.
If to the wretched any faith be given,
I swear by all th' unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred;
In mutual innocence our lives we led:
If this be false, let these new greens decay,
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,
And crackling flames on all my honours prey.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *If to the wretched*] This translation is faulty. To clear herself from the imputation of falling under this judgment of heaven, by any crime of hers, she bears witness to the behaviour of her husband and father, equally at least with her own; but why that introduction, "Si qua fides," believe me? And by what figure is mutual innocence put for mutual harmony? Nothing is more common in verse than to use the first plural for the singular: "Patior sine crimine, et viximus innocuæ," is but one and the same person; a testimony of her own innocence, but not of the mutual concord between her relations. From Mr. Bowyer.

Hunc tamen infantem maternis demite ramis,
Et date nutrici; nostraque sub arbore sæpe
Lac facitote bibat; nostraque sub arbore ludat.
Cumque loqui poterit, matrem facitote salutet,
Et tristis dicat, Latet hoc sub stipite mater.
Stagna tamen timeat; nec carpat ab arbore flores:
Et frutices omnes corpus putat esse Dearum.
Care, vale, conjux, et tu germana, paterque!
Quîs si qua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis,
A pecoris morsu, frondes defendite nostras.
Et quoniam mihi fas ad vos incumbere non est,
Erigite huc artus, et ad oscula nostra venite,
Dum tangi possunt, parvumque attollite natum.
Plura loqui nequeo. nam jam per candida mollis
Colla liber serpit; summoque cacumine condor.
Ex oculis removete manus. sine munere vestro
Contegat inductus morientia lumina cortex.
Desierant simul ora loqui, simul esse: diuque
Corpore mutato rami caluere recentes.

THOUGH I regret the hours our poet spent in translating Statius and Ovid; yet it has given us an opportunity of admiring his good sense and judgment, in not suffering his taste and style, in his succeeding works, to be infected with the faults of these two writers.

But from my branching arms this infant bear,
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care:
And to his mother let him oft be led,
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed;
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,
To hail this tree, and say with weeping eyes,
Within this plant my hapless parent lies;
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,
Oh let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs; but, warn'd by me,
Believe a goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree.
My sire, my sister, and my spouse, farewell!
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,
Protect your plant, nor let my branches feel
The browzing cattle or the piercing steel.
Farewell! and since I cannot bend to join
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine.
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give.
I can no more; the creeping rind invades
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades;
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice
Without their aid to seal these dying eyes.
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be;
And all the nymph was lost within the tree;
Yet latent life through her new branches reign'd,
And long the plant a human heat retain'd.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA:

FROM THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Of all the paradoxes which the restless vigour of his mind stimulated Warburton to maintain, the following is one of the most striking and unaccountable: "There is not," he says (Divine Legation, b. iii. p. 337), "a more extraordinary book than the Metamorphoses of Ovid, whether we regard the matter or the form. The tales appear monstrously extravagant, and the composition irregular and wild. Had it been the product of a dark age and a barbarous writer, we should have been content to have ranked it in the class of our modern Oriental fables, as a matter of no consequence: but when we consider it was wrote when Rome was in its meridian of politeness and knowledge, and by an author who, as appears from his acquaintance with the Greek tragic writers, knew well what belonged to a work of composition, we cannot but be shocked at the grotesque assemblage of its parts. One would rather distrust one's judgment, and conclude the deformity to be only in appearance, which perhaps on examination we shall find to be the case; though it must be owned, the common opinion seems to be supported by Quintilian, the most judicious critic of antiquity, who speaks of our author and his work in these words: "Ut Ovidius lascivire in Metamorphosi solet, quem tamen excusare necessitas potest, res diversissimas in speciem unius corporis colligentem." And again, p. 343: "Ovid gathered his materials from the mythological writers, and formed them into a poem on the most grand and regular plan, a popular history of Providence, carried down from the creation to his own times, through the Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman histories; and this in as methodical a manner as the graces of poetry would allow."—It was reserved therefore for Dr. Warburton to discover what none of the ancients, not even the penetrating and judicious Quintilian, who lived so much nearer the time of the author, could possibly perceive, the deep meaning, and the accurate method, of the Metamorphoses of Ovid. As Boileau said of some of the forced interpretations of Dacier in his Horace, that they were the Revelations of Dacier, it will not be uncandid or unjust to say, that this remark on Ovid is one of Warburton's Revelations. It is remarkable that the great Barrow preferred Ovid to Virgil, as Corneille did Lucan.

VERTUMNUS ET POMONA.

Rege sub hoc Pomona fuit: qua nulla Latinas
Inter Hamadryadas coluit solertius hortos,
Nec fuit arborei studiosior altera fœtûs:
Unde tenet nomen. non silvas illa, nec amnes;
Rus amat, et ramos felicia poma ferentes.
Nec jaculo gravis est, sed adunca dextera falce:
Qua modo luxuriem premit, et spatiantia passim
Brachia compescit; fissa modo cortice virgam
Inserit; et succos alieno præstat alumno.
Nec patitur sentire sitim: bibulæque recurvas
Radicis fibras labentibus irrigat undis.
Hic amor, hoc studium: Veneris quoque nulla cupido.
Vim tamen agrestum metuens, pomaria claudit
Intus, et accessus prohibet refugitque viriles.
Quid non et Satyri, saltatibus apta juventus,
Fecere, et pinu præcincti cornua Panes,
Silvanusque suis semper juvenilior annis,
Quique Deus fures, vel falce, vel inguine terret,
Ut poterentur ea? sed enim superabat amando
Hos quoque Vertumnus: neque erat felicior illis.

VERTUMNUS AND POMONA.

THE fair Pomona flourish'd in his reign;
Of all the Virgins of the sylvan train,
None taught the trees a nobler race to bear,
Or more improv'd the vegetable care.
To her the shady grove, the flow'ry field,
The streams and fountains no delights could yield;
'Twas all her joy the rip'ning fruits to tend,
And see the boughs with happy burdens bend.
The hook she bore instead of Cynthia's spear,
To lop the growth of the luxuriant year,
To decent form the lawless shoots to bring,
And teach th' obedient branches where to spring.
Now the cleft rind inserted graffs receives,
And yields an offspring more than nature gives;
Now sliding streams the thirsty plants renew,
And feed their fibres with reviving dew.
These cares alone her virgin breast employ,
Averse from Venus and the nuptial joy.
Her private orchards, wall'd on ev'ry side,
To lawless sylvans all access deny'd.
How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns,
Who haunt the forests, or frequent the lawns,
The God whose ensign scares the birds of prey,
And old Silenus, youthful in decay,
Employ'd their wiles, and unavailing care,
To pass the fences, and surprise the fair?

O quoties habitu duri messoris aristas
Corbe tulit, verique fuit messoris imago!
Tempora sæpe gerens fœno religata recenti,
Desectum poterat gramen versasse videri.
Sæpe manu stimulos rigida portabat; ut illum
Jurares fessos modo disjunxisse juvencos.
Falce data frondator erat, vitisque putator.
Induerat scalas, lecturum poma putares:
Miles erat gladio, piscator arundine sumta.
Denique per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit, ut caperet spectatæ gaudia formæ.
Ille etiam picta redimitus tempora mitra,
Innitens baculo, positis ad tempora canis,
Adsimulavit anum: cultosque intravit in hortos;
Pomaque mirata est: Tantoque potentior, inquit.
Paucaque laudatæ dedit oscula; qualia nunquam
Vera dedisset anus: glebaque incurva resedit,
Suspiciens pandos autumni pondere ramos.

Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful flame,
Like these, rejected by the scornful dame.
To gain her sight a thousand forms he wears;
And first a reaper from the field appears.
Sweating he walks, while loads of golden grain
O'ercharge the shoulders of the seeming swain.
Oft o'er his back a crooked scythe is laid,
And wreaths of hay his sun-burnt temples shade:
Oft in his harden'd hand a goad he bears,
Like one who late unyok'd the sweating steers.
Sometimes his pruning-hook corrects the vines,
And the loose stragglers to their ranks confines.
Now gath'ring what the bounteous year allows,
He pulls ripe apples from the bending boughs.
A soldier now, he with his sword appears;
A fisher next, his trembling angle bears;
Each shape he varies, and each art he tries,
On her bright charms to feast his longing eyes.
A female form at last Vertumnus wears,
With all the marks of rev'rend age appears,
His temples thinly spread with silver hairs;
Propp'd on his staff, and stooping as he goes,
A painted mitre shades his furrow'd brows.
The god in this decrepit form array'd,
The gardens enter'd, and the fruit survey'd;
And "Happy you! (he thus address'd the maid)
Whose charms as far all other nymphs outshine,
As other gardens are excell'd by thine!"
Then kiss'd the fair; (kisses warmer grow
Than such as women on their sex bestow.)
Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry ground,
Beheld the trees with autumn's bounty crown'd.

Ulmus erat contra, spatiosa tumentibus uvis:
Quam socia postquam pariter cum vite probavit;
At si staret, ait, cœlebs, sine palmite truncus,
Nil præter frondes, quare peteretur, haberet.
Hæc quoque, quæ juncta vitis requiescit in ulmo,
Si non nupta foret, terræ adclinata jaceret.
Tu tamen exemplo non tangeris arboris hujus;
Concubitusque fugis; nec te conjungere curas.
Atque utinam velles! Helene non pluribus esset
Sollicitata procis: nec quæ Lapitheïa movit
Prœlia, nec conjux timidis audacis Ulyssei.
Nunc quoque, cum fugias averserisque petentes,
Mille proci cupiunt; et semideique deique,
Et quæcunque tenent Albanos numina montes.
Sed tu, si sapies, si te bene jungere, anumque
Hanc audire voles, (quæ te plus omnibus illis,
Plus quam credis, amo) vulgares rejice tædas:
Vertumnumque tori socium tibi selige; pro quo
Me quoque pignus habe. neque enim sibi notior ille est,
Quam mihi. nec toto passim vagus errat in orbe.
Hæc loca sola colit: nec, uti pars magna procorum,
Quam modo vidit, amat. tu primus et ultimus illi
Ardor eris; solique suos tibi devovet annos.
Adde, quod est juvenis: quod naturale decoris
Munus habet; formasque apte fingetur in omnes

An Elm was near, to whose embraces led,
The curling Vine her swelling clusters spread:
He view'd her twining branches with delight,
And prais'd the beauty of the pleasing sight.
  Yet this tall elm, but for his vine (he said)
Had stood neglected, and a barren shade;
And this fair vine, but that her arms surround
Her marry'd elm, had crept along the ground.
Ah! beauteous maid, let this example move
Your mind, averse from all the joys of love.
Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry heart subdue!
What nymph could e'er attract such crowds as you?
Not she whose beauty urg'd the Centaur's arms,
Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal charms.
Ev'n now, when silent Scorn is all thy gain,
A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,
A thousand sylvans, demigods, and gods,
That haunt our mountains and our Alban woods.
But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise,
Whom age and long experience render wise,
And one whose tender care is far above
All that these lovers ever felt of love,
(Far more than e'er can by yourself be guest)
Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest.
For his firm faith I dare engage my own;
Scarce to himself, himself is better known.
To distant lands Vertumnus never roves;
Like you, contented with his native groves;
Nor at first sight, like most, admires the fair;
For you he lives; and you alone shall share
His last affection, as his early care.
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,
With youth immortal, and with beauty blest.

Et, quod erit jussus (jubeas licet omnia) fiet.
Quid, quod amatis idem? quod, quæ tibi poma coluntur,
Primus habet; lætaque tenet tua munera dextra?
Sed neque jam fœtus desiderat arbore demtos,
Nec, quas hortus alit, cum succis mitibus herbas;
Nec quidquam, nisi te, miserere ardentis: et ipsum,
Qui petit, ore meo præsentem crede precari—
Sic tibi nec vernum nascentia frigus adurat
Poma; nec excutiant rapidi florentia venti.
Hæc ubi nequicquam formas Deus aptus in omnes,
Edidit; in juvenem rediit: et anilia demit
Instrumenta sibi: talisque adparuit illi,
Qualis ubi oppositas nitidissima solis imago
Evicit nubes, nullaque obstante reluxit.
Vimque parat: sed vi non est opus; inque figura
Capta Dei Nympha est, et mutua vulnera sentit.

It is not a little mortifying to read the following strange words in one of Dryden's prefaces; but we know how often he changed his critical opinions: "Though Virgil describes his Dido well and naturally, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls, than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could!" Settle never advanced so absurd an opinion!

Add, that he varies ev'ry shape with ease,
And tries all forms that may Pomona please,
But what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and pleasures are the same:
To him your orchards early fruits are due
(A pleasing off'ring when 'tis made by you),
He values these; but yet (alas) complains,
That still the best and dearest gift remains.
Not the fair fruit that on yon branches glows
With that ripe red th' autumnal sun bestows;
Nor tasteful herbs that in these gardens rise,
Which the kind soil with milky sap supplies;
You, only you, can move the God's desire:
Oh crown so constant and so pure a fire!
Let soft compassion touch your gentle mind;
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!
So may no frost, when early buds appear,
Destroy the promise of the youthful year;
Nor winds, when first your florid orchard blows,
Shake the light blossoms from their blasted boughs!
  This when the various God had urg'd in vain,
He straight assum'd his native form again;
Such, and so bright an aspect now he bears,
As when through clouds th' emerging sun appears,
And thence exerting his refulgent ray,
Dispels the darkness, and reveals the day.
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash design;
For when, appearing in a form divine,
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the grace
Of charming features, and a youthful face!
In her soft breast consenting passions move,
And the warm maid confess'd a mutual love.

IMITATIONS

OF

ENGLISH POETS.

DONE BY THE AUTHOR IN HIS YOUTH.

At the suggestion of the ingenious Dr. John Hoadly, Mr. Hawkins Brown wrote six little poems, entitled, A Pipe of Tobacco, in imitation of six late English poets, Cibber, Philips, Thomson, Young, Pope, Swift. The second was written by Dr. Hoadly himself. The two best of these imitations are that of Young and Pope, whose manner is exactly characterized. Mr. Hawkins Brown, by his admirable Latin Poem on the immortality of the Soul, shewed he had a genius far above these pleasantries. Dr. Hoadly once shewed me a new Rehearsal, being a comedy written by himself and his brother, the Author of the Suspicious Husband, to ridicule several modern tragedies. I remember they were particularly severe on the Saguntum of Frowde and the Sophonisba of Thomson.

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS.

I.

CHAUCER.

Women ben full of Ragerie,
Yet swinken nat sans secresie.
Thilke moral shall ye understond,
From schoole-boy's Tale of fayre Irelond:
Which to the Fennes hath him betake,
To filche the gray Ducke fro the Lake.
Right then, there passen by the way
His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway.
Ducke in his Trowses hath he hent,
Not to be spied of Ladies gent.
"But ho! our Nephew," crieth one,
"Ho! (quoth another) Cozen John;"
And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,—
This sely Clerk full low doth lout:
They asken that, and talken this,
"Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss."
But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote,
The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse roote:
Fore-piece and buttons all-to-brest,
Forth thrust a white neck, and red crest.

Te-he, cried Ladies; Clerke not spake:
Miss star'd; and gray Ducke crieth Quaake.
" O Moder, Moder, (quoth the daughter)
Be thilke same thing Maids longer a'ter?
Bette is to pyne on coals and chalke,
Then trust on Mon, whose yerde can talke."

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Bette is to pyne*] A gross and dull caricature of the father of English poetry, and very unworthy of our author at any age.

II.

SPENSER.

He that was unacquainted with Spenser, and was to form his ideas of the turn and manner of his genius from this piece, would undoubtedly suppose that he abounded in filthy images, and excelled in describing the lower scenes of life. But the characteristics of this sweet and allegorical poet are not only strong and circumstantial imagery, but tender and pathetic feeling, a most melodious flow of versification, and a certain pleasing melancholy in his sentiments, the constant companion of an elegant taste, that casts a delicacy and grace over all his compositions. To imitate Spenser on a subject that does not partake of the pathos, is not giving a true representation of him; for he seems to be more awake and alive to all the softnesses of nature than almost any writer I can recollect. There is an assemblage of disgusting and disagreeable sounds in the following stanza of Pope, which one is almost tempted to think, if it were possible, had been contrived as a contrast, or rather as a burlesque, of a most exquisite stanza in the Fairy Queen:

"The snappish cur (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;
The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, in the deep base are drown'd."

The very turn of these numbers bears the closest resemblance with the following, which are of themselves a complete concert of the most delicious music:

"The joyous birds shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th' angelical, soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondance meet;

The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the water's fall;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud unto the wind did call,
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

Book ii. cant. 12. s. 71.

These images, one would have thought, were peculiarly calculated to have struck the fancy of our young imitator with so much admiration, as not to have suffered him to make a kind of travesty of them.

The next stanza of Pope represents some allegorical figures, of which his original was so fond:

" Hard by a sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice;
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With Envy (spitting Cat), dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters."

But these personages of Obloquy, Slander, Envy, and Malice, are not marked with any distinct attributes; they are not those living figures, whose attitudes and behaviour Spenser has minutely drawn with so much clearness and truth, that we behold them with our eyes as plainly as we do on the ceiling of the banquetting-house. For, in truth, the pencil of Spenser is as powerful as that of Rubens, his brother allegorist; which two artists resembled each other in many respects; but Spenser had more grace, and was as warm a colourist.

II.

SPENSER.

THE ALLEY.

I.

In ev'ry Town, where Thamis rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low;
Where ever and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro.
There oft are heard the notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squall:
How can ye, Mothers, vex your children so!
Some play, some eat, some cack against the wall,
And as they crouchen low, for bread and butter call.

II.

And on the broken pavement, here and there,
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy and tobacco shop is near,
And hens, and dogs, and hogs, are feeding by;
And here a sailor's jacket hangs to dry.
At ev'ry door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry;
Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between;
Scolds answer foul-mouth'd scolds; bad neighbourhood I ween.

III.

The snappish cur, (the passengers annoy)
Close at my heel with yelping treble flies;

The whimp'ring girl, and hoarser-screaming boy,
Join to the yelping treble shrilling cries;
The scolding Quean to louder notes doth rise,
And her full pipes those shrilling cries confound;
To her full pipes the grunting hog replies;
The grunting hogs alarm the neighbours round,
And curs, girls, boys, and scolds, in the deep base
are drown'd.

IV.

Hard by a Sty, beneath a roof of thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early days
Baskets of fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, whiting, oyster, mackrel, sprat, or plaice:
There learn'd she speech from tongues that never cease.
Slander beside her, like a Magpie, chatters,
With envy, (spitting Cat) dread foe to peace;
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry wight, tears clothes and all to tatters.

V.

Her dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's hand,
Her mouth was black as bull-dogs at the stall:
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne lace ne band,
And bitch and rogue her answer was to all;
Nay, e'en the parts of shame by name would call:
Yea, when she passes by or lane or nook,
Would greet the man who turn'd him to the wall,
And by his hand obscene the porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look.

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *Baskets of fish*] How different from those enchanting imitations of Spenser, The Castle of Indolence and the Minstrel!

VI.

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twick'nam such, which fairer scenes enrich,
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch,
Ne village is without, on either side,
All up the silver Thames, or all adown;
Ne Richmond's self, from whose tall front are ey'd
Vales, spires, meand'ring streams, and Windsor's
tow'ry pride.

III.

WALLER.

Pope has imitated Waller with elegance, especially in the verses on a Fan of his own design; for he designed with dexterity and taste.

The application of the story of Cephalus and Procris is as ingenious as Waller's Phœbus and Daphne. Waller abounds, perhaps to excess, in allusions to mythology and the ancient classics. The French, as may be imagined, complain that he is too learned for the ladies. The following twelve lines contain three allusions, delicate indeed; but some may deem them to be too far-fetched, too much crowded, and not obvious to the lady to whom they were addressed, on her singing a song of his composing:

> "Chloris, yourself you so excel,
> When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
> That like a spirit with this spell
> Of my own teaching I am caught.
> That eagle's fate and mine are one,
> Which on the shaft that made him die,
> Espy'd a feather of his own
> Wherewith he wont to soar so high.
> Had Echo with so sweet a grace
> Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
> Not for reflection of his face,
> But of his voice, the boy had burn'd."

Here is matter enough compressed together for Voiture to have spun out into fifty lines. If I was to name my favourite among Waller's smaller pieces, it should be his Apology for having loved before. He begins by saying, "That they who never had been used to the surprising juice of the grape, render up their reason to the first delicious cup." This is sufficiently gal-

lant; but what he adds has much of the sublime, and is like a thought of Milton's:

" To man that was i' th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring in the gloomy shade
Those little drops of light.
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rds the East did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes.
But when the bright Sun did appear,
All those be 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise."

Which of the French writers has produced any thing at once so gallant and so lofty?

The English versification was much smoothed by Waller; who used to own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from Fairfax's Tasso, who well-vowelled his lines, though Sandys was a melodious versifier, and Spenser has perhaps more variety of music than either of them. A poet who addresses his pieces to living characters, and confines himself to the subjects and anecdotes of his own times, like this courtly author, bids fairer to become popular, than he that is employed in higher scenes of poetry and fiction, which are more remote from common manners. It may be remarked lastly of Waller, that there is no passion in his love-verses; and that one elegy of Tibullus, so well imitated by Hammond, and so unjustly censured by Johnson, excels a volume of the most refined panegyric. It is remarkable that Waller never mentions Milton, whose Comus, and smaller poems, preceded his own; but were unsuitable to the French taste, on which Waller was formed.

III.

WALLER.

ON A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE.

FAIR Charmer, cease, nor make your voice's prize
A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes:
Well might, alas! that threat'ned vessel fail,
Which winds and lightning both at once assail.
We were too blest with these enchanting lays,
Which must be heav'nly when an Angel plays:
But killing charms your lover's death contrive,
Lest heav'nly music should be heard alive.
Orpheus could charm the trees: but thus a tree,
Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he:
A poet made the silent wood pursue,
This vocal wood had drawn the Poet too.

On a FAN *of the Author's design, in which was painted the story of* CEPHALUS *and* PROCRIS, *with the Motto,* AURA VENI.

COME, gentle Air! th' Æolian shepherd said,
While Procris panted in the secret shade;
Come, gentle Air! the fairer Delia cries,
While at her feet her swain expiring lies.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play!
In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall by those they love.
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives,
At Random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes,
And pities Procris, while her lover dies.

IN the following love-verses is a strain of sensibility which the reader will be pleased, I suppose, to see, being now first published from a manuscript of Mr. Gray:

"With beauty, with pleasure, surrounded, to languish,
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish;
To start from short slumbers, and wish for the morning,
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected,
Words that steal from my tongue by no meaning connected;
Ah say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befel me?
They smile, but reply not; sure Delia will tell me."

IV.

COWLEY.

In the imitation of Cowley, in two pieces, on a Garden, and on Weeping, Pope has properly enough, in conformity to his original, extorted some moral, or darted forth some witticism on every object he mentions. It is not enough to say, that the laurels sheltered the fountain from the heat of the day; but this idea must be accompanied with a conceit:

> "—— Daphne, now a tree, as once a maid,
> Still from Apollo vindicates her shade."

The flowers that grow on the water-side could not be sufficiently described without saying, that

> "The pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
> Transformed, gazes on himself again."

In the lines on a Lady Weeping, you might expect a touching picture of beauty in distress; you will be disappointed. Wit, on the present occasion, is to be preferred to tenderness; the babe in her eye is said to resemble Phaeton so much,

> "That heav'n the threat'ned world to spare,
> Thought fit to drown him in her tears;
> Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire
> To set, like him, the world on fire."

Let not this strained affectation of striving to be witty upon all occasions be thought exaggerated, or a caricature of Cowley. It is painful to censure a writer of so amiable a mind, such integrity of manners, and such a sweetness of temper. His fancy was brilliant, strong, and sprightly; but his taste false and u n classical, even though he had much learning. In his Latin compositions, his six books on plants, where the subject might have led him to a contrary practise, he imitates Martial rather than Virgil, and has given us more epigrams than descriptions. I do not remember to have seen it enough observed, that Cowley had a most happy talent of imitating the easy manner of Horace's

epistolary writings; I must therefore insert a specimen of this his excellence:

"Ergo iterum versus? dices. O Vane! quid ergo
Morbum ejurasti toties, tibi qui insidet altis,
Non evellendus, vi vel ratione, medullis?
Numne poetarum (merito dices) ut amantum,
Derisum ridere deum perjuria censes?
Parcius hæc, sodes, neve inclementibus urge
Infelicem hominem dictis; nam fata trahunt me
Magna reluctantem, et nequicquam in vincla minacem.
Helleborum sumpsi, fateor, pulcreque videbar
Purgatus morbi; sed Luna potentior herbis
Insanire iterum jubet, et sibi vendicat ægrum."

There is another epistle also, well worthy perusal, to his friend, Mat. Clifford, at the end of the same volume. Pope, in one of his imitations of Horace, has exhibited the real character of Cowley with delicacy and candour:

"Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his epic, nay Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart."

His prose works give us the most amiable idea both of his abilities and his heart. His Pindaric odes cannot be perused with common patience by a lover of antiquity. He that would see Pindar's manner truly imitated, may read Masters's noble and pathetic Ode on the Crucifixion; and he that wants to be convinced that these reflections on Cowley are not too severe, may read also his epigrammatic version of it:

"Ἦ οὐχ ὁράας ὁλοπόρφυρον
Στίλβοντ' οὐ φλογὶ
Σιδονίης ἁλὸς, ἁλ-
λ' αἵματι σταζομένῳ———

"Dost thou not see thy prince in purple clad all o'er,
Not purple brought from the Sidonian shore;
But made at home with richer gore?"

"Ἄνοιγ' ἄνοιγε
Πύλας ὀπωπῶν·
Καὶ πηγὰς βλεφάρων
Δῦσαι, ψέκαζε, δεῦε γαῖαν."

"Open, oh! open wide the fountains of thine eyes,
And let them call
Their stock of moisture forth where e'er it lies,
For this will ask it all.
'Twould all, alas! too little be,
Though thy salt tears came from a sea."

Cowley being early disgusted with the perplexities and vanities of a court life, had a strong desire to enjoy the milder pleasures of solitude and retirement; he therefore escaped from the tumults of London to a little house at Wandsworth; but finding that place too near the metropolis, he left it for Richmond, and at last settled at Chertsey. He seems to have thought that the swains of Surrey had the innocence of those of Sydney's Arcadia; but the perverseness and debauchery of his own workmen soon undeceived him, with whom, it is said, he was sometimes so provoked, as even to be betrayed into an oath. His income was about three hundred pounds a year. Towards the latter part of his life he shewed an aversion to the company of women, and would often leave the room if any happened to enter it whilst he was present, but still retained a sincere affection for Leonora. His death was occasioned by a singular accident; he paid a visit on foot with his friend Sprat to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Chertsey, which they prolonged, and feasted too much, till midnight. On their return home they mistook their way, and were obliged to pass the whole night exposed under a hedge, where Cowley caught a severe cold, attended with a fever, that terminated in his death. All these particulars were communicated to me by Mr. Spence from his Anecdotes, who assured me he received them from Mr. Pope's own mouth.

IV.

COWLEY.

THE GARDEN.

FAIN would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing,
And humble glories of the youthful Spring;
Where op'ning Roses breathing sweets diffuse,
And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews;
Where Lilies smile in virgin robes of white,
The thin Undress of superficial Light,
And vary'd Tulips shew so dazzling gay,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
Each painted flow'ret in the lake below
Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow;
And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain
Transformed, gazes on himself again.
Here aged trees Cathedral Walks compose,
And mount the Hill in venerable rows:
There the green Infants in their beds are laid,
The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade.
Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine,
And vernal honours to their autumn join;
Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store,
Yet in the rising blossom promise more.
There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play;
By Laurels shielded from the piercing day:
Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid,
Still from Apollo vindicates her shade,

Still turns her beauties from the invading beam,
Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream.
The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves,
At once a shelter from her boughs receives,
Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays,
And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays.

WEEPING.

WHILE Celia's Tears make sorrow bright,
  Proud Grief sits swelling in her eyes;
The Sun, next those the fairest light,
  Thus from the Ocean first did rise:
And thus through Mists we see the sun,
Which else we durst not gaze upon.

These silver drops, like morning dew,
  Foretell the fervour of the day:
So from one Cloud soft show'rs we view,
  And blasting lightnings burst away.
The Stars that fall from Celia's eye,
Declare our Doom in drawing nigh.

The Baby in that sunny Sphere
  So like a Phaëton appears,
That Heav'n, the threaten'd World to spare,
  Thought fit to drown him in her tears:
Else might th' ambitious Nymph aspire,
To set, like him, Heav'n too on fire.

EXACTLY in the taste of Lopes de Vega, who, speaking of a shepherdess weeping near the sea-side, says, "The ocean advances to collect her tears, and enclosing them in shells, converts them into pearls."

V.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

The verses on Silence are a sensible imitation of the Earl of Rochester's on Nothing; which piece, together with his Satire on Man from the fourth of Boileau, and the tenth Satire of Horace (which in truth is excellent), are the only pieces of this profligate nobleman which modesty or common sense will allow any man to read. Rochester had much energy in his thoughts and diction; and though the ancient Satirists often use great liberty in their expressions, yet, as the ingenious historian* observes, "Their freedom no more resembles the licence of Rochester, than the nakedness of an Indian does that of a common prostitute."

Pope, in this imitation, has discovered a fund of solid sense, and just observation upon vice and folly, that are very remarkable in a person so extremely young as he was at the time of composing it. I believe, on a fair comparison with Rochester's lines, it will be found, that although the turn of the Satire be copied, yet it is excelled. That Rochester should write a Satire on Man I am not surprised; it is the business of the libertine to degrade his species, and debase the dignity of human nature, and thereby destroy the most efficacious incitements to lovely and laudable actions. But that a writer of Boileau's purity of manners should represent his kind in the dark and disagreeable colours he has done, with all the malignity of a discontented Hobbist, is a lamentable perversion of fine talents, and is a real injury to society. It is a fact worthy the attention of those who study the history of learning, that the gross licentiousness and applauded debauchery of Charles the Second's court proved almost as pernicious to the progress of polite literature and the fine arts, that began to revive after the Grand Rebellion, as the gloomy superstition, the absurd cant, and formal hypocrisy, that disgraced this nation, during the usurpation of Cromwell.

* Hume's History of Great Britain, vol. ii. p. 434.

V.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

ON SILENCE.

I.

SILENCE! coeval with Eternity;
Thou wert, ere Nature's self began to be,
'Twas one vast Nothing, all, and all slept fast in thee.

II.

Thine was the sway, ere heav'n was form'd, or earth,
Ere fruitful Thought conceiv'd creation's birth,
Or midwife Word gave aid, and spoke the infant forth.

III.

Then various elements, against thee join'd,
In one more various animal combin'd,
And fram'd the clam'rous race of busy Human-kind.

IV.

The tongue mov'd gently first, and speech was low,
Till wrangling Science taught it noise and show,
And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive foe.

V.

But rebel Wit deserts thee oft' in vain;
Lost in the maze of words he turns again,
And seeks a surer state, and courts thy gentle reign.

VI.

Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free,
Oppress'd with argumental tyranny,
And routed Reason finds a safe retreat in thee.

VII.

With thee in private modest Dulness lies,
And in thy bosom lurks in Thought's disguise;
Thou varnisher of Fools, and cheat of all the Wise!

VIII.

Yet thy indulgence is by both confest;
Folly by thee lies sleeping in the breast,
And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for rest.

IX.

Silence the knave's repute, the whore's good name,
The only honour of the wishing dame;
The very want of tongue makes thee a kind of Fame.

X.

But could'st thou seize some tongues that now are free,
How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee?
At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome wouldst thou be!

XI.

Yet speech ev'n there, submissively withdraws,
From rights of subjects, and the poor man's cause:
Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisy Laws.

XII.

Past services of friends, good deeds of foes,
What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes,
Fly the forgetful world, and in thy arms repose.

XIII.

The country wit, religion of the town,
The courtier's learning, policy o' th' gown,
Are best by thee express'd; and shine in thee alone.

XIV.

The parson's cant, the lawyer's sophistry,
Lord's quibble, critic's jest; all end in thee,
All rest in peace at last, and sleep eternally.

VI.

EARL OF DORSET.

"If one turns to the authors of the last age for the character of this Lord, one meets with nothing but encomiums on his wit and good-nature. He was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester; without the royal want of feeling, the Duke's want of principles, or the Earl's want of thought. The latter said with astonishment, "That he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame!" It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made every body excuse whom every body loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

"The best-good man, with the worst natured-muse."

"This line is not more familiar than Lord Dorset's own poems to all who have a taste for the genteelest beauties of natural and easy verse, or than his Lordship's own bon-mots, of which I cannot help repeating one of singular humour: Lord Craven was a proverb for officious whispers to men in power. On Lord Dorset's promotion, King Charles having seen Lord Craven pay his usual tribute to him, asked the former what the latter had been saying? The Earl replied gravely, "Sir, my Lord Craven did me the honour to whisper, but I did not think it good manners to listen." When he was dying, Congreve, who had been to visit him, being asked how he had left him, replied, "Faith, he slabbers more wit than other people have in their best health."

"His Lordship and Waller are said to have assisted Mrs. Catherine Philips in her translation of Corneille's Pompey."

Royal and Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 95.

VI.

EARL OF DORSET.

ARTEMISIA.

Tho' Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
  Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
Yet in some things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
  And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
Such nastiness, and so much pride,
  Are oddly join'd by fate:
On her large squab you find her spread,
Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
  That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
On any part except her face;
  All white and black beside:
Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
  And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white
A prating thing, a Magpie hight,
  Majestically stalk;
A stately, worthless animal,
That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
  All flutter, pride, and talk.

LET the curious reader compare Fenton's Imitation of Dorset's manner with this of Pope:

I.

"Olivia's lewd, but looks devout,
And Scripture-proofs she throws about,
  When first you try to win her;
But pull your fob of guineas out
Fee Jenny first, and never doubt
  To find the saint a sinner.

II.

Baxter by day is her delight
No chocolate must come in sight
  Before two morning chapters;
But lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night
  To raise her holy raptures.

III.

Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay,
At large his fiery tail display,
  Encourag'd by the dark;
And yet the sullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
  And hid the native spark."

PHRYNE.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind,
Open she was, and unconfin'd,
  Like some free port of trade:
Merchants unloaded here their freight,
And Agents from each foreign state,
    Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good-breeding such,
Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,
    Spaniards or French came to her:
To all obliging she'd appear:
'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yaw Mynheer*,
    'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur.*

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
Still changing names, religions, climes,
    At length she turns a bride:
In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
She shines the first of batter'd jades,
    And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those Insects fair
(Which curious Germans hold so rare)
    Still vary shapes and dies;
Still gain new titles with new forms;
First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
    Then painted butterflies.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

THE point of the likeness in this imitation consists in describing the objects as they really exist in life, like Hogarth's paintings, without heightening or enlarging them, by any imaginary circumstances. In this way of writing Swift excelled; witness his Description of a Morning in the City, of a City Shower, of the House of Baucis and Philemon, and the Verses on his own Death. In this also consists the chief beauty of Gay's Trivia; a subject Swift desired him to write upon, and for which he furnished him with many hints. The character of Swift has been scrutinized in so many late writings, particularly by Hawksworth and Sheridan, that it is superfluous to enter upon it. Voltaire affirms, "that the famous Tale of a Tub is an imitation of the old story of the three invisible rings, which a father bequeathed to his three children. These three rings were, the Jewish, Christian, and Mahometan, religions. It is moreover an imitation of the history of Mero and Enegu, by Fontenelle. Mero was the anagram of Rome, and Enegu of Geneva. These two sisters claimed the succession to the throne of their fathers. Mero reigned first. Fontenelle represents her as a sorceress, who could convey away bread, and perform acts of conjuration with dead bodies. This is precisely the Lord Peter of Swift, who presents a piece of bread to his two brothers, and says to them, 'This, my good friends, is excellent Burgundy; these partridges have an admirable flavour!' The same Lord Peter, in Swift, performs throughout the very part that Mero plays in Fontenelle. Thus all is imitation. The idea of the Persian Letters is taken from the Turkish Spy. Boiardo has imitated Pulci, Ariosto has imitated Boiardo. The geniuses, apparently most original, borrow from each other.

VII.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tithe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in:
The Polyglott—three parts,—my text:
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my next:
Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will;
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

"SWIFT," says Hume, "has more humour than knowledge, more taste than judgment, and more spleen, prejudice, and passion, than any of those qualities." Discourse v.

At the hazard of an imputation of partiality to the author, I venture to say, that I prefer a poem, called The Progress of Discontent, to any imitation of Swift, that ever has yet appeared. I shall just add, that the Baucis and Philemon of La Fontaine far excels that of Swift.

MISCELLANIES.

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD, AND EARL OF MORTIMER.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!

NOTES.

Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford,] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's imprisonment in the Tower, and retreat into the country, in the Year 1721. P.

Ver. 1. *Such were the notes*] The notes were charming indeed! We have few pieces of Poetry superior to Parnelle's Rise of Woman; the Fairy Tale; the Hymn to Contentment; Health, an Eclogue; the Vigil of Venus; the Night-piece on Death; the Allegory on Man; and the Hermit; of which Johnson speaks too contemptuously. The best account of the original of this last exquisite poem is given in the third volume of the History of English Poetry, p. 31; from whence it appears that it was taken from the eightieth chapter of that curious repository of ancient tales, the Gesta Romanorum. The story is related in the fourth volume of Howel's Letters, who says he found it in Sir Philip Herbert's Conceptions; but this fine Apologue was much better related in the Divine Dialogues of Dr. Henry More, Dial. ii. part 1; and Parnelle seems to have copied it chiefly from this Platonic Theologist, who had not less imagination than learning. Pope used to say, that it was originally written in Spanish: from the early connexion between the Spaniards and Arabians, it may be suspected that it was an Oriental tale. Voltaire has inserted it in his Zadig, without mentioning a syllable of the place whence he borrowed it.

Blest in each science, blest in ev'ry strain!
Dear to the Muse! to HARLEY dear—in vain!
For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend;
For SWIFT and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober follies of the wise and great;
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.
Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear),
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days,
Still hear thy Parnelle in his living lays,
Who, careless now of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was great;
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy fall.
And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:

NOTES.

Ver. 21. *And sure, if aught*] Strength of mind appears to have been the predominant characteristic of Lord Oxford; of which he gave the most striking proofs when he was stabbed, displaced, imprisoned. These noble and nervous lines allude to these circumstances: of his fortitude and firmness another striking proof remains, in a letter which the Earl wrote from the Tower to a friend, who advised him to meditate an escape, and which is worthy of the greatest hero of antiquity. This extraordinary letter I had the pleasure of reading, by the favour of the Earl's excellent granddaughter, the late Dutchess Dowager of Portland, who inherited that love of literature and science, so peculiar to her ancestors and family.

I am well informed that Bolingbroke was greatly mortified at Pope's bestowing these praises on his old antagonist, whom he mortally hated; yet I have seen two original letters in the hands of the same Dutchess of Portland, of Lord Bolingbroke to Lord

A soul supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of Pow'r, the blast of public breath,
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.
In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Rejudge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain:
She waits, or to the scaffold, or the cell,
When the last ling'ring friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy Ev'ning-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise),
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
Through fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

NOTES.

Oxford, full of the most fulsome flattery of the man whom he affected to despise, and of very idle and profane applications of Scripture.

The visions of Parnelle, at the end of his Poems, published in the Guardian, are in a rugged inharmonious style; as indeed is the Life of Zoilus, printed 1717; and also the Essay on the Life of Homer, prefixed to our Author's translation: and his Essay on the Different Styles in Poetry is rather a mean performance.

EPISTLE

TO

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

A SOUL as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide,
Which nor to Guilt nor Fear its caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows.
A face untaught to feign; a judging Eye,
That darts severe upon a rising Lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless Flattery.
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways,
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me;
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue:
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

NOTES.

Secretary of State] In the year 1720. P.

I SHALL add a dialogue by Mr. Pope, in verse, that is genuine:

POPE.

" Since my old friend is grown so great,
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told, but 'tis not true I hope,
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope."

CRAGGS.

" Alas! if I am such a creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater;
Why, faith, in spite of all my brags,
'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs."

EPISTLE

TO

MR. JERVAS,

WITH MR. DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass,
And from the canvas call the mimic face;
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:

NOTES.

Epistle to Mr. Jervas] This Epistle and the two following were written some years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717. P.

Jervas owed much more of his reputation to this Epistle than to his skill as a painter. "He was defective," says Mr. Walpole, "in drawing, colouring, and composition; his pictures are a light, flimsy, kind of fan-painting, as large as the life; his vanity was excessive." The reason why Lady Bridgewater's name is so frequently repeated in this Epistle, is, because Jervas affected to be violently in love with her. As she was sitting to him one day, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture; but added, "I cannot help telling your Ladyship you have not a handsome ear." "No!—Pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and shewed his own!

And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame,
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.
  Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite,
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art!
How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!
  What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.
With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:

NOTES.

Ver. 13. *Sister-Arts*] To the poets that practised and understood painting, the names of Dante, of Flatman, of Butler, of Dyer, may be added to that of our author; a portrait of whose painting is in possession of Lord Mansfield: a head of Betterton.

Ver. 27. *on Raphael's monument*] Let me here add Sir Joshua Reynolds's fine characters of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

"If we put those great artists in a light of comparison with each other, Raffaelle had more taste and fancy, Michael Angelo had more genius and imagination; the one excelled in beauty, the other in energy. Michael Angelo has more of the poetical inspiration, his ideas are vast and sublime, his people are a superior order of beings; there is nothing about them, nothing in the air of their actions, or their attitudes, or the style and cast

With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade: 30

NOTES.

of their very limbs or features, that puts one in mind of their belonging to our own species. Raffaelle's imagination is not so elevated; his figures are not so much disjoined from our own diminutive race of beings, though his ideas are chaste, noble, and of great conformity to their subjects. Michael Angelo's works have a strong, peculiar, and marked character; they seem to proceed from his own mind entirely, and that mind so rich and abundant, that he never needed, or seemed to disdain, to look abroad for foreign help. Raffaelle's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and majesty, of his characters, his judicious contrivance of his composition, correctness of drawing, purity of taste, and the skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment, with which he united to his own observations on nature the energy of Michael Angelo, and the beauty and simplicity of the antique. To the question therefore, which ought to hold the first rank, Raffaelle or Michael Angelo, it must be answered, that if it is given to him who possessed a greater combination of the higher qualities of the art than any other man, there is no doubt but Raffaelle is the first. But if, according to Longinus, the sublime, being the highest excellence that human composition can attain to, abundantly compensates the absence of every other beauty, and atones for all other deficiencies, then Michael Angelo demands the preference.

"These two extraordinary men carried some of the higher excellences of the art to a higher degree of perfection than probably they ever arrived at before. They certainly have not been excelled nor equalled since. Many of their successors were induced to leave this great road as a beaten path, endeavouring to surprise and please by something uncommon or new. When this desire after novelty has proceeded from mere idleness or caprice, it is not worth the trouble of criticism; but when it has been in consequence of a busy mind, of a peculiar complexion, it is always striking and interesting, never insipid.

"Such is the great style as it appears in those who possessed

While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew,
Here thy well-study'd marbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh;
Each heav'nly piece unwearied we compare,
Match Raphæl's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears!
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the work of years!

NOTES.

it at its height; in this, search after novelty, in conception or in treating the subject, has no place."

Ver. 30. *Or seek*] This last line is inferior to the three preceding ones: because it passes from particular images to something general.

Ver. 33. *Well-study'd marbles*] Jervas was sent to Italy at the expense of Dr. Clarke, Member of Parliament for the University of Oxford, of All-Souls College.

Ver. 37. *Carracci's*] "Give me a good outline, and bricks in the middle," said Annibal Carracci. Agostino has left an elegant sonnet on painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds told me he did not think these artists exactly characterized by Pope.

Ver. 39. *How finish'd*] Mr. Mason has translated Fresnoy with elegance and fidelity; and Sir Joshua Reynolds added to the translation, learned, useful, scientifical, and ingenious notes.

"Guido," says Sir Joshua Reynolds (Discourses, p. 155), "from want of choice in adapting his subject to his ideas and powers, or in attempting to preserve beauty where it could not be preserved, has in this one point succeeded very ill. His figures are often engaged in subjects that required great expression; yet his Judith and Holofernes, the daughter of Herodias, with the Baptist's Head; the Andromeda, and even the Mothers of the Innocents, have little more expression than his Venus attired by the Graces."

And Mr. Webb observes, with his usual taste and penetration,

Yet still how faint by precept is exprest
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow:
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead:
Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire:
Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
Then view this Marble, and be vain no more!

NOTES.

"that Guido's Angel treads on Satan with all the preciseness and affected air of a modern dancing-master."

Few writers have succeeded in speaking of the fine arts. M. Falconet condemns what Tully has said on this subject in many of his epistles. Sir Joshua Reynolds told me more than once he did not approve of the thirty-ninth book of Pliny's Natural History. He thought that Quintilian, in the tenth chapter of his twelfth book, had spoken with more taste and precision than any other ancient author on painting. There are three dialogues of Fenelon on this subject exquisitely written.

Ver. 40. *the work of years!*] Fresnoy employed above twenty years in finishing his poem. P.

Ver. 43. *Strike in the sketch,*] Gray, in his verses to Mr. Bentley, has beautifully expressed and described the person and design:

"See, in their course, each transitory thought,
Fix'd by his touch a lasting essence take:
Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought,
To local symmetry and life awake."

Works, 4to.

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage;
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
Beauty, frail flow'r, that ev'ry season fears,
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes;
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.
Oh lasting as those Colours may they shine,
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
New graces yearly like thy works display,
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
And finish'd more through happiness than pains.
The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre.
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face;
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *Worsley's eyes;*] This was Frances Lady Worsley, Wife of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. of Appuldercombe, in the Isle of Wight; Mother of Lady Cartaret, Wife of John Lord Carteret, afterward Earl Granville. There is an excellent letter of this Lady to Dr. Swift in his Letters, p. 77.

Ver. 70. *One dip the pencil,*] The great Michael Angelo Buanoriti did both. See his Poems, printed at Florence, in 4to. 1623; some of which are very elegant, and nearly equal to Petrarch.

Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

NOTES.

Ver. 78. *a Name.*] Pope used to say, that Jervas translated Don Quixote without understanding Spanish. Warburton added a supplement to the preface of this translation, concerning the origin and nature of romances of chivalry; which supplement Pope extols in his letters; but the opinions in it are thoroughly and entirely confuted by Mr. Tyrrwhit, in vol. ii. of Supplemental Observations on Shakspeare, p. 373.

EPISTLE

TO

MRS. BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

In these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry line;
His easy heart may happy Nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flatt'ry pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share,
His time, the Muse, the witty, and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the Trifle, Life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest,
Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *In these gay*] The works of Voiture, after having been idolized in France, are now justly sunk into neglect and oblivion.

The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:
The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
  Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious Comedy;
In ev'ry scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent gay Farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
  Too much your sex is by their forms confin'd
Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *The Smiles*] Alluding to an elegant epitaph on Voiture:

" Etruscæ Veneres, Camœnæ Iberæ,
Hermes Gallicus, et Latina Siren;
Risus, Deliæ et Dicacitates,
Lusus, Ingenium, Joci, Lepores:
Et quidquid unquam fuit elegantiarum,
Quo Vecturius, hoc jacent sepulcro."

Many curious particulars of his life may be found in the entertaining Miscellanies of Vigneul Marville, vol. ii. p. 409.

Corneille was invited to read his Polyeucte at the Hotel de Rambouillet, where the wits of that time assembled, and where Voiture presided. It was coldly received; and Voiture was sent to tell Corneille in gentle terms, that it was the opinion of his friends that Polyeucte would not succeed. Such judges were the most fashionable wits of France!

By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame:
Made Slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chase,
But sets up one a greater in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
Ah quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
Nor let false Shows, nor empty Titles please:
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.
The Gods, to curse Pamela with her pray'rs,
Gave the gilt Coach, and dappled Flanders Mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And to complete her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!
Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her heart.
But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;

As flow'ry bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name:
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *Thus Voiture's*] Mademoiselle Paulet. P.

Ver. 76. *And finds a fairer*] Our author's attachment to this lady ended but with his life. Her affectation and ill-temper gave him, however, many hours of uneasiness and disquiet. When she visited him in his very last illness, and her company seemed to give him fresh spirits, the antiquated prude could not be prevailed on to stay and pass the night at Twickenham, because of her reputation. She occasioned an unhappy breach betwixt him and his old friend Allen, because he would not lend his coach to carry her to a mass-house at Bath during his mayoralty.

The characteristical difference betwixt Voiture and Balsac is well expressed by Boileau, in two letters written under their names, from the Elysian Fields to the Duc de Vivonne, in p. 155 of vol. iii. of his works. And Boileau, speaking often of absurd readers and critics, loved to relate, that one of his relations, to whom he had presented his works, said to him, "Pray, Cousin, how came you to insert any other person's writings among your own? I find in your works two letters, one from Balsac, and the other from Voiture." Descartes, who, as well as Leibnitz, was an elegant scholar, wrote a judicious censure of Balsac, in admirable Latin. Balsac was, however, superior to Voiture. But he was affectedly turgid, pompous, and bloated, on all subjects and

The brightest eyes of France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes of Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

NOTES.

on all occasions alike. Yet was he the first that gave form and harmony to the French prose, which was still improved by the provincial letters of Pascal.

Ver. 80. *beside*] This last word is a blemish to the piece, otherwise so correct.

EPISTLE

TO THE SAME,

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE CORONATION.

As some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever,
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.
She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-works, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon:

NOTES.

Coronation] Of King George the First, 1715. P.

Ver. 1. *As some fond Virgin,*] There is so much likeness (to use Johnson's words on another poem) in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As one lady lamented the going out of London, so did another.

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
  Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack:
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable;
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table:
Whose laughs are hearty tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
  In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on ev'ry green;
Before you pass th' imaginary sights
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
  So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *Squire,*] No country Squire has ever been painted with such true and natural features and colours as Addison's Tory Foxhunter, in the Freeholder, except perhaps Western, in that capital picture of life, the History of Tom Jones.

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now.

NOTES.

Ver. 46. *of soft Parthenia rise,*] It does not seem perfectly gallant to introduce the name of another lady.

THE BASSET-TABLE.

AN ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE *Basset-Table* spread, the *Tallier* come;
Why stays SMILINDA in the Dressing-Room?
Rise, pensive Nymph, the Tallier waits for you:

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The Basset-Table spread,*] There were six Town Eclogues; two written by Mr. Pope, and the rest by Lady Wortley Montague, whose fine genius and abilities are well known; and from whose hand I am glad to present the reader with the following Sonnet, preserved by Algarotti, in the seventh volume of his works:

" Thou Silver Deity of secret night,
Direct my footsteps through the Woodland shade;
Thou conscious witness of unknown delight,
The Lover's Guardian, and the Muse's aid.
By thy pale beams I solitary rove,
To thee my tender grief confide;
Serenely sweet you gild the silent grove,
My friend, my goddess, and my guide.
Ev'n thee, fair Queen, from thy amazing height
The charms of young Endymion drew.
Veil'd in the mantle of concealing night,
With all thy greatness, and thy coldness too!"

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my SHARPER is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd *Alpeu*.
I saw him stand behind OMBRELIA's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the list'ning Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your Romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross't;
One, one bad *Deal*, Three *Septlevas* have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad *Deal* were gone;
Were lovely SHARPER mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

A Lover lost is but a common care:
And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
The KNAVE OF CLUBS thrice lost! Oh! who could guess
This fatal Stroke, this unforeseen Distress?

SMILINDA.

See BETTY LOVET! very *à propos*,
She all the cares of *Love* and *Play* does know:
Dear BETTY shall th' important point decide;
BETTY who oft the pain of each has try'd;
Impartial, she shall say who suffers most,
By *Cards' Ill Usage*, or by *Lovers lost*.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
Tho' Time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this *Equipage*, by *Mathers* wrought,
With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought.
See on the tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
And both the struggling figures seem alive.
Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-Case.
Jove, Jove himself, does on the Scissors shine;
The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This *Snuff-Box*,—once the pledge of SHARPER's love,
When rival beauties for the Present strove;
At *Corticelli*'s he the Ruffle won;
Then first his Passion was in public shewn:
HAZARDIA blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.
This *Snuff-Box*—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine:
This *Snuff-Box* will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear,
Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
And Oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the *fatal Card*.

In complaisance, I took the *Queen* he gave ;
Tho' my own secret wish was for the *Knave*.
The *Knave* won *Sonica*, which I had chose ;
And the next *Pull*, my *Septleva* I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart ;
This curs'd OMBRELIA, this undoing Fair,
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear ;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town ;
Her shape unfashioned, and her Face unknown :
She was my friend ; I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enliv'ning red :
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays ;
And by my int'rest, *Cozens* made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimick airs grown pert,
She dares to steal my Fav'rite Lover's heart.

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was, how often have I swore,
When WINNALL *tally'd*, I would *punt* no more?
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run ;
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have SHARPER's vows deceiv'd?
How many curs'd the moment they believ'd?
Yet his known falsehoods could no warning prove:
Ah! what is warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd,
To gaze on *Basset*, and remain unwarm'd?
When *Kings*, *Queens*, *Knaves*, are set in decent rank;
Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
Guineas, Half-Guineas, all the shining train;
The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain:
In bright confusion open *Rouleaus* lie,
They strike the Soul, and glitter in the eye.
Fir'd by the sight, all Reason I disdain;
My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
Look upon *Basset*, you who reason boast;
And see if Reason must not there be lost.

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
Can hearken coldly to my SHARPER's Vows!
Then, when he trembles! when his blushes rise!
When awful Love seems melting in his eyes!
With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
He Loves,—I whisper to myself, *He Loves!*
Such unfeign'd Passion in his Looks appears,
I lose all mem'ry of my former Fears;
My panting heart confesses all his charms,
I yield at once, and sink into his arms:
Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the *Groom-Porter's*, batter'd Bullies play,
Some DUKES at *Mary-Bone* bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares
To *Basset's* heavenly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft SIMPLICETTA doats upon a Beau;
PRUDINA likes a Man, and laughs at show.
Their several graces in my SHARPER meet;
Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The *Equipage* shall grace SMILINDA's Side;
The *Snuff-Box* to CARDELIA I decree,
Now leave complaining, and begin your *Tea*.

GAY wrote a Quaker's Eclogue, and Swift a Footman's Eclogue; and said to Pope, "I think the Pastoral Ridicule is not exhausted; what think you of a Newgate Pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?" When Lady M. W. Montague would sometimes shew a copy of her verses to Pope, and he would make some little alterations, "No," said she, "Pope, no touching! for then, whatever is good for any thing will pass for yours, and the rest for mine."

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR DIT UN AUTEUR, etc.

ONCE (says an Author, where I need not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their way;
Both fierce, both hungry; the dispute grew strong,
While Scale in hand Dame *Justice* past along.
Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
Dame *Justice* weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
There take (says *Justice*) take ye each a *Shell*.
We thrive at *Westminster* on Fools like you:
'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in peace—Adieu.

IT will be no unuseful or unpleasing amusement to compare this translation with the original:

"Un jour, dit un Auteur, n'importe en quel chapitre,
Deux voyageurs à jeun rencontrerent une huître,
Tous deux la contestoient, lorsque dans leur chemin
La justice passa, la balance à la main.
Devant elle à grand bruit ils expliquent la chose.
Tous deux avec depens veulent gagner leur cause.
La justice pesant ce droit litigieux,
Demande l'huître, l'ouvre, et l'avale à leurs yeux,
Et par ce bel arrest terminant la bataille:
Tenez voilà, dit elle, à chacun une écaille.
Des sottises d'autrui nous vivons au palais;
Messieurs, l'huître étoit bonne. Adieu, Vivez en paix."

In the fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, and twelfth, verses, Pope is inferior to the original.

ANSWER TO THE FOLLOWING QUESTION OF MRS. HOW.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,
Seen with Wit and beauty seldom.
'Tis a fear that starts at shadows?
'Tis, (no, 'tis'n't) like Miss *Meadows*.
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old, and void of all good-nature;
Lean and fretful; would seem wise;
Yet plays the fool before she dies.
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew,
That rails at dear *Lepell* and You.

AMONG these smaller poems of our author, the following couplet used to be printed, on a dog's collar, which he gave to the Prince of Wales:

"I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

Which was taken from Sir William Temple's Miscellanies, vol. iii. p. 323. said to be the answer of Mr. Grantham's Fool to one who asked him whose fool he was.

OCCASIONED BY SOME VERSES OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my Verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *Buckingham commends.*] It would be difficult to add any thing to the finished portrait of this nobleman, given by Mr. Walpole in his Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 118.

Ver. 5 and 6. *This more*] A very groundless complaint! Few authors, during their lives, were more respected and revered than himself by persons of rank and judges of merit.

A PROLOGUE

BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for MR. DENNIS'S *Benefit, in* 1733, *when he was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little before his Death.*

As when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe;
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness, DENNIS lies;

NOTES.

Ver. 6. *But pitied Belisarius*, &c.] Nothing could be more happily imagined than this allusion, nor more finely conducted. The continued pleasantry is so delicately touched, that it took nothing from the self-satisfaction which the critic who heard it, had in his own merit, or the audience in their charity. In a word, this benevolent irony is prosecuted with so masterly a hand, that the Poet supposed, had Dennis himself the wit to see it, he would have had the ingenuity to approve of it.

"This dreaded Sat'rist, Dennis will confess,
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress." W.

Ver. 7. *Was there a Chief*, &c.] The fine figure of the Commander in that capital picture of Belisarius at Chiswick, supplied the Poet with this beautiful idea. W.

Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* Sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!
Stood up to dash each vain PRETENDER's hope,
Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the POPE!
If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;*] See Dunciad, Note on v. 63. B. I.

An old gentleman of the last century, who used to frequent Button's coffee-house, told me they had many pleasant scenes of Dennis's indignation and resentment, when Steele and Rowe, in particular, teized him with a pun.

Ver. 13. *A desp'rate Bulwark*, &c.] Alluding to his hatred of rhyme.

Ver. 16. *And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!*] See Dunciad, Note on v. 226. B. II.

Ver. 17. *Stood up to dash*, &c.] See Dunciad, Note on v. 173. B. III.

Ver. 18. *Maul the French Tyrant,—*] See Dunciad, Note on v. 413. B. II.

Ibid. *or pull down the* POPE!] See Dunciad, Note on v. 63. B. I.

Ver. 21. *If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;*] See Dunciad, Notes on v. 106. B. I.

Bitter satire is concealed under the appearance of these topics of pity and commiseration. It is said that poor Dennis did not perceive the force of these sarcasms, and heard the prologue spoke with great complacency. Mallet and Thomson also interested themselves much in procuring the old man a good benefit.

MACER.

A CHARACTER.

WHEN simple *Macer*, now of high renown,
First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *When simple Macer,*] Said to be the character of James Moore Smyth, author of the Rival Modes, a comedy, in 1726. He pilfered verses from Pope. He joined in a political paper with the Duke of Wharton, called The Inquisitor, written with such violence against government, that he was soon obliged to drop it. This character was first printed in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, 1727, concerning which the following anecdote is transcribed from Dr. Birch's manuscripts in the British Museum:

"August 17, 1749. Mr. George Faulkner, of Dublin, told me, that Dr. Swift had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope, on account of his jealous, peevish, avaricious temper. The Doctor gave Mr. Pope the property of his Gulliver, which he sold the copy of for three hundred pounds; and gave up to him, in 1727, his share of the copy of the three volumes of their Miscellanies, which came to one hundred and fifty pounds. The Doctor was angry with Mr. Pope for his satire upon Mr. Addison, whom the former esteemed as an honest, generous, and friendly man. Worsdale the painter was employed by Mr. Pope to go to Curl in the habit of a clergyman, and sell him the printed copies of his Letters. Mr. Pope sent to Ireland to Dr. Swift, by Mr. Gerrard, an Irish gentleman, then at Bath, a printed copy of their letters, with an anonymous letter, which occasioned Dr. Swift to give Mr. Faulkner leave to reprint them at Dublin, though Mr. Pope's Edition was published first."

I would observe, on this anecdote, that it is not very probable that Swift should condemn Pope's Verses on Addison, as they were first printed in the Miscellanies, which publication was their joint work; and the verses themselves are mentioned in the preface to these Miscellanies.

'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
To wear red stockings, and to dine with *Steel*.
Some Ends of verse his betters might afford,
And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
And with a borrow'd Play, out-did poor *Crown*.
There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
But has the wit to make the most of little:
Like stunted hide-bound Trees that just have got
Sufficient Sap at once to bear and rot.
Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools, his friends.
So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd,
Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;
Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay;
She flatters her good Lady twice a day;
Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
And strangely lik'd for her *Simplicity*:
In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
But just endur'd the winter she began,
And in four months a batter'd Harridan.
Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk,
To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *To wear red stockings,*] I remember old Demoivre told me, above fifty years ago, that all he remembered of Corneille was, that he had seen him in red stockings at the theatre.

TO MR. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR OF THE CELEBRATED WORM-POWDER.

How much, egregious *Moore*, are we
  Deceiv'd by shows and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
  All Humankind are Worms,

Man is a very Worm by birth,
  Vile, reptile, weak and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
  Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
  E'er since our Grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
  That ancient Worm the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
  The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
  Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm.

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
  That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
  And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
  Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
  And Death-watches Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,
By all their winding play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah *Moore!* thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,
Who sett'st our entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG,

BY A PERSON OF QUALITY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

I.

FLUTT'RING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give Way to Art.

II.

Mild *Arcadians*, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flow'ry Rocks.

III.

Thus the *Cyprian* Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd *Adonis*, darling Youth:
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair *Discretion*, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers;
Bright *Apollo*, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy *Pluto*, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Wat'ring soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
Gilding my *Aurelia's* Brows,
Morpheus hov'ring o'er my Pillow,
Hear me pay my dying Vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth *Mœander*,
Swiftly purling in a Round,
On thy Margin Lovers wander,
With thy flow'ry Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when *Philomela*, drooping,
Softly seeks her silent Mate,
See the Bird of *Juno* stooping;
Melody resigns to Fate.

THE above is a pleasant burlesque on the gawdy, glittering, florid style and manner of certain descriptive poets. I think the reader will pardon me for laying before him part of a piece of ridicule on the same subject, and of equal merit, which made its first appearance many years ago in the Oxford Student, and is

thus entitled, "Ode to Horror, in the Allegoric, Descriptive, Alliterative, Epithetical, Fantastic, Hyperbolical, and Diabolical Style of our Modern Ode-Writers and Monody-Mongers."

"Ferreus ingruit Horror." Virg.

"O Goddess of the gloomy scene,
Of shadowy shapes, thou black-brow'd Queen;
Thy tresses dark with ivy crown'd,
On yonder mould'ring abbey found;
Oft wont from charnels damp and dim,
To call the sheeted spectre grim,
While as his loose chains loudly clink,
Thou add'st a length to ev'ry link:
O thou, that lov'st at eve to seek
The pensive-pacing pilgrim meek,
And sett'st before his shudd'ring eyes
Strange forms, and fiends of giant-size,
As wildly works thy wizzard will,
Till fear-struck fancy has her fill:
Dark pow'r, whose magic-might prevails
O'er hermit-rocks and fairy-vales;
O Goddess, erst by Spenser view'd,
What time th' Enchanter vile embru'd
His hands in Florimel's pure heart,
Till loos'd by steel-clad Britomart:
O thou that erst on fancy's wing
Didst terror-trembling Tasso bring,
To groves where kept damn'd Furies dire
Their blue-tipt battlements of fire;
Thou that thro' many a darksome pine,
O'er the rugged rock recline,
Didst wake the hollow-whisp'ring breeze
With care-consumed Eloise:
O thou, with whom in cheerless cell,
The midnight clock pale pris'ners tell;
O haste thee, mild Miltonic maid,
From yonder yews sequester'd shade;
More bright than all the fabled nine,
Teach me to breathe the solemn line:
O bid my well-rang'd numbers rise,
Pervious to none but Attic eyes;
O give the strain that madness moves,
Till every startling sense approves. . .

What felt the Gallic Traveller,
When far in Arab-desert drear,
He found within the Catacomb,
Alive, the terrors of a tomb?
While many a mummy thro' the shade,
In hieroglyphic stole array'd,
Seem'd to uprear the mystic head,
And trace the gloom with ghostly tread;
Thou heard'st him pour the stifled groan,
Horror! his soul was all thy own!"

The author was himself a descriptive poet of the first class. Mr. William Collins thought himself aimed at by this piece of ridicule. His odes had been just published; and the last lines seemed to refer to a particular passage in them.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable Woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Nor warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour,
Not grave through Pride, or gay through Folly,
An equal Mixture of good Humour,
And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says) Sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf and does not hear.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *I know the thing*] Equal in elegance to any compliment that Waller has paid to Saccharissa, especially the last stanza, and the answer to Envy. The Lady addressed was Mrs. Howard, of Marble-hill, bed-chamber woman to Queen Caroline, and afterward Countess of Suffolk.

ON HIS

GROTTO AT TWICKENHAM,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLES, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, AND MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where *Thames'* translucent wave
Shines a broad Mirror through the shadowy Cave;
Where ling'ring drops from min'ral Roofs distil,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gems no ray on Pride bestow,
And latent Metals innocently glow:
Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 6 in the MS.

You see that Island's wealth, where, only free,
Earth to her entrails feels not Tyranny.

i. e. Britain is the only place in the globe which feels not tyranny even to its very entrails. W.

NOTES.

On his Grotto] The improving and finishing his Grot was the favourite amusement of his declining years; and the beauty of his poetic genius, in the disposition and ornaments of this romantic recess, appears to as much advantage as in his best contrived poems. W.

Ver. 8. *eye the Mine*]

"Aurum irrepertum, et sic melius situm
Cum terra celat."

Horat. l. 3. od. 3.

Approach: But awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grot,
Where, nobly-pensive, ST. JOHN sate and thought;
Where *British* sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
And the bright flame was shot through MARCHMONT's Soul.
Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their country, and be poor.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. *Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,*] In his MS. it was thus:

To Wyndham's breast the patriot passions stole,

which made the whole allude to a certain anecdote of not much consequence to any but the parties concerned. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *Ægerian Grot,*] These are two charming lines; but are blemished by two bad rhymes, *Grot* to *thought;* scarce excusable in so short a poem, in which every syllable ought to be correct.

It is remarkable that Juvenal having mentioned this celebrated cave, takes occasion to inveigh against artificial grotto-work, and adulterating the simple beauties of nature, in lines uncommonly poetical:

"In vallem Ægeriæ descendimus, et Speluncas
Dissimiles veris; quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum?"
Sat. iii. v. 17.

Milton, in an exquisite Latin poem, addressed to Salsillus, vol. ii. p. 532. has beautifully feigned that Numa is still living in this dark grove and grotto, in the perpetual enjoyment of his Ægeria.

TO MRS. M. B.

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

Oh be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend:
Not with those Toys the female world admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
With added years if Life bring nothing new,
But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing through,
Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year.

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *'Tis but*] Immediately after this line were these four following, in the original:

> "If there's no hope, with kind, tho' fainter ray,
> To gild the evening of our future day;
> If every page of life's long volume tell
> The same dull story, Mordaunt, thou didst well!"

Colonel Mordaunt, who destroyed himself, though not under the pressure of any ill or misfortune.

Let day improve on day, and year on year,
Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
In some soft Dream, or Ecstacy of Joy,
Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh since Death must that fair frame destroy,
Die, by some sudden ecstacy of joy;
In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
And be thy latest gasp a sigh of love.

TO MR. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
With not one sin, but Poetry,
This day TOM's fair account has run
(Without a blot) to eighty-one.
Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
A table, with a cloth of bays;
And Ireland, mother of sweet singers,
Presents her harp still to his fingers.
The feast, his tow'ring genius marks
In yonder wild goose and the larks!

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *This day Tom's*] This amiable writer lived the longest, and died one of the richest, of all our poets. In 1737, Mr. Gray, writing to a friend, says very agreeably, "We have here old Mr. Southern, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable an old man as can be, at least I persuade myself so, when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko." He was certainly a great master of the pathetic; and in the latter part of his life became sensible of the impropriety he had been guilty of in mixing Tragedy with Comedy. He was the first play-writer that had the benefit of a third night. He told Dryden that he once had cleared seven hundred pounds by one of his plays.

Ver. 6. *A table,*] Mr. Southern was invited to dine on his birth-day with this nobleman (Lord Orrery), who had prepared for him the entertainment of which the bill of fare is here set down. W.

Ver. 8. *Presents her harp*] The harp is generally wove on the Irish linen; such as table cloths, &c. W.

The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout,
And grace, altho' a bard devout.
May Tom, whom Heav'n sent down to raise
The price of prologues and of plays,
Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner,
Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
Walk to his grave without reproach,
And scorn a rascal and a coach.

NOTES.

Ver. 16. *The price of prologues and of plays,*] This alludes to a story Mr. Southern told of Dryden, about the same time, to Mr. P. and Mr. W.—When Southern first wrote for the stage, Dryden was so famous for his prologues, that the players would act nothing without that decoration. His usual price till then had been four guineas; but when Southern came to him for the prologue he had bespoke, Dryden told him he must have six guineas for it; "which (said he) young man, is out of no disrespect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap."—We now look upon these prologues with the same admiration that the virtuosi do on the apothecaries' pots painted by Raphael. W.

ROXANA, OR THE DRAWING-ROOM.

AN ECLOGUE.

ROXANA from the court returning late,
Sigh'd her soft sorrow at St. James's gate:
Such heavy thoughts lay brooding in her breast;
Not her own chairmen with more weight opprest:
They curse the cruel weight they're doom'd to bear;
She in more gentle sounds express'd her care.

Was it for this, that I these roses wear?
For this, new-set the jewels for my hair?
Ah Princess! with what zeal have I pursu'd?
Almost forgot the duty of a prude.
This King, I never could attend too soon;
I miss'd my pray'rs, to get me dress'd by noon.
For thee, ah! what for thee did I resign?
My passions, pleasures, all that e'er was mine:
I've sacrific'd both modesty and ease;
Left operas, and went to filthy plays:
Double entendres shock'd my tender ear;
Yet even this, for thee, I chuse to bear:
In glowing youth, when nature bids be gay,
And ev'ry joy of life before me lay;
By honour prompted, and by pride restrain'd,
The pleasures of the young my soul disdain'd:
Sermons I sought, and with a mien severe,
Censur'd my neighbours, and said daily pray'r.
Alas, how chang'd! with this same sermon-mien,
The filthy What-d'ye-call-it—I have seen.

Ah, royal Princess! for whose sake I lost
The reputation, which so dear had cost;
I, who avoided ev'ry public place,
When bloom and beauty bid me shew my face,
Now near thee, constant, I each night abide,
With never-failing duty by my side;
Myself and daughters standing in a row,
To all the foreigners a goodly show.
Oft had your drawing-room been sadly thin,
And merchants' wives close by your side had been;
Had I not amply fill'd the empty place,
And sav'd your Highness from the dire disgrace:
Yet Cockatilla's artifice prevails,
When all my duty and my merit fails:
That Cockatilla, whose deluding airs
Corrupts our virgins, and our youth insnares;
So sunk her character, and lost her fame,
Scarce visited, before your Highness came;
Yet for the bed-chamber 'tis she you choose,
Whilst zeal, and fame, and virtue you refuse.
Ah worthy choice; not one of all your train
Which censures blast not, or dishonours stain.
I know the court, with all its treach'rous wiles,
The false caresses, and undoing smiles.
Ah Princess! learn'd in all the courtly arts,
To cheat our hopes, and yet to gain our hearts.

TO

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dar'd;
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning,
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied:
So papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

THE TRANSLATOR.

OZELL, at Sanger's call, invok'd his Muse,
For who to sing for Sanger could refuse?
His numbers such as Sanger's self might use
Reviving Perrault, murd'ring Boileau, he
Slander'd the ancients first, then Wycherley;
Which yet not much that old bard's anger rais'd,
Since those were slander'd most, whom Ozell prais'd.
Nor had the gentle satire caus'd complaining,
Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it entertaining;
How great must be the judgment of that writer,
Who the Plain-dealer damns, and prints the Biter!

EGBERT SANGER served his apprenticeship with Jacob Tonson, and succeeded Bernard Lintot in his shop at Middle Temple Gate, Fleet-Street. Lintot printed Ozell's translation of Perrault's Characters, and Sanger his translation of Boileau's Lutrin, recommended by Mr. Rowe, Anno 1709.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ON MRS. PULTENEY.

WITH scornful mien, and various toss of air,
Fantastic, vain, and insolently fair,
Grandeur intoxicates her giddy brain,
She looks ambition, and she moves disdain.
Far other carriage grac'd her virgin life,
But charming G—y's lost, in P—y's wife.
Not greater arrogance in him we find,
And this conjunction swells at least her mind:
O could the sire, renown'd in glass, produce
One faithful mirror for his daughter's use!
Wherein she might her haughty errors trace,
And by reflection learn to mend her face:
The wonted sweetness to her form restore,
Be what she was, and charm mankind once more.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1714.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:
This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B--s and rough C---, adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H----k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman's toll;
Let Jervase gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Altho' he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Hallifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y - - rs sold for fifty pounds,
And B - - - - ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I us'd but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for other ends,
Tho' fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell
For sober, studious days!
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallads, tarts, and pease!

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

These lines were added by MR. POPE *after the present Conclusion of his Address to* MISS MARTHA BLOUNT, *on her leaving Town, &c.* "As some fond Virgin," &c.

IN this strange town a different course we take,
Refine ourselves to spirit, for your sake.
For want of you, we spend our random wit on
The first we find with Needham, Brooks, or Briton.
Hackney'd in sin, we beat about the town,
And like sure spaniels, at first scent lie down:
Were Virtue's self in silks—faith keep away!
Or virtue's virtue scarce would last a day.

Thus, Madam, most men talk, and some men do;
The rest is told you in a line or two.
Some strangely wonder you're not fond to marry—
A double jest still pleases sweet Sir Harry——
Small-pox is rife, and Gay in dreadful fear—
The good priests whisper—Where's the chevalier?
Much in your absence B—'s heart endures,
And if poor Pope is——, the fault is yours.

The following Lines were sung by DURASTANTI, *when she took her leave of the English Stage. The Words were in Haste put together by* MR. POPE, *at the Request of the* EARL *of* PETERBOROW.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant nation,
Bold in arms, and bright in arts;
Land secure from all invasion,
All but Cupid's gentle darts!
From your charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the sun?

Happy soil, adieu, adieu!
Let old charmers yield to new.
In arms, in arts, be still more shining;
All your joys be still increasing;
All your tastes be still refining;
All your jars for ever ceasing:
But let old charmers yield to new:—
Happy soil, adieu, adieu!

Upon the DUKE *of* MARLBOROUGH'S *House at Woodstock.*

Atria longe patent; sed nec cœnantibus usquam,
Nec somno, locus est: quam bene non habites!
Mart. Epig.

SEE, Sir, here's the grand approach,
This way is for his Grace's coach;
There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonnade,
And mark how wide the hall is made!
The chimneys are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gallery's contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council-chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I, 'tis very fine,
But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
I find by all you have been telling,
That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

The Fourth Epistle of the First Book of HORACE'S *Epistles.*

SAY, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand,
Than all the tones of Haines's band?
"Or shoots he folly as it flies?
Or catches manners as they rise?"
Or urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat?
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.

NOTES.

The Fourth Epistle] This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

"Their sons shall blush their fathers were his foes;"

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed.

Ver. 1. *Say*, &c.]

AD ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

"Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide judex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?"

Ver. 10. *Does St. John Greenwich*, &c.]

"An tacitum silvas inter reptare salubres?"

To you (th' all-envied gift of Heav'n)
Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have giv'n
A form complete in ev'ry part,
And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

What could a tender mother's care
Wish better, to her fav'rite heir,
Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
A stock of health, and golden show'rs,
And graceful fluency of speech,
Precepts before unknown to teach?

Amidst thy various ebbs of fear;
And gleaming hope, and black despair,
Yet let thy friend this truth impart,
A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
(In justice for your labours past)
That ev'ry day shall be your last;

NOTES.

Ver. 13. *To you*, &c.]

——— "Dî tibi formam,
Dî tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi."

Ver. 17. *What could*, &c.]

"Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari possit quæ sentiat, et cui
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
——— non deficiente crumena?"

Ver. 23. *Amidst*, &c.]

"Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras."

Ver. 28. *That ev'ry day*, &c.]

"Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.——
Me pinguem et nitidum bene curata cute vises,
Cum ridere voles, Epicuri de grege porcum."

That ev'ry hour your life renew
Is to your injur'd country due.

In spite of fears, of mercy spite,
My genius still must rail, and write.
Haste to thy Twick'nham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great;
There, half devour'd by spleen, you'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We'll ridicule both church and state.

A Fragment, attributed by some to MR. POPE, *and by others to* MR. CONGREVE. *It has, however, been seen in the hand-writing of the former.*

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bow'rs, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart)
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

Verses left by MR. POPE, *on his lying in the same Bed which* WILMOT, *the celebrated* EARL *of* ROCHESTER, *slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the* DUKE *of* ARGYLE, *July 9th*, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

THE CHALLENGE.

A COURT BALLAD.

To the Tune of "To all you Ladies now at Land," &c.

I.

To one fair lady out of court,
And two fair ladies in,
Who think the Turk* and Pope† a sport,
And wit and love no sin;
Come, these soft lines, with nothing stiff in,
To Bellenden, Lepell, and Griffin.
With a fa, la, la.

II.

What passes in the dark third row,
And what behind the scene,
Couches and crippled chairs I know,
And garrets hung with green;
I know the swing of sinful hack,
Where many damsels cry alack.
With a fa, la, la.

III.

Then why to courts should I repair,
Where's such ado with Townshend?
To hear each mortal stamp and swear,
And ev'ry speech with Zounds end;

NOTES.

[1] Ulrick, the little Turk. [2] The Author.

To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland,
And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland.*
With a fa, la, la.

IV.

Alas! like Schutz I cannot pun,
Like Grafton court the Germans;
Tell Pickenbourg how slim she's grown,
Like Meadows run to sermons;
To court ambitious men may roam,
But I and Marlbro' stay at home.
With a fa, la, la.

V.

In truth, by what I can discern,
Of courtiers 'twixt you three,
Some wit you have, and more may learn
From court, than Gay or Me:
Perhaps, in time, you'll leave high diet,
To sup with us on milk and quiet.
With a fa, la, la.

VI.

At Leicester-Fields, a house full high,
With door all painted green,
Where ribands wave upon the tie,
(A Milliner I mean;)
There may you meet us three to three,
For Gay can well make two of Me.
With a fa, la, la.

* Ireland.

VII.

But should you catch the prudish itch,
And each become a coward,
Bring sometimes with you lady Rich,
And sometimes mistress Howard;
For virgins to keep chaste must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa, la, la.

VIII.

And thus, fair maids, my ballad ends;
God send the king safe landing*;
And make all honest ladies friends
To armies that are standing;
Preserve the limits of these nations,
And take off ladies' limitations.
With a fa, la, la.

* This Ballad was written anno 1717.

THE THREE GENTLE SHEPHERDS.

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the valleys ring.
My numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey.
Or if in ranging of the names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell,
Oh! may all gentle bards together place ye,
Men of good hearts, and men of delicacy.
May satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all wits that have a knack, God save ye,

MR. POPE'S WELCOME FROM GREECE.

A Copy of Verses, written by MR. GAY *upon* MR. POPE'S *having finished his Translation of* HOMER'S ILIAD.

I.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from thy soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years' toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threat'ning to destroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

III.

Cheer up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:

Shouts answ'ring shouts, from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud thro' every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than either park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

V.

Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup, and breakfast on (if ye comply),
For I have still some dozens of champaign:
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder key!
The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy:
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord May'rs day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near—oh, these are they
Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.

Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, Peers, and mighty Dukes, with ribands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur grave, as soft as woman kind.

VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes,
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends:
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.

NOTES.

Ver. 57. *As Arthur grave*, &c.] This person is mentioned in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, v. 23:

"Arthur whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause!"

Ver. 62. *The sweet-tongu'd Murray*,] The present Lord Mansfield.

Yonder I see the cheerful Dutchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours, known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

XI.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre,
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd.
Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

XII.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan),

NOTES.

Ver. 78. *Santlow, fam'd for dance;*] She afterward married Booth the player. Mrs. Bicknell, the actress, is mentioned either in the Spectator or Tatler, with applause.

Dan Prior next, belov'd by every muse,
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton whisp'ring asks—Is Troy town taken?

XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, gen'rous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:
Ah why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John for every social virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd:
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

XIV.

Harcourt I see for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

NOTES.

Ver. 112. *See Rochester approving nods his head,*] So in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot:

"Ev'n mitr'd Rochester would nod the head."

XV.

Carlton and Chandois thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shews his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but saunt'ring, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his medicines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

NOTES.

Ver. 126. *Kneller amid*, &c.] This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of Sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the strongest trials. "Sir Godfrey," says Pope, "I believe if God Almighty had had your assistance, the world would have been formed more perfect." "Fore God," says Kneller, "I believe so." He was frequently (as Mr. Walpole observes) very free and singular in his conversation on religion. This adulation of Pope, Addison, Prior, &c. appears to have heightened his natural absurdities, as he had not discernment enough to discover that they were only soothing him to paint for them gratis, or diverting themselves at the expense of his cre-

XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
  Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
  And wond'ring Maine, so fat with laughing eyes
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
  Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size),
Yea, Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches),
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

XVIII.

O Wanley, whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
  And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent?
" Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
  For ancients to compyle is myne entente:

NOTES.

dulity. Sir Godfrey had drawn for Pope the statues of Apollo, Venus, and Hercules. Pope paid for them with the following stanza;

" What god, what genius, did the pencil move,
  When Kneller painted these!
'Twas friendship warm as Phœbus, kind as love,
  And strong as Hercules."

On these lines, which their author wisely suppressed, Mr. Walpole has offered a very just criticism. See his Anecdotes, &c. vol. iii. p. 112.

Ver. 132. *joyous Ford is there,*] Charles Ford, Esq. was by Swift's interest appointed Gazetteer. See the Dean's Letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated July 1, 1712.

Ver. 139. *with dust besprent?*] So in the Dunciad, b. iii. p. 185.

" But who is he in closet close ypent
Of sober face, with learned dust beaprent?

Humphrey Wanley was librarian to Lord Oxford.

Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care;
  But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth my gude dame."

XIX.

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
  Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wand'ring Frowd,
  And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
  Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng;
Tickell whose skiff (in partnership they say)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

XX.

Lo the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
  Lo Bickford, Fortescue of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
  See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
  But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?

NOTES.

Ver. 149. *slow along.*] The names of the majority of persons here enumerated, are in want of no illustration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. "There is a grand revolution at Will's, Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city, and Titcomb is restored to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a loss for a person to converse with on the fathers, and church history."

Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo thousands more, but I want rhyme and room!

XXI.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain!
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain;
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee.

VERSES TO DR. BOLTON,

In the Name of MRS. BUTTER'S *Spirit, lately deceased.*

STRIPT to the naked soul, escap'd from clay,
From doubts unfetter'd, and dissolv'd in day;
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life;
Why am I charm'd by friendship's fond essays,
And though unbody'd, conscious of thy praise?
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?
Does passion still the firmless mind control!
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath!
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death!
No—'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss;
That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;
That not its own applause, but thine approves,
Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;
Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;
Then dying, late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *firmless*] A new-coined, and not a very happy epithet.

EPITAPHS.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere!—Virg.

I.

ON CHARLES EARL OF DORSET,

IN THE CHURCH OF WITHYAM IN SUSSEX.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, died.
The scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
Blest Satirist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
As shew'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest Courtier! who could King and country please,
Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease.
Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the line.

NOTES.

Epitaphs] These Epitaphs are in general overrun with point and antithesis, and are a kind of panegyrical epigrams; they are consequently very different from the simple sepulchral inscriptions of the ancients; of which that of Meleager on his Wife, in the Greek anthology, is a model and masterpiece.

II.

ON SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to KING WILLIAM III, *who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted, Berkshire,* 1716.

A PLEASING Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profest,
Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth:
A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 5. *a Patriot too;*] Dr. Johnson objects to the closing this verse with the word *too*, and to the word *fill'd* in the seventh line, as weak and prosaic, having no particular adaptation to any of the words that follow it. The whole of this epitaph is one string of antitheses throughout.

III.

ON THE HON. SIMON HARCOURT,

ONLY SON OF THE LORD CHANCELLOR HARCOURT;

At the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire,

1720.

To this sad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he died.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *But when he died*] These were the very words used by Louis XIV. when his Queen died, 1683; though it is not to be imagined they were copied by Pope. Such coincidences in writers are not uncommon.

Ver. 6. *If Pope must tell*] A very wretched quibble on the eloquence of Lord Harcourt!

IV.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XIV. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,
Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

THE following severe Epitaph on Mr. Craggs, a Parody on the Duke of Buckingham's, in Westminster Abbey, was written by Mr. Smith, Author of Phædra Hippolytus:

M. S. JA. CRAGGS, ARM.

PRO MEIS SEMPER.

PRO REPUBLICA NUNQUAM.

NIL DUBIUS; IMPROBUS VIXI.

OPIO, OPIBUSQ. INTOXICATUS MORIOR.

DUCEM MARBURIUM CREATOREM

MEUM ADVENEROR.

IN MAMMONE SOLO CONFIDO DEO MIHI OMNIPOTENTI.

PROLEM MEAM DILECTISSIMAM SEQUOR.

SPE CERTA

PIUM SUNDERLANDIUM SECUTURUM EXPECTANS,

DII INFERI ACCIPITE VESTROS.

"An epitaph," says Dr. Johnson, "given partly in prose and partly in verse, partly in English and partly in Latin, like that on Craggs, resembles the conversation of a foreigner, who tells part of his meaning by words, and conveys part by signs."

V.

INTENDED FOR MR. ROWE,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

THY Relics, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by DRYDEN's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!

VARIATIONS.

He altered it much for the better, as it now stands on the Monument in the Abbey, erected to Rowe and his Daughter:

Thy Relics, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy SHAKESPEAR place thy honour'd bust.
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never BRITON more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.

To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life!
The childless parent, and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Beneath a rude*] The tomb of Mr. Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham; to which was originally intended this Epitaph:

One grateful Woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

NOTES.

"This Sheffield rais'd. The sacred dust below
Was Dryden once: The rest who does not know?"

which the Author since changed into the plain inscription now upon it, being only the name of that great poet:

J. DRYDEN.

Natus Aug. 9, 1631. Mortuus Maii 1, 1700.

JOANNES SHEFFIELD DUX BUCKINGHAMIENSIS POSUIT.

P.

It was always understood that Pope had a sincere regard for Rowe; but the following extraordinary anecdote is related from Mr. Spence's Collections:

"Rowe, in Mr. Pope's opinion, maintained a decent character, but had no heart. Mr. Addison was justly offended with some behaviour which arose from that want, and estranged himself from him, which Rowe felt very severely. Mr. Pope, their common friend, knowing this, took an opportunity, at some juncture of Mr. Addison's advancement, to tell him how poor Rowe was grieved at his displeasure, and what satisfaction he expressed at Mr. Addison's good fortune; which he expressed so naturally, that he (Mr. Pope) could not but think him sincere. Mr. Addison replied, 'I do not suspect that he feigned; but the levity of his heart is such, that he is struck with any new adventure; and it would affect him just in the same manner, if he heard I was going to be hanged.' Mr. Pope said, he could not deny but Mr. Addison understood Rowe well."

VI.

ON MRS. CORBET,

WHO DIED OF A CANCER IN HER BREAST.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain Reason, and with sober sense;
No Conquest she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
Heav'n, as its purest gold, by Tortures tried!
The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman died.

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *the Woman died.*] A very pleasing picture of silent domestic virtue!

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Sister* MARY, *erected by their Father the* LORD DIGBY, *in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire*, 1727.

Go ! fair example of untainted youth,
Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth :
Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate,
Good without noise, without pretension great.
Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere,
Who knew no Wish but what the world might hear :
Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
Lover of peace, and friend of human kind :
Go live ! for Heav'n's Eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid ! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more !
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known !
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one !

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief :
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive ;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give !

My father, who was an intimate friend and contemporary at Magdalen College, Oxford, with Mr. Robert Digby, was always saying that this excellent character was not over-drawn, and had every virtue in it here enumerated; and that Mr. Digby had more of the mitis sapientiæ, as Horace finely expresses it, than any man he had ever known. The same said the amiable Mr. Holdsworth, author of Muscipula. They were all three pupils of Dr. Sacheverell, who at that time was the friend of Addison, and was in great vogue as an able tutor before he entered so violently into those absurd politics that so much disgraced him.

VIII.

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heav'n and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures Thought;
Now for two Ages having snatch'd from fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes' honours, Poets' lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.
Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 7. Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael.

" Raphael, timuit, quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, et moriente, mori." P.

NOTES.

Ver. 7. *Living, great Nature*] Much better translated by Mr. W. Harrison, of New College, a favourite of Swift, communicated to me by Dr. Lowth:

" Here Raphael lies, by whose untimely end
Nature both lost a rival and a friend."

Notwithstanding the partiality of Pope, this artist little deserved to be consulted by our poet, as he was, concerning the arrangements of the subjects represented on the shield of Achilles. These required a genius of a higher order. Mr. Flaxman, lately arrived from Italy, by a diligent study of the antique, and the force of his genius, has given designs from Homer far beyond any that have yet appeared.

IX.

ON GENERAL HENRY WITHERS,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit! or thy social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON,

AT EASTHAMSTED IN BERKS, 1730,

THIS modest Stone, what few vain marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great.
Foe to loud praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
From Nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfied,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he died.

HIS integrity, his learning, and his genius, deserved this character; it is not in any respect over-wrought. His poems are not sufficiently read and admired. The Epistle to Southerne, the Ode to the Sun, the Fair Nun, and, above all, the Ode to Lord Gower, are excellent. Akenside frequently said to me, that he thought this Ode the best in our language, next to Alexander's Feast. "I envy Fenton," said Pope to Mr. Walter Harte, "his Horatian Epistle to Lambard." Parts of Mariamne are beautiful, and it ought to take its turn on the stage. Just before he died, Fenton was introduced into Mr. Craggs' family by Pope's recommendation.

Not only the second line, but almost the whole of this epitaph, is borrowed from Crashaw, an imitator of Marino, and a writer of whom Pope, and indeed Cowley, were fond.

XI.

ON MR. GAY.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
In Wit, a man; Simplicity, a Child:
With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust;
But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here* lies Gay.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Of Manners gentle,*] "The eight first lines," says Johnson, "have no grammar; the adjectives are without any substantives, and the epithets without a subject."

It is somewhat singular that there should be an improper expression in Bishop Warburton's own epitaph. His genius and learning are called two talents, but learning is an acquirement.

Ver. 12. *Here lies Gay.*] i. e. in the hearts of the good and worthy.—Mr. Pope told me his conceit in this line was not generally understood. For, by peculiar ill-luck, the *formulary* expression which makes the beauty, misleads the reader into a sense which takes it quite away. W.

The conceit in the last line is certainly very puerile, and a false thought borrowed from Crashaw:

"Entomb'd, not in this stone, but in my heart."

Crashaw, Poems, p. 94.

XII.

INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON,

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
GOD said, *Let Newton be!* and all was Light.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Nature*] The antithesis betwixt Mortalem and Immortalem is much unsuited to the subject; and the second English line, "God said," &c. borders a little on the profane. The magnificent Fiat of Moses will be always striking and admired, notwithstanding the cold objections of Le Clerc and Huet.

Ver. 2. *Let Newton be!*] He was born on the very day on which Galileo died. When Ramsay was one day complimenting him on his discoveries in philosophy, he answered, as I read it in Spence's Anecdotes, "Alas! I am only like a child picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth."

and all was Light.] It had been better—*and* there *was Light*, —as more conformable to the reality of the fact, and to the allusion whereby it is celebrated. W.

XIII.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732, *(his only Daughter having expired in his Arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.)*

DIALOGUE.

SHE.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heav'n, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear Shade! I will:
Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
Is there on Earth one care, one wish beside?
Yes—SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAV'N,
—He said, and died.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Yes, we have liv'd*—] I know not why this Dialogue should be called an Epitaph. Dr. Johnson says, "it is contemptible, and should have been suppressed for the author's sake." I see no reason for this harsh sentence passed upon it.

Ver. 9. *Save my Country, Heav'n,*] Alluding to the Bishop's frequent use and application of the expiring words of the famous

NOTES.

Father Paul, in his prayer for the state, "Esto perpetua." With what propriety the Bishop applied it at his trial, and is here made to refer to it in his last moments, they will understand who know what conformity there was in the lives of the Prelate and the Monk. The character of our countryman is well known. And that of the Father may be told in very few words. He was profoundly skilled in all divine and human learning. He employed his whole life in the service of the State, against the unjust encroachments of the Church. He was modest, humble, and forgiving, candid, patient, and just; free from all prejudices of party, and all the projects of ambition: in a word, the happiest compound of science, wisdom, and virtue. W.

This severe sarcasm would certainly, if he had seen it, been highly displeasing to Pope, who retained for Atterbury the warmest affection and respect. But from the Letters of Atterbury, printed in three volumes, by Mr. Nicholls, and particularly from those in p. 148 to p. 168, it almost indisputably appears that the Bishop was engaged in a treasonable correspondence, and in the intrigues of the Pretender.

XIV.

ON EDMUND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

WHO DIED IN THE NINETEENTH YEAR OF HIS AGE, 1735.

If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
And ev'ry op'ning Virtue blooming round,
Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
Or add one Patriot to a sinking state;
This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham:
In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart:
And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n,
Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.

"This epitaph," says Johnson, "is preferred by Dr. Warburton to the rest; but I know not for what reason. To *crown* with reflection, is surely a mode of speech approaching to nonsense. *Opening virtues blooming round*, is something like tautology; the six following lines are poor and prosaic."

XV.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

HEROES and KINGS! your distance keep:
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

ANOTHER, ON THE SAME.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within;
But, who living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in GOD, that as well as he was, he shall be.

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *Let Horace*]

"Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's crimes;
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent th' imperial ruffian aid."
Akenside's Odes, p. 280. 4to.

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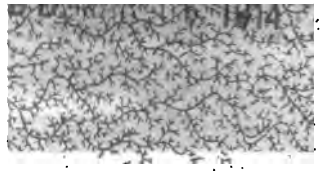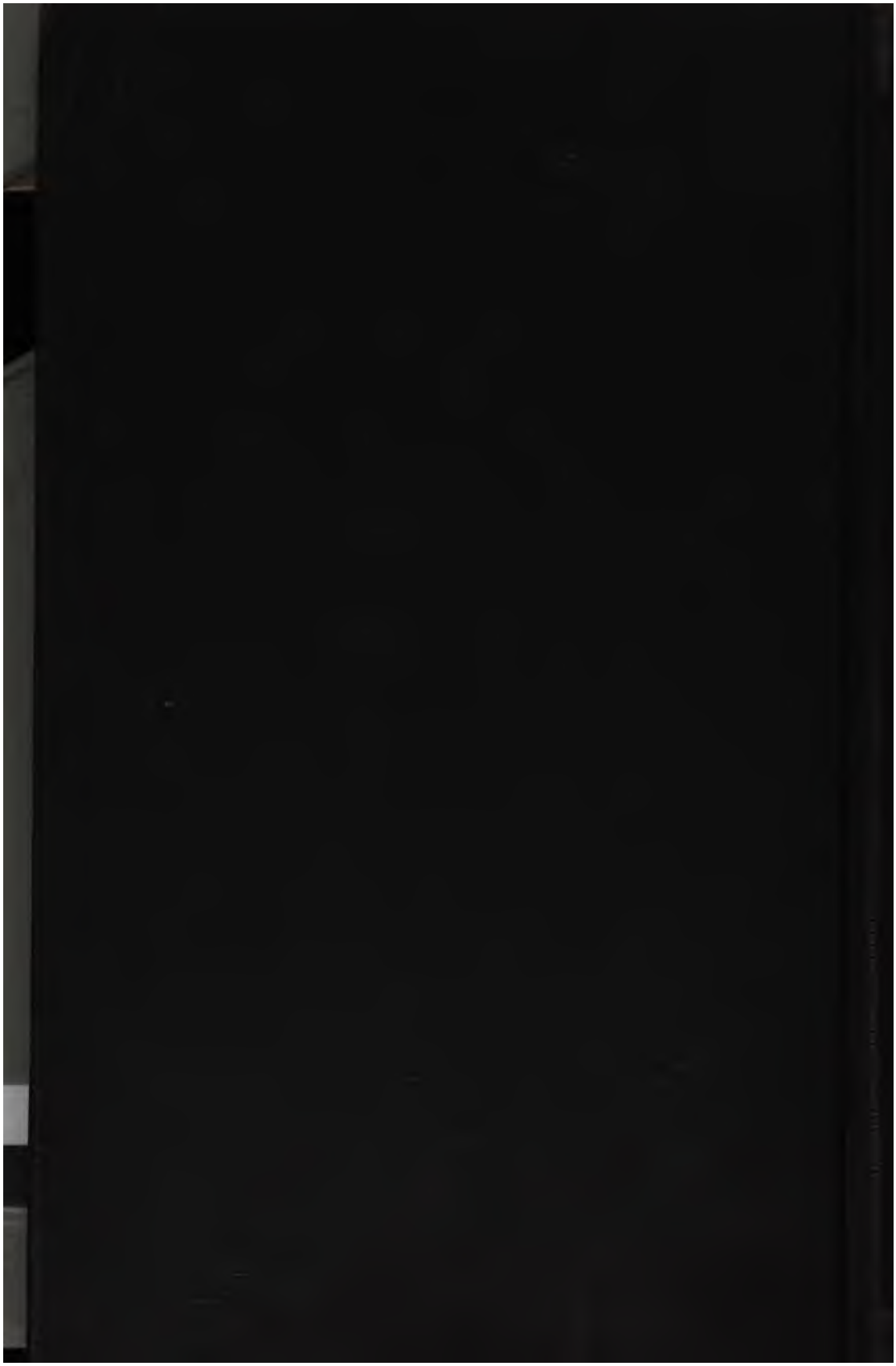
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